



LEGION OF  
SUPER-HEROES

31

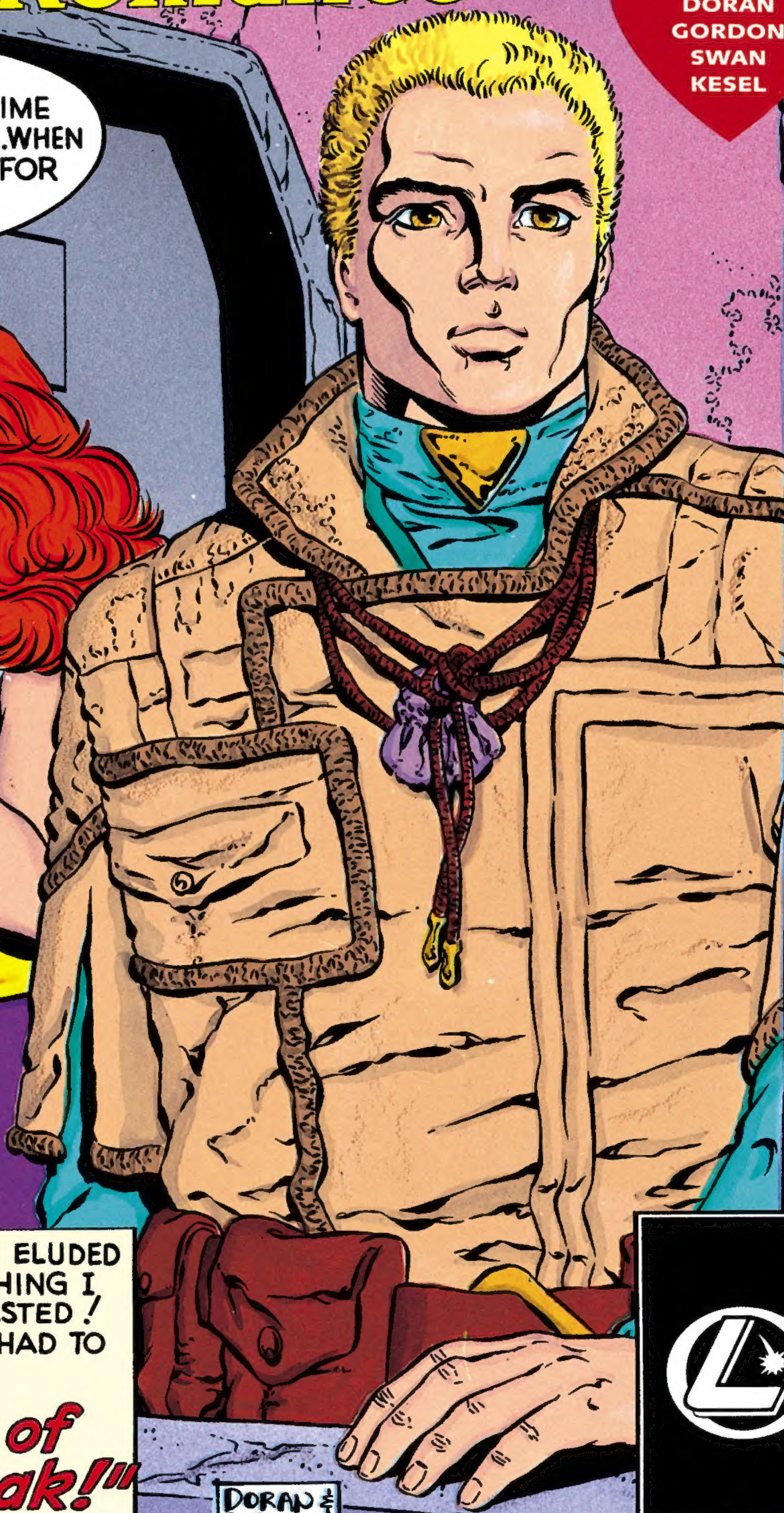
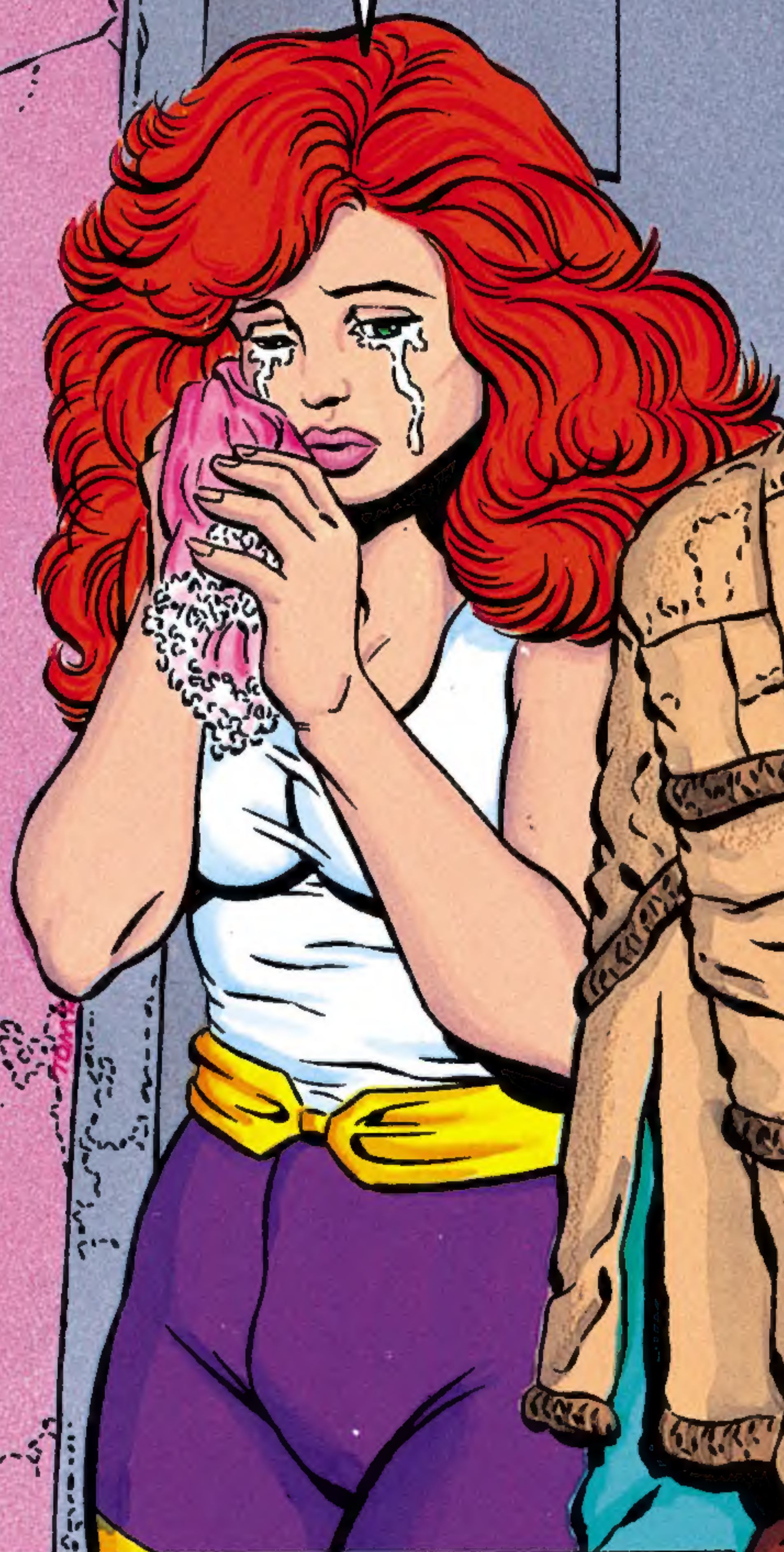
JUL 92

# Young LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES

## Romance

GIFFEN  
T & M BIERBAUM  
DORAN  
GORDON  
SWAN  
KESEL

≡choke!≡ HE  
SPENDS SO MUCH TIME  
SAVING THE WORLD...WHEN  
WILL HE FIND TIME FOR  
*ME?*



ALL MY LIFE, HAPPINESS ELUDED  
MY GRASP... AND NOTHING I  
EVER CARED ABOUT LASTED!  
WAS THIS THE WAY IT HAD TO  
BE WITH JAN, TOO?

*"The Elements of  
Heartbreak!"*

DORAN &  
GORDON





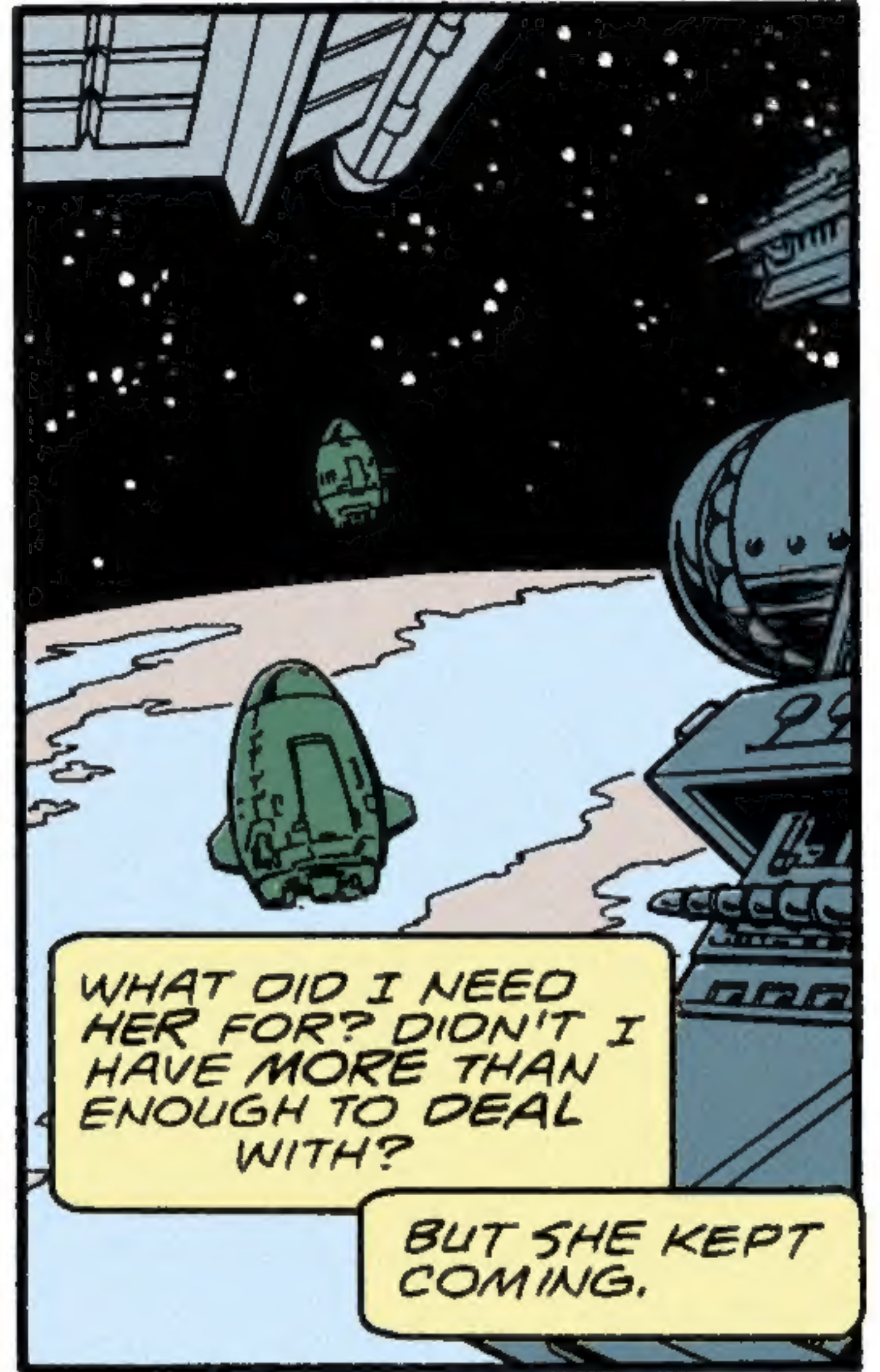


I REMEMBER THE  
FIRST TIME I  
SAW HER.



BEAUTIFUL,  
SWEET, SHY--

--AND TOO DAMN  
INTERESTED  
IN ME.



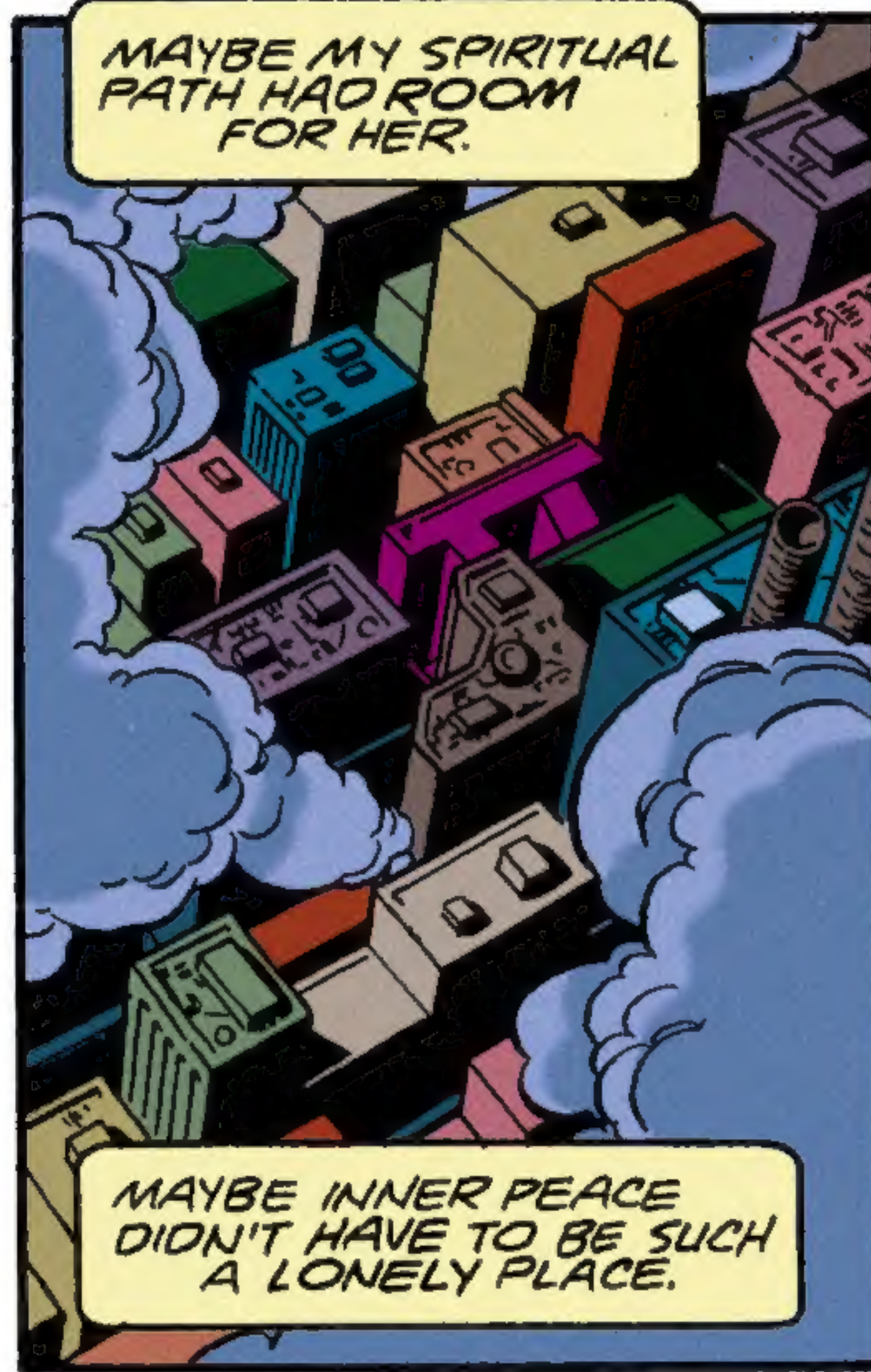
WHAT DID I NEED  
HER FOR? DIDN'T I  
HAVE MORE THAN  
ENOUGH TO DEAL  
WITH?

BUT SHE KEPT  
COMING.



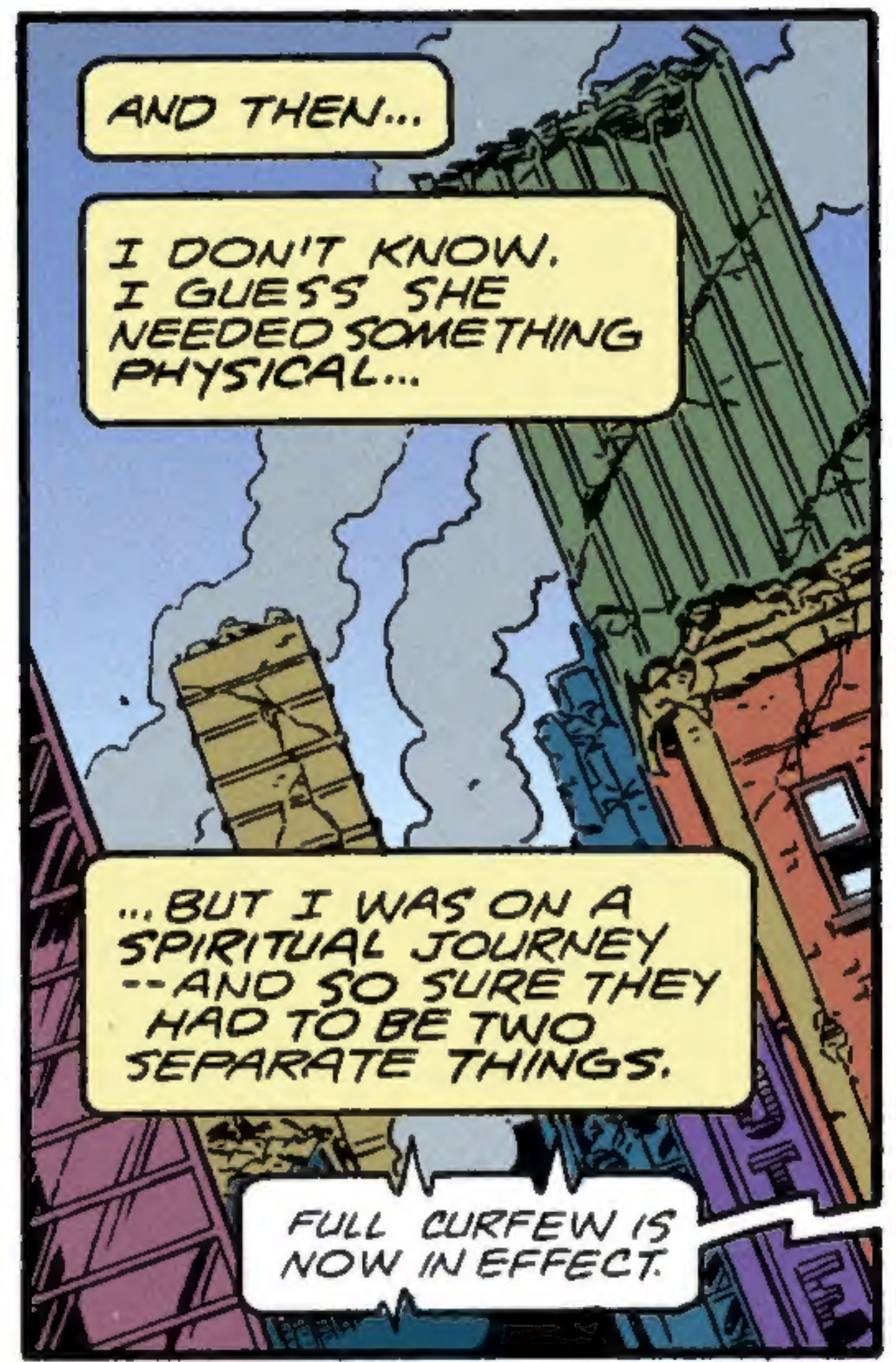
THEN ONE DAY I  
DISCOVERED I  
NEEDED THAT  
INNOCENCE, THAT  
EARNESTNESS.

I WAS TIRED OF  
TRYING TO MAKE  
IT ALONE.



MAYBE MY SPIRITUAL  
PATH HAD ROOM  
FOR HER.

MAYBE INNER PEACE  
DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SUCH  
A LONELY PLACE.



AND THEN...

I DON'T KNOW.  
I GUESS SHE  
NEEDED SOMETHING  
PHYSICAL...

...BUT I WAS ON A  
SPIRITUAL JOURNEY  
--AND SO SURE THEY  
HAD TO BE TWO  
SEPARATE THINGS.

FULL CURFEW IS  
NOW IN EFFECT.



FULL CURFEW IS  
NOW IN EFFECT.

CURFEW  
VIOLATORS  
WHO DO NOT  
SURRENDER  
THEMSELVES  
SHALL BE  
EXECUTED.

I THOUGHT I WAS OUT-  
GROWING HER. AND  
SHE... SHE JUST SEEMED  
TO NEED ME MORE THAN  
EVER.



FULL CURFEW IS  
NOW IN EFFECT...

THERE WAS  
ONLY ONE  
THING TO DO.  
I KNEW  
WHAT WAS  
BEST FOR  
HER...



...FULL CURFEW...

BEST FOR HER? HA!  
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW  
WHO SHE WAS!





SOMEHOW...

...SOMEHOW IT ALL  
MAKES SENSE  
THIS WOULD  
SURFACE NOW.

IF WE'RE  
LUCKY, A  
CRISIS  
BRINGS  
OUT THE  
BEST IN  
US.

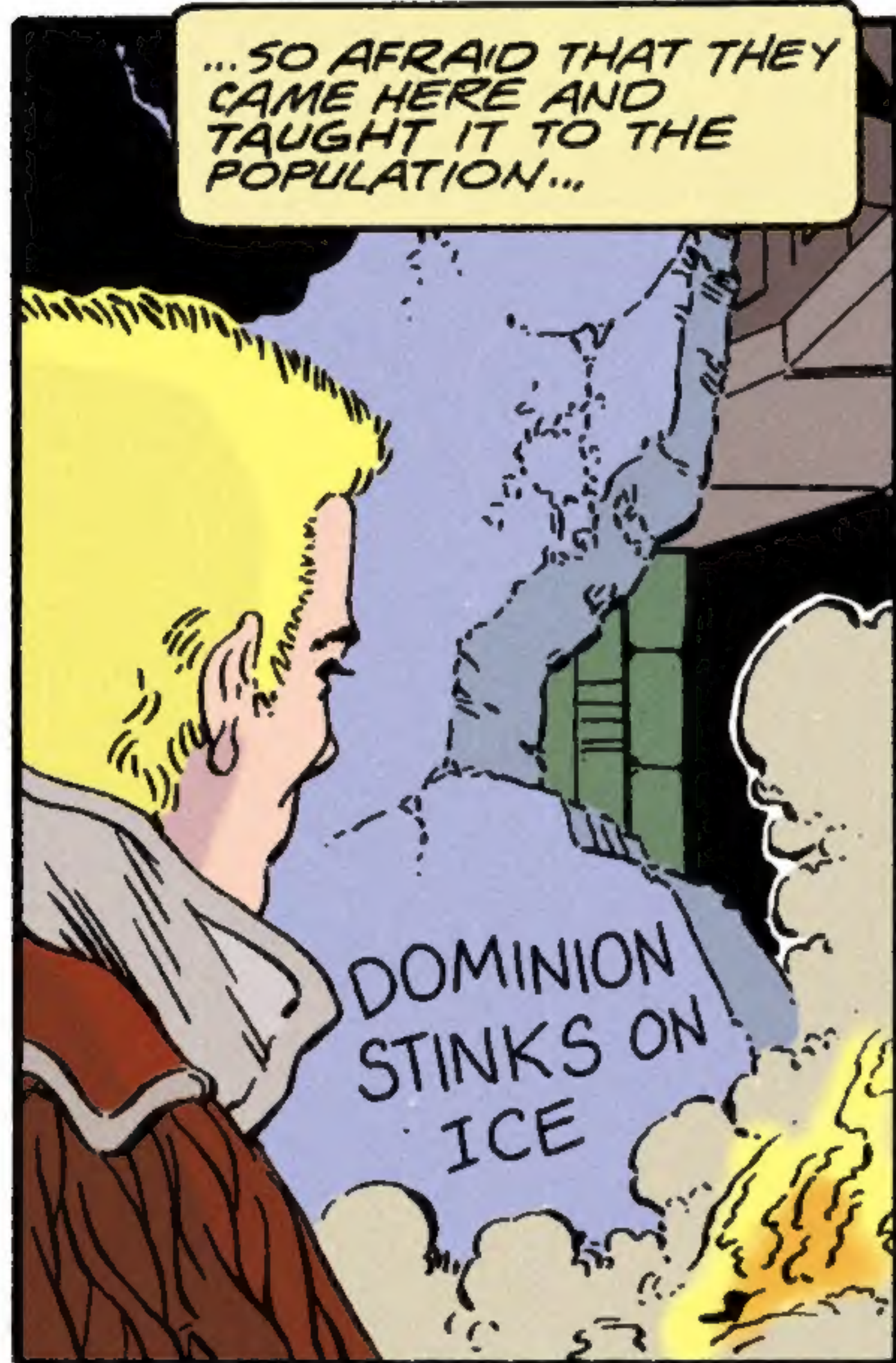


BUT SOMETIMES A  
CRISIS JUST FORCES US  
TO FACE TRUTHS WE  
NEVER WANTED TO FACE.



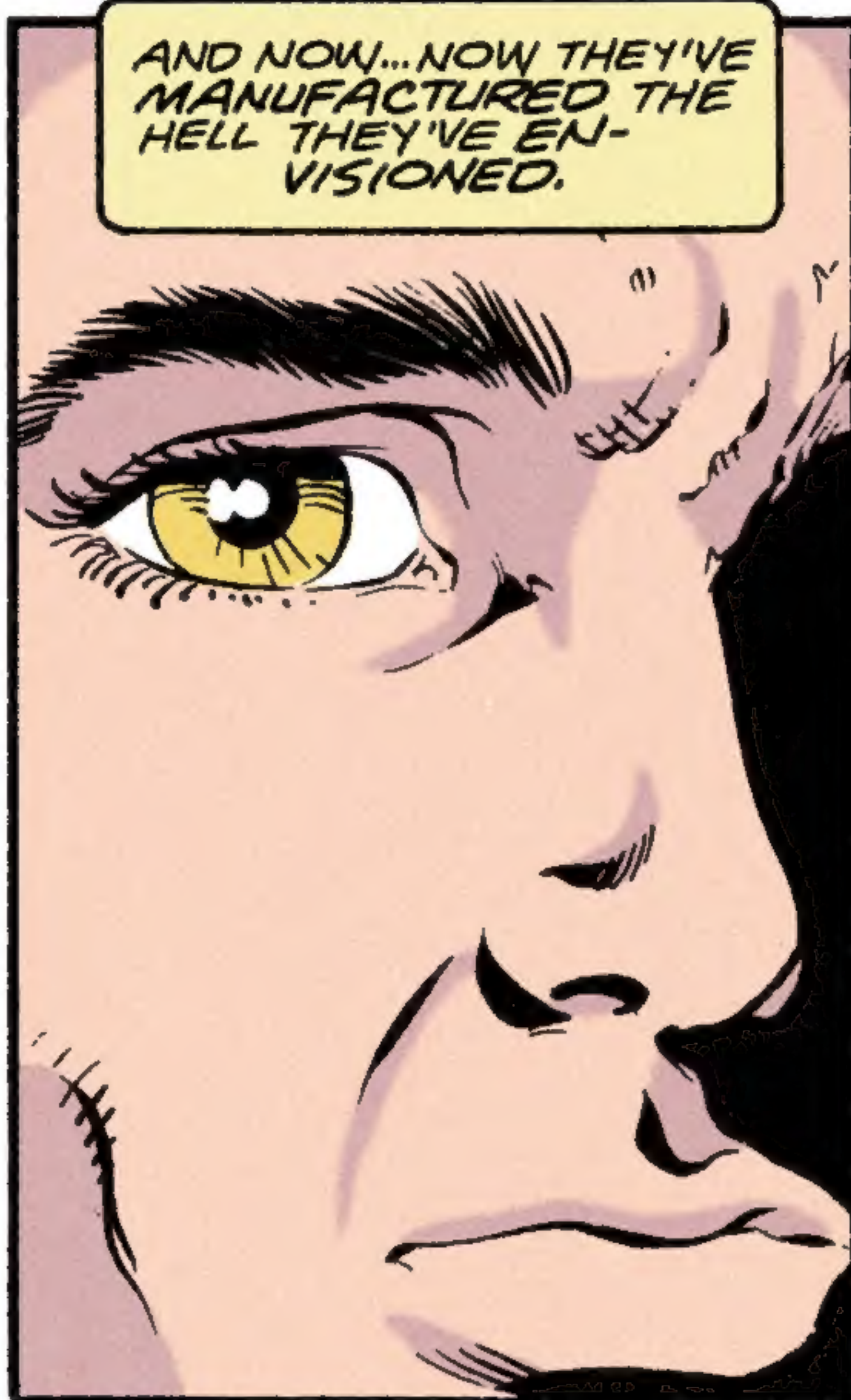
GUESS WE CAN THANK  
THE DOMINATORS  
FOR THAT.

THE DOMINATORS...SO AFRAID  
THIS PLANET WAS FULL OF  
THEIR KIND OF LOATHING  
AND HYSTERIA...



...SO AFRAID THAT THEY  
CAME HERE AND  
TAUGHT IT TO THE  
POPULATION...

DOMINION  
STINKS ON  
ICE



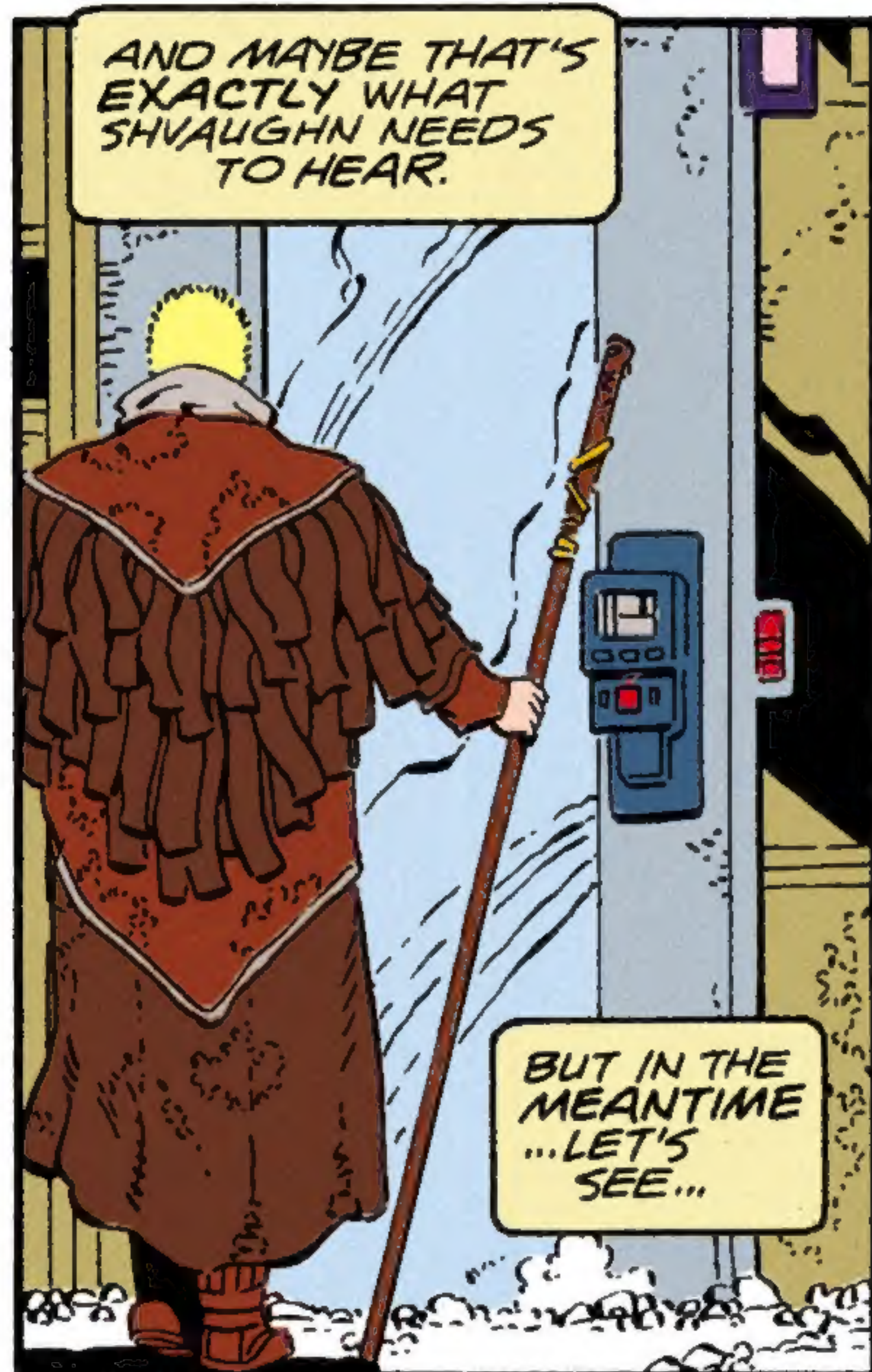
AND NOW...NOW THEY'VE  
MANUFACTURED THE  
HELL THEY'VE EN-  
VISIONED.



BUT DAMN  
IT, THE  
CHOICE IS  
STILL UP  
TO US.

NONE OF US HAS  
TO LIVE IN A HELL  
UNLESS WE CREATE  
IT FOR OURSELVES.

...yeah, this is the place...



AND MAYBE THAT'S  
EXACTLY WHAT  
SHVAUGHN NEEDS  
TO HEAR.

BUT IN THE  
MEANTIME  
...LET'S  
SEE...



...CHROMIUM,  
FERROID...

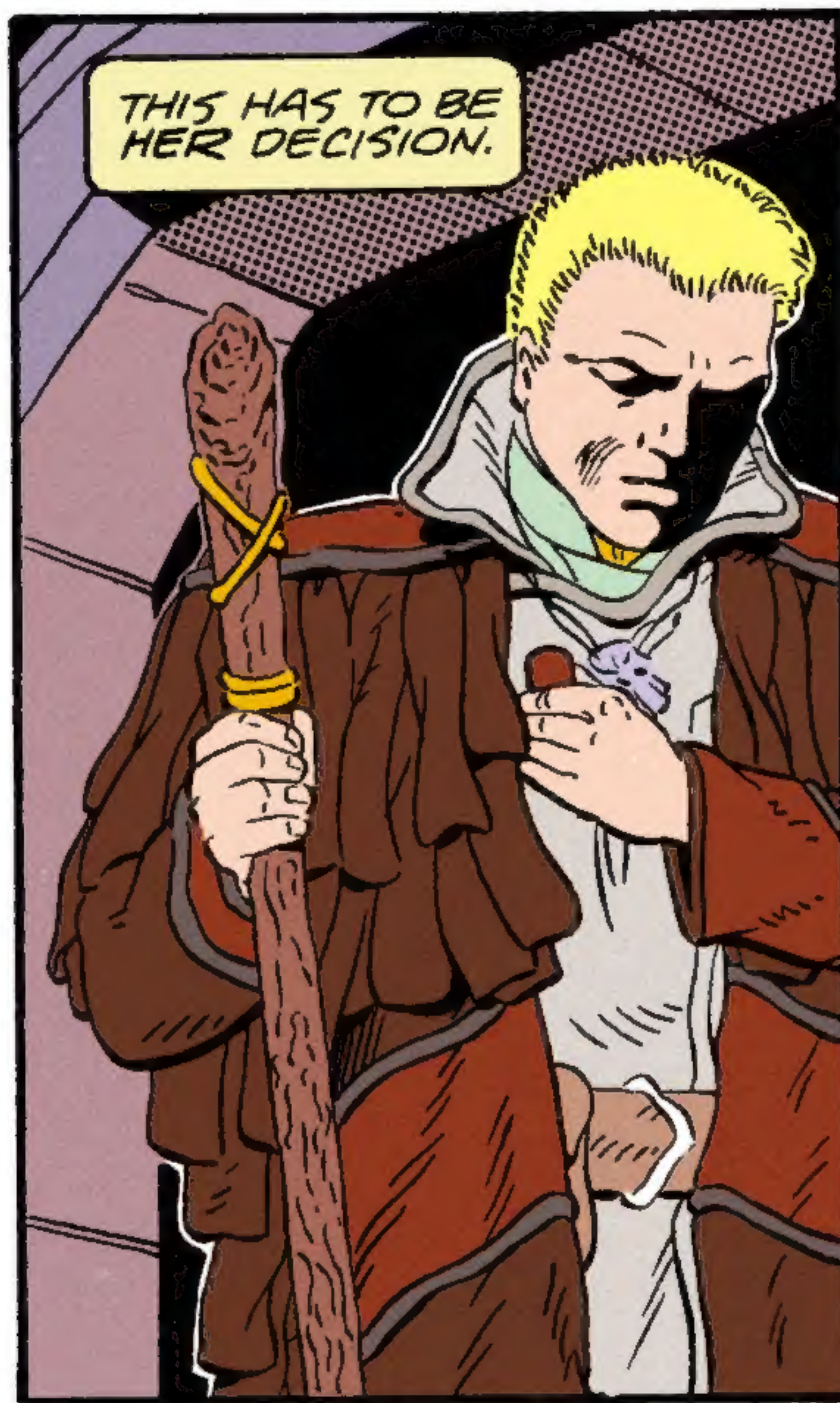
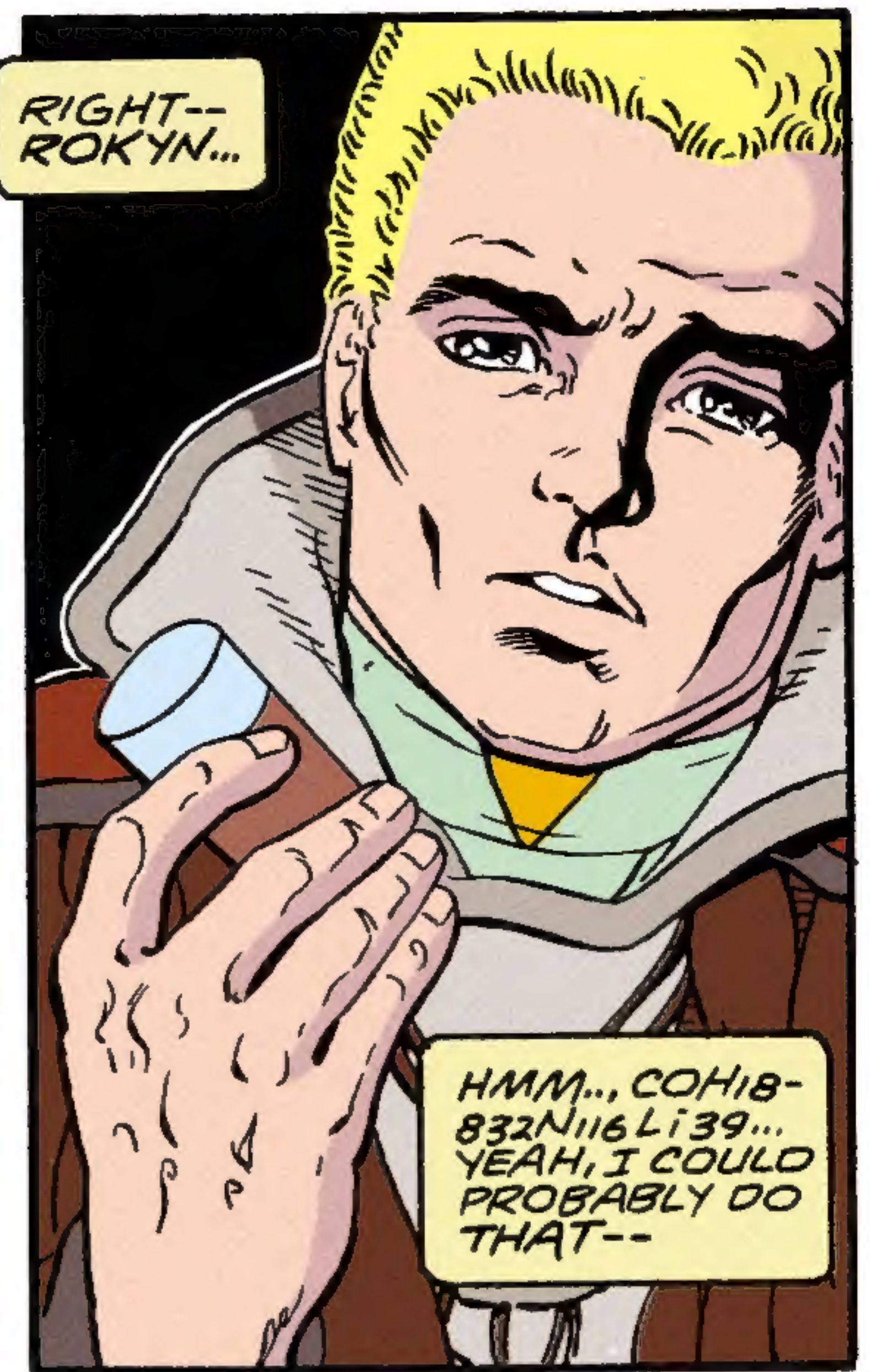
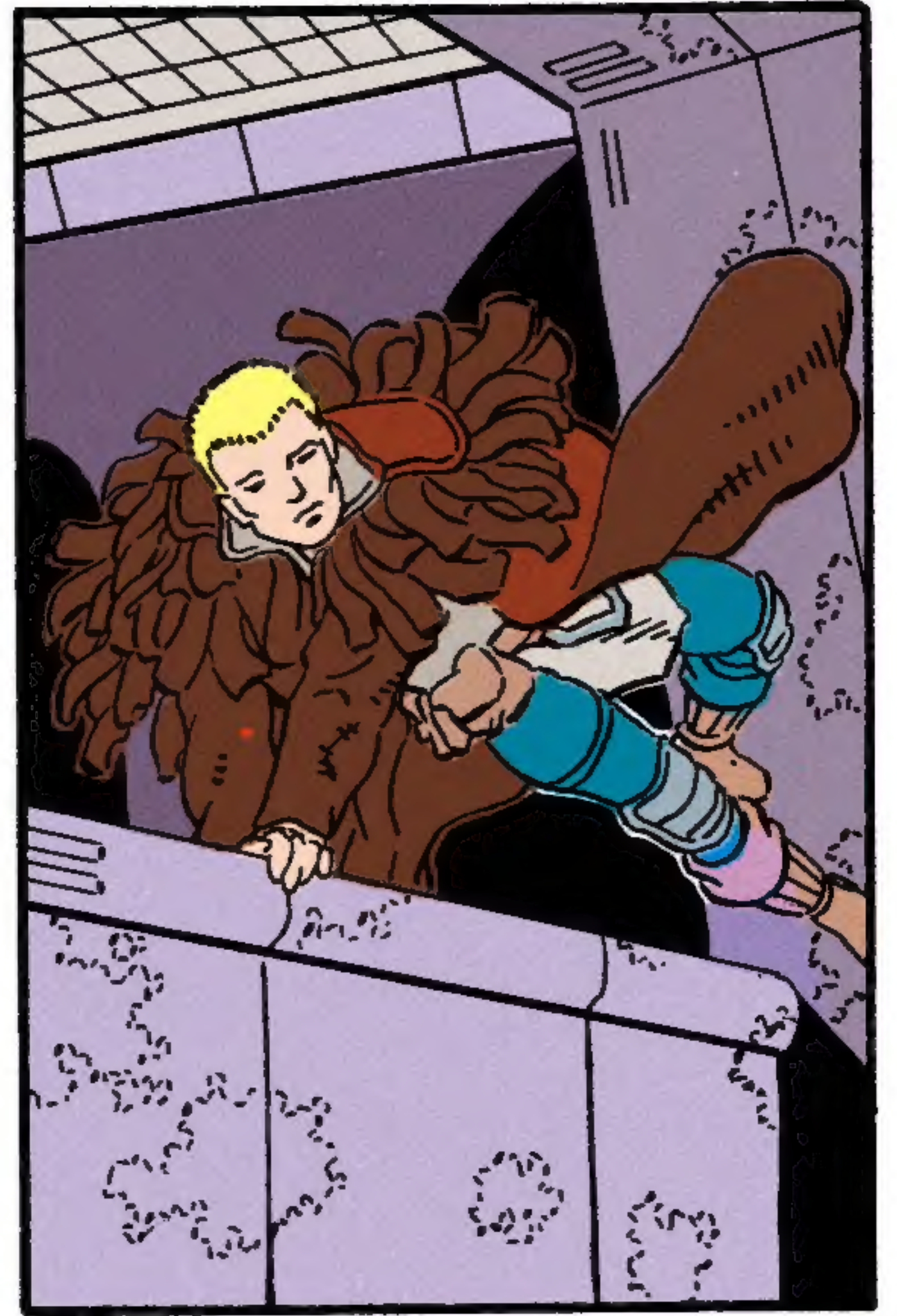
...GOTTA MAKE THIS  
QUICK, NOW...JUST  
CREATE US SOME  
HYDROGEN HERE...



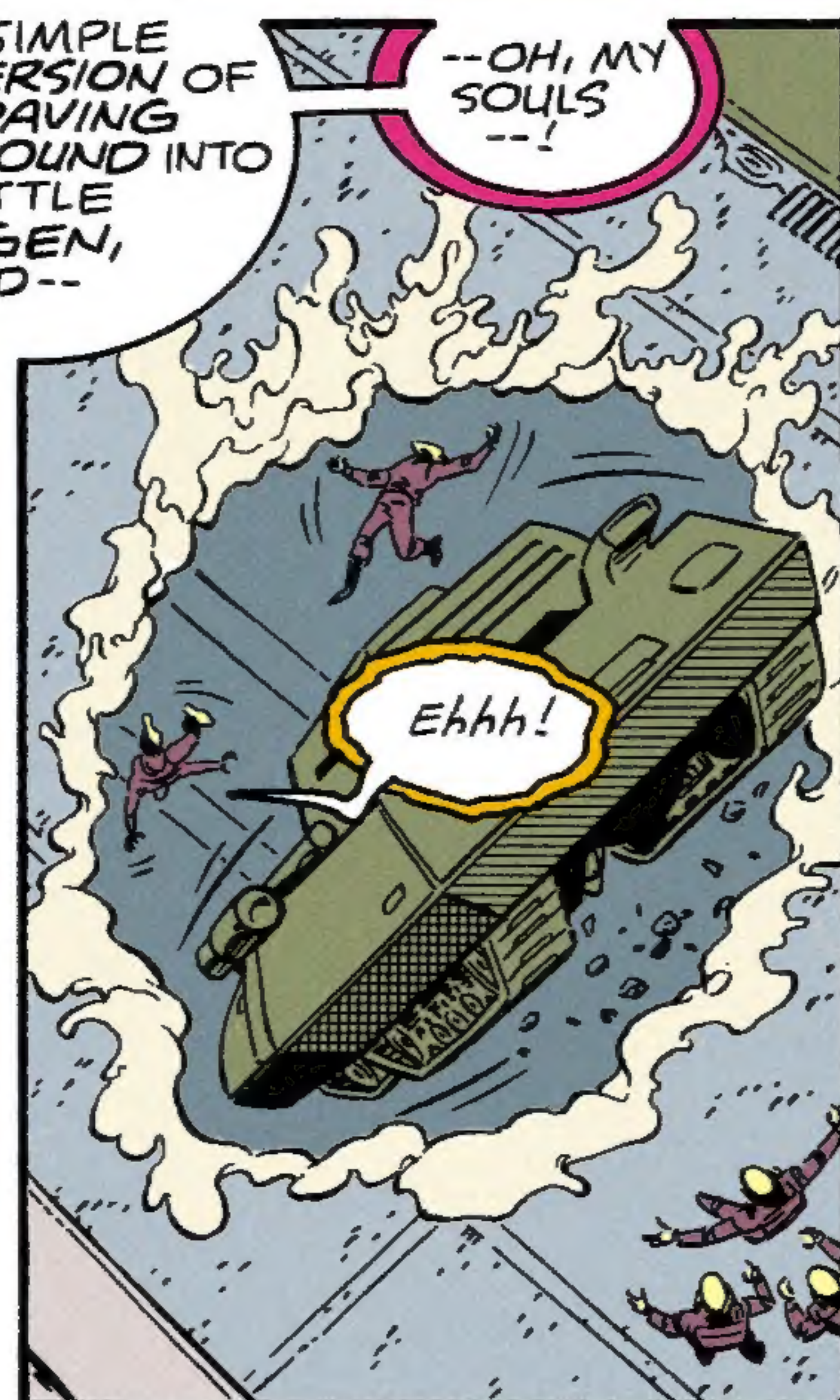
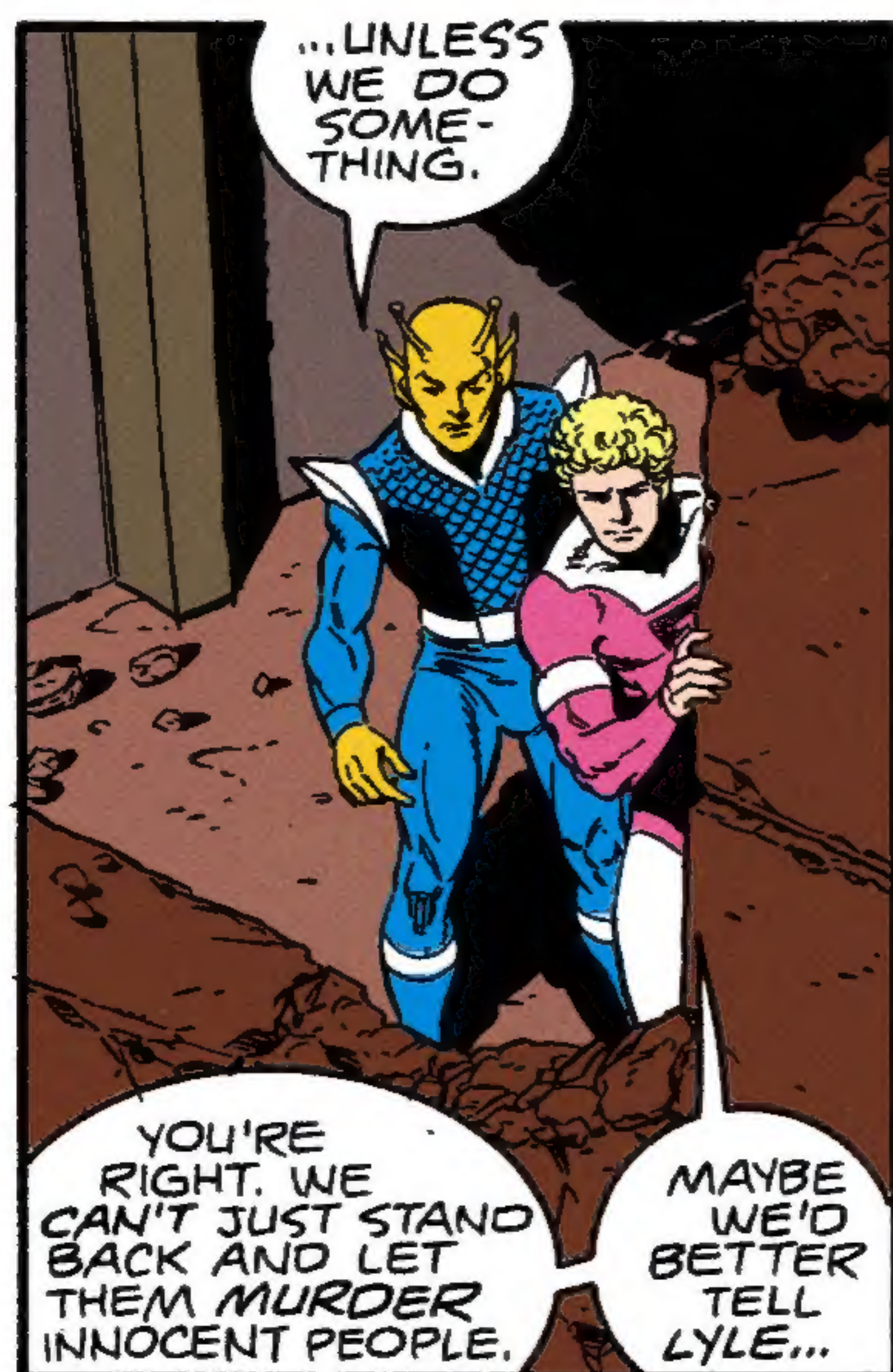
LOOK AT ME... BREAK-  
ING AND ENTERING.

YEAH, I GUESS IT'S  
COME TO THIS,  
HASN'T IT?

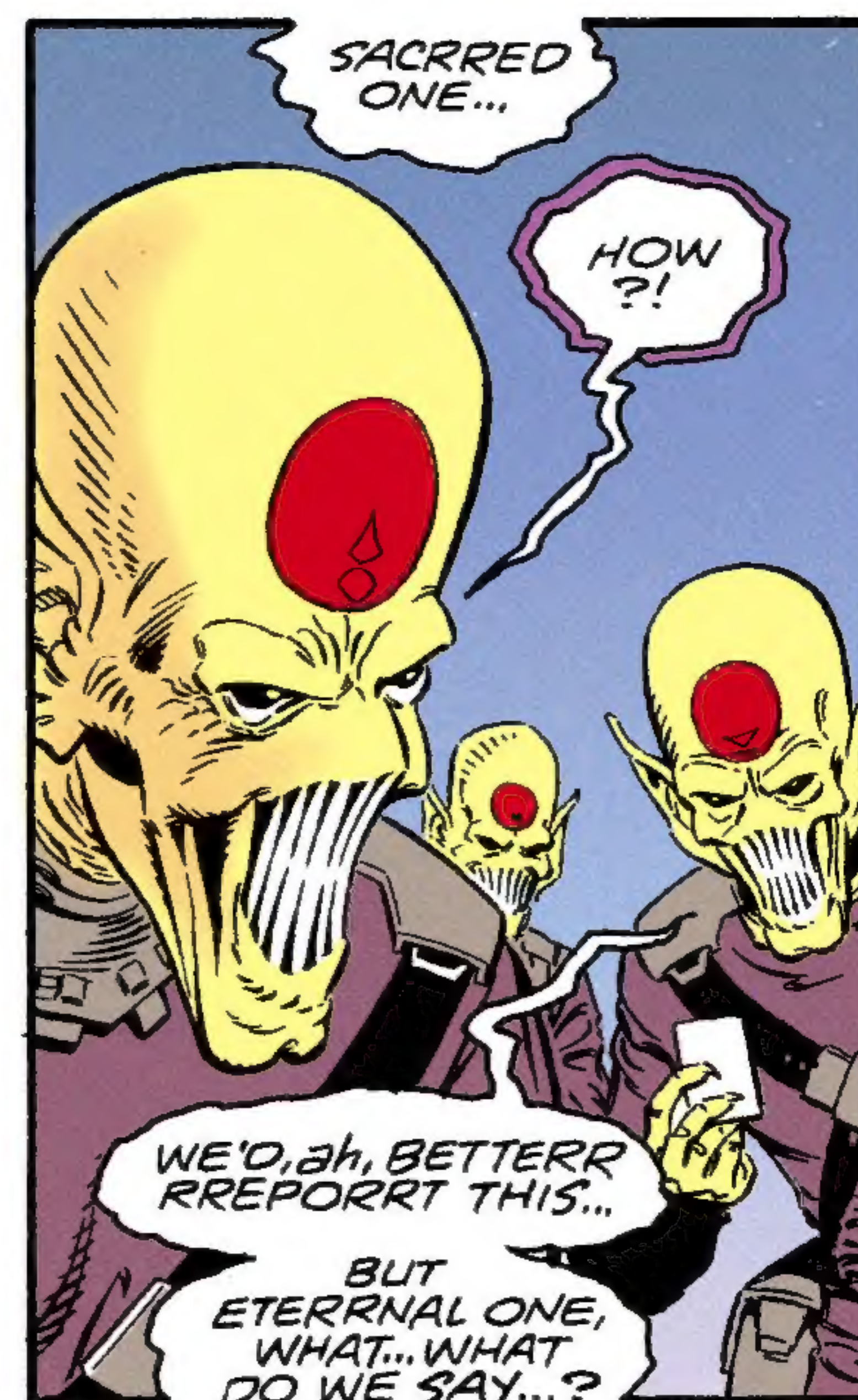
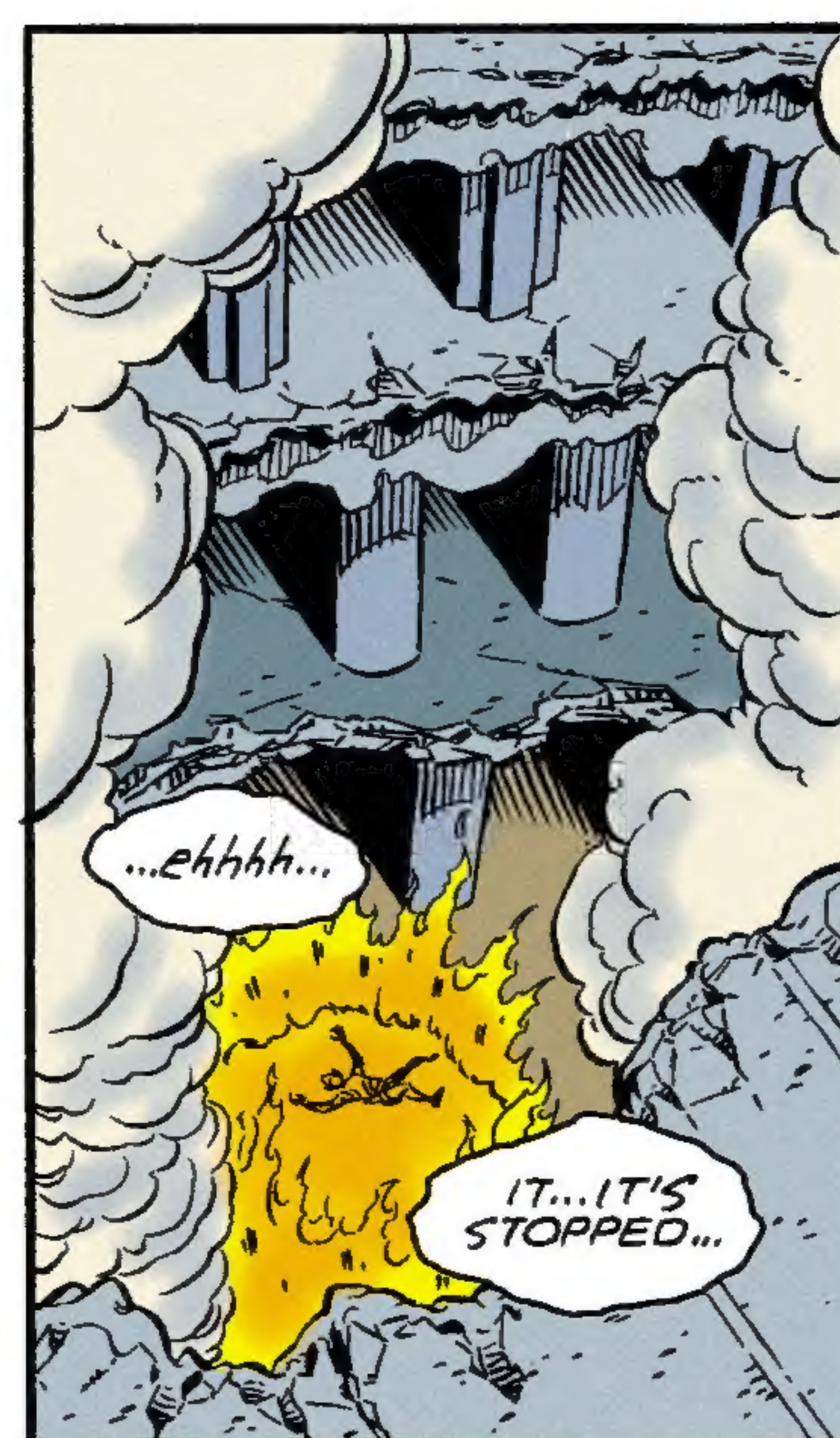
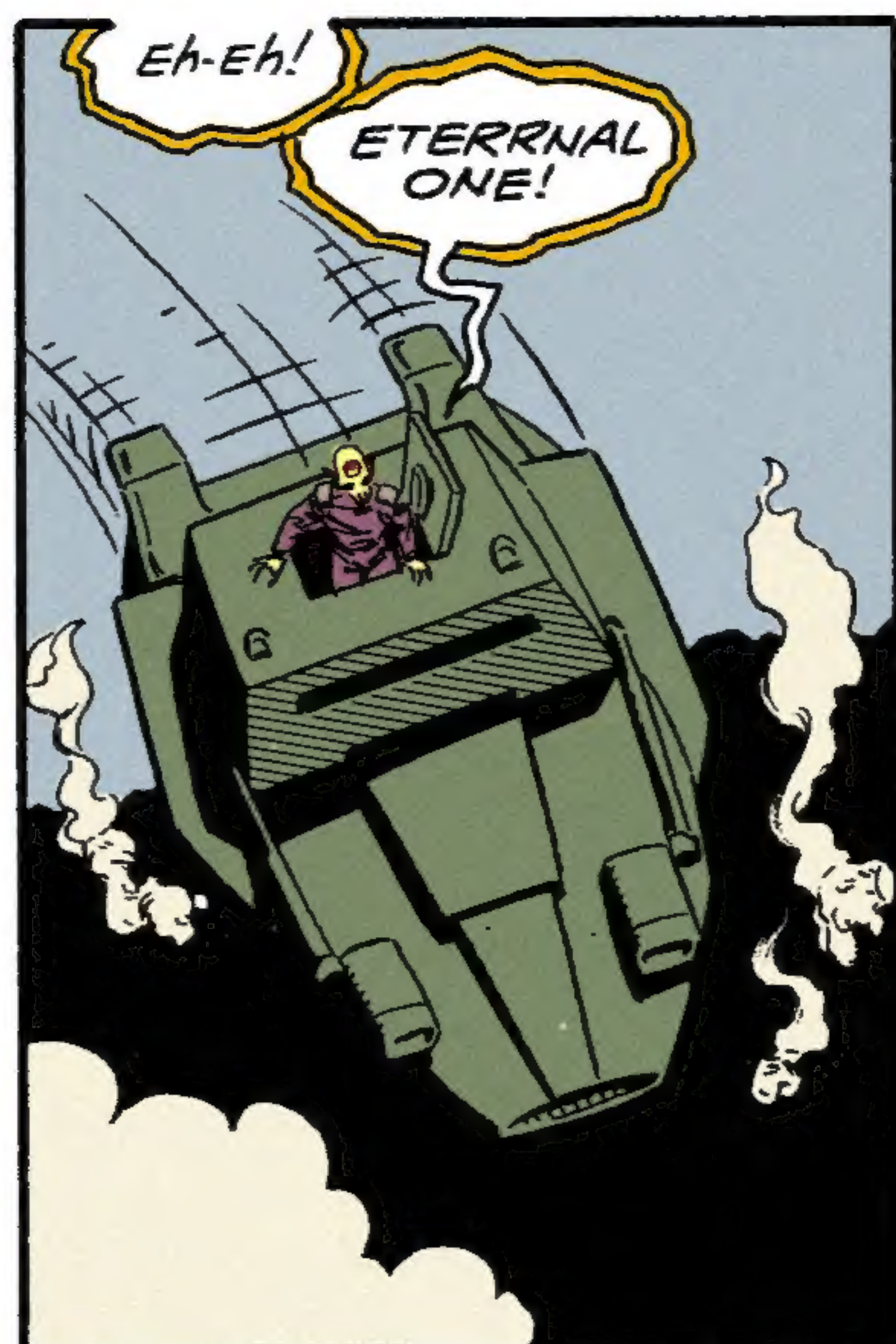
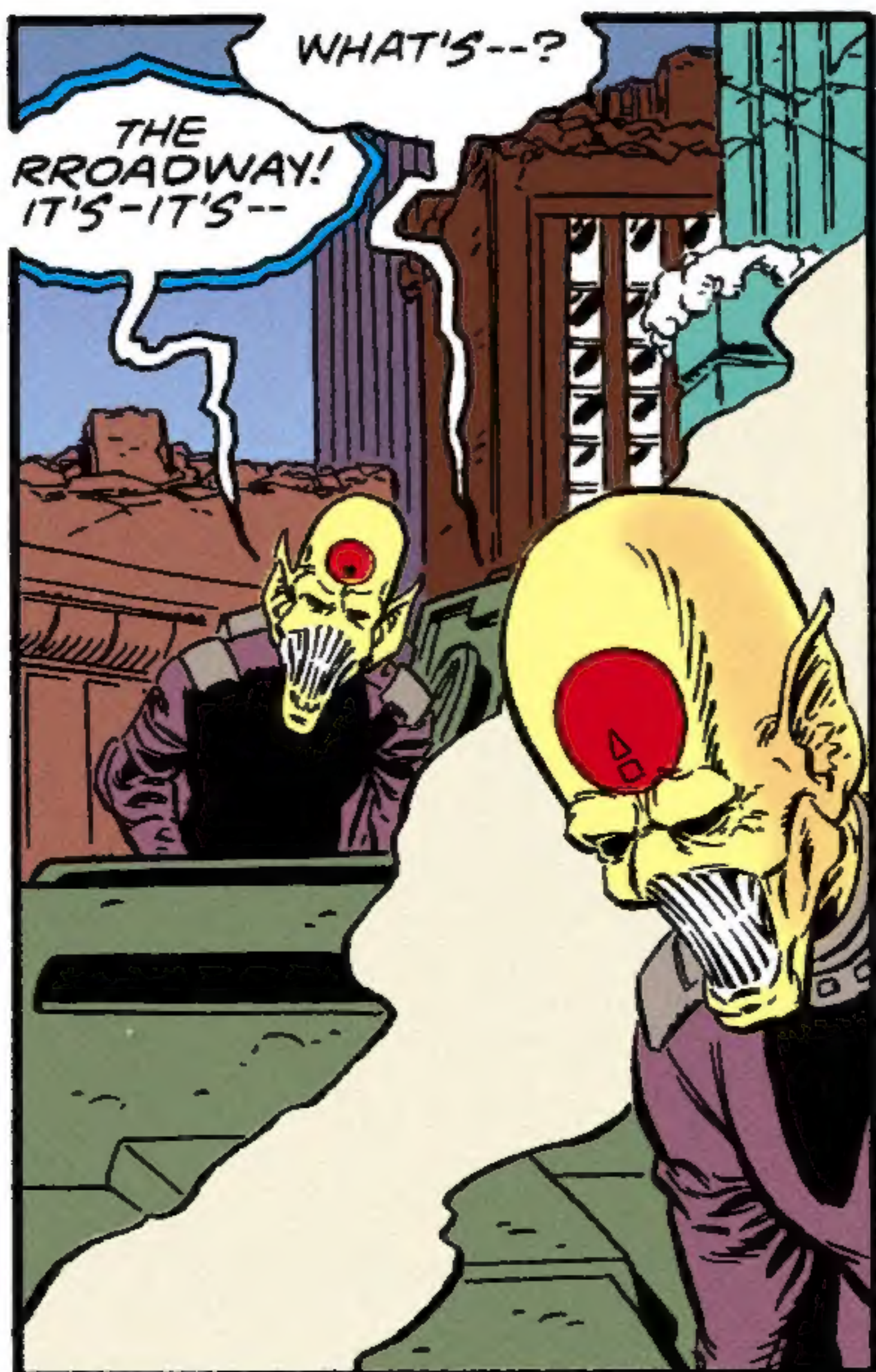




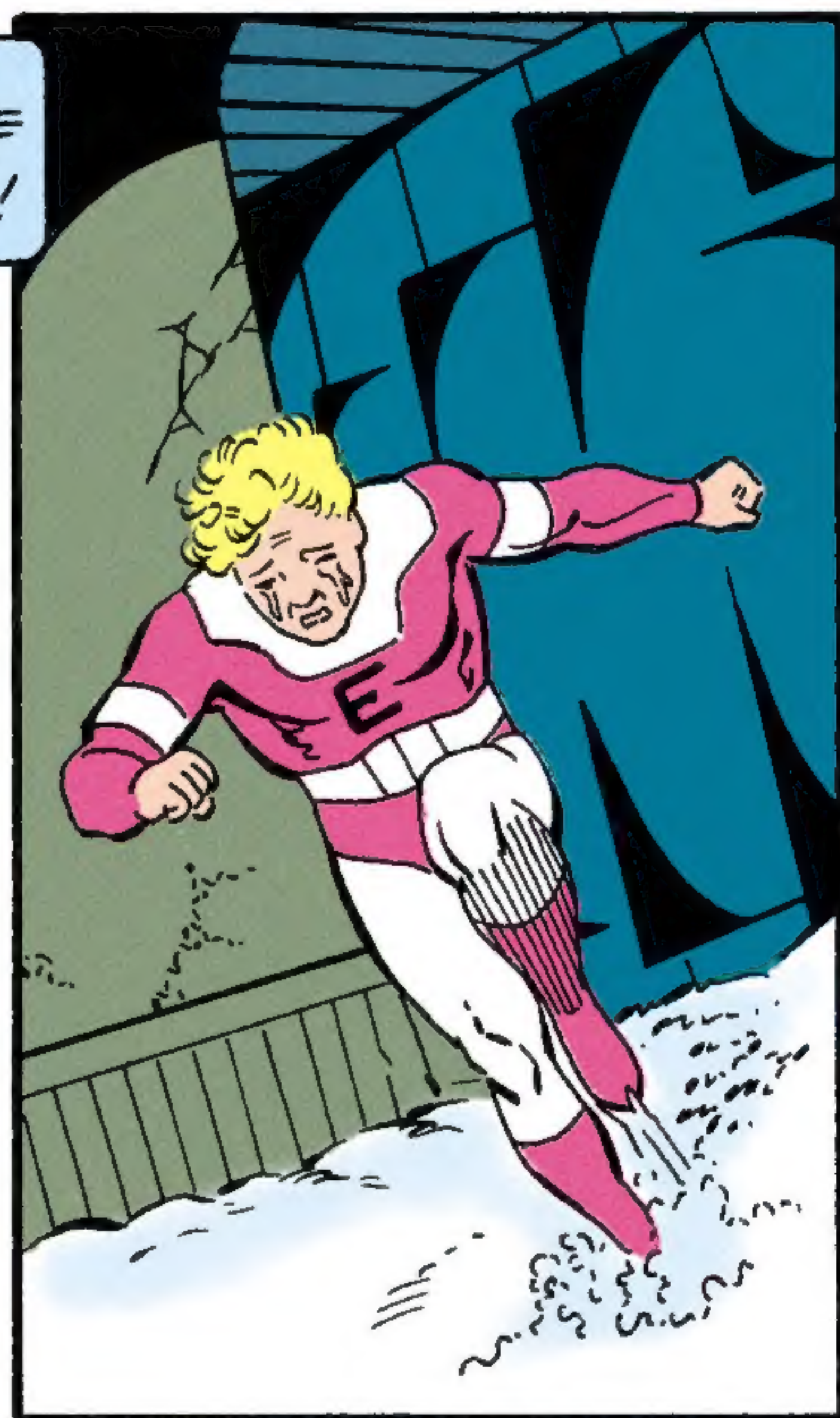
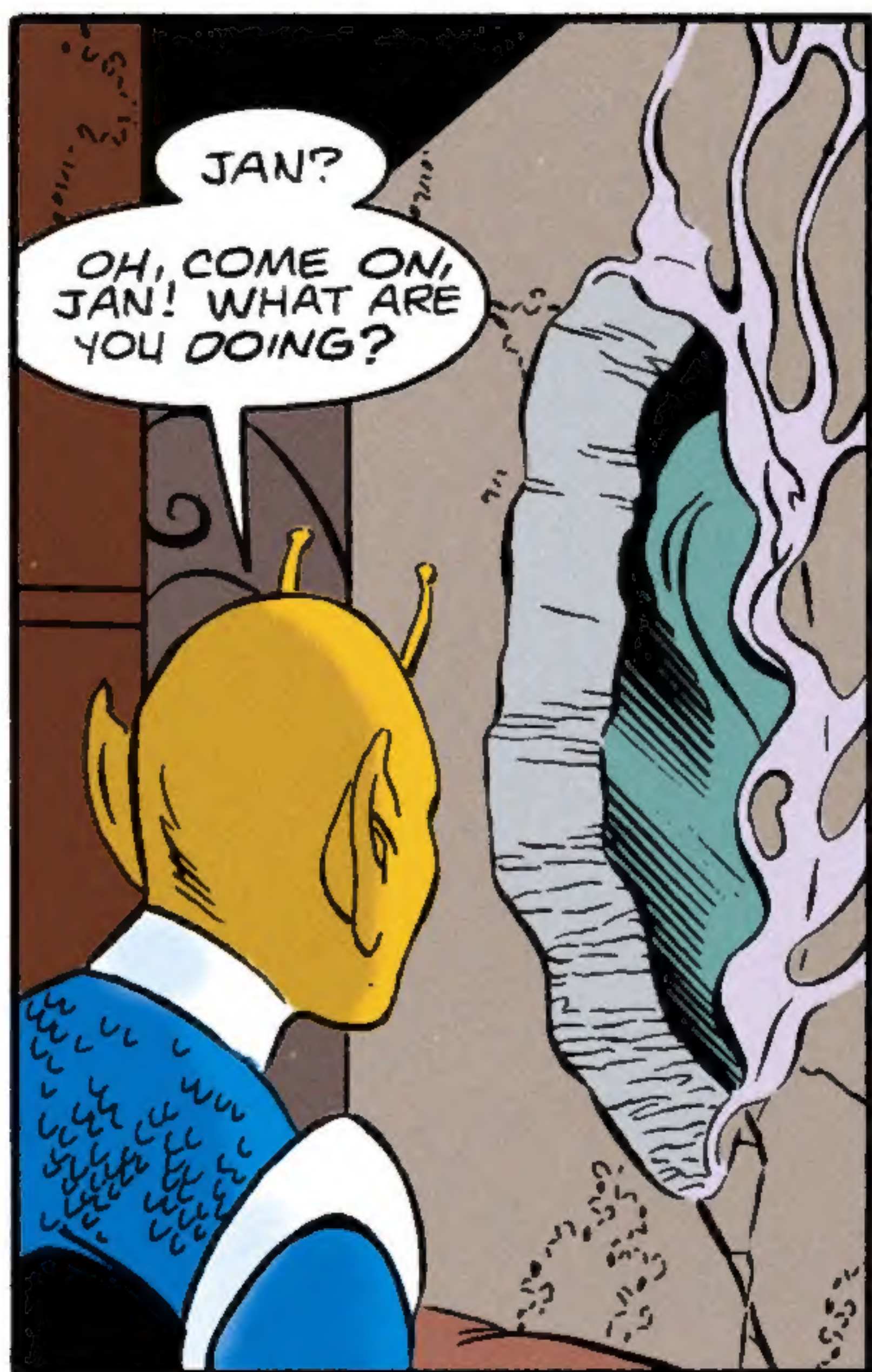
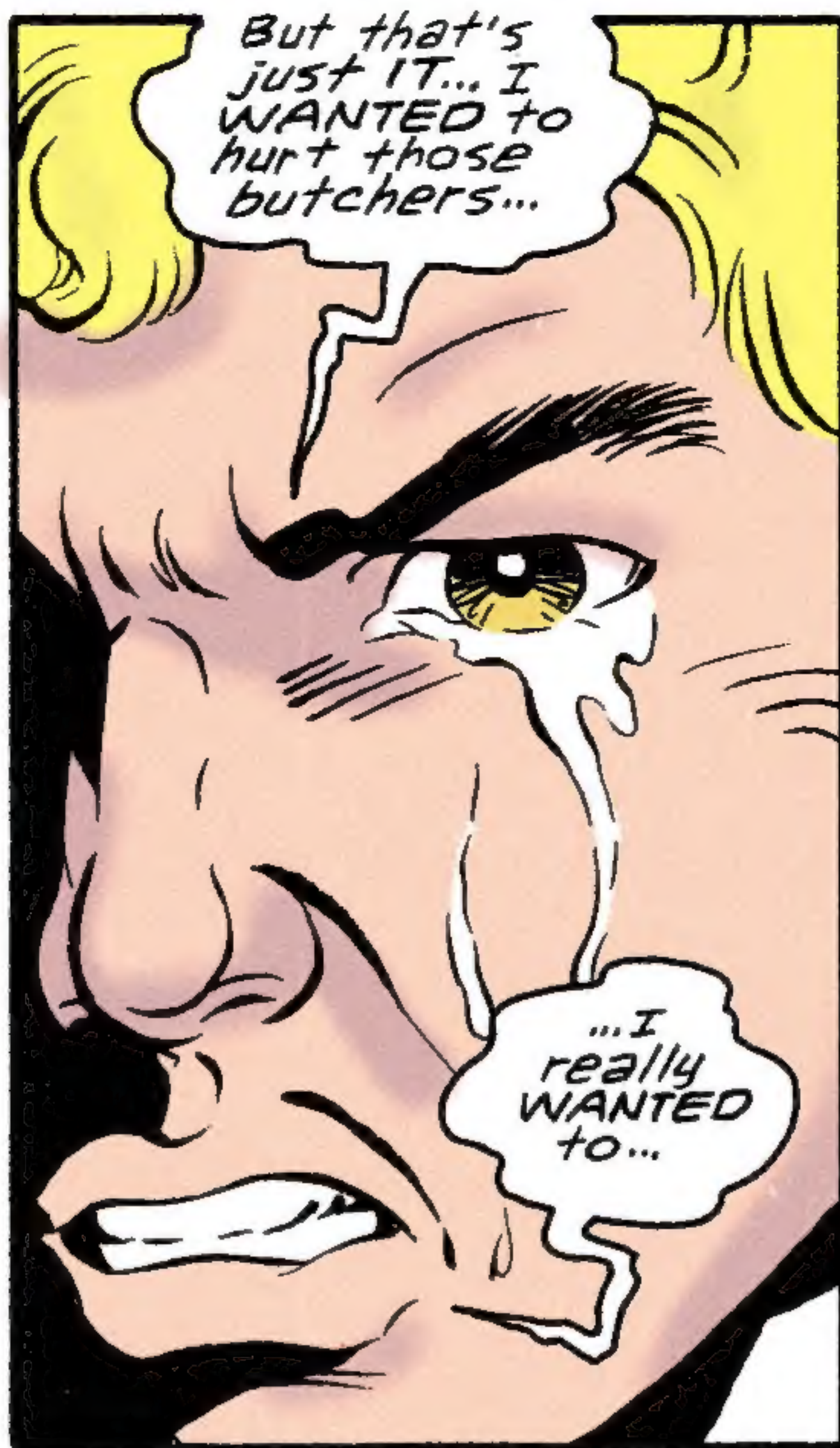
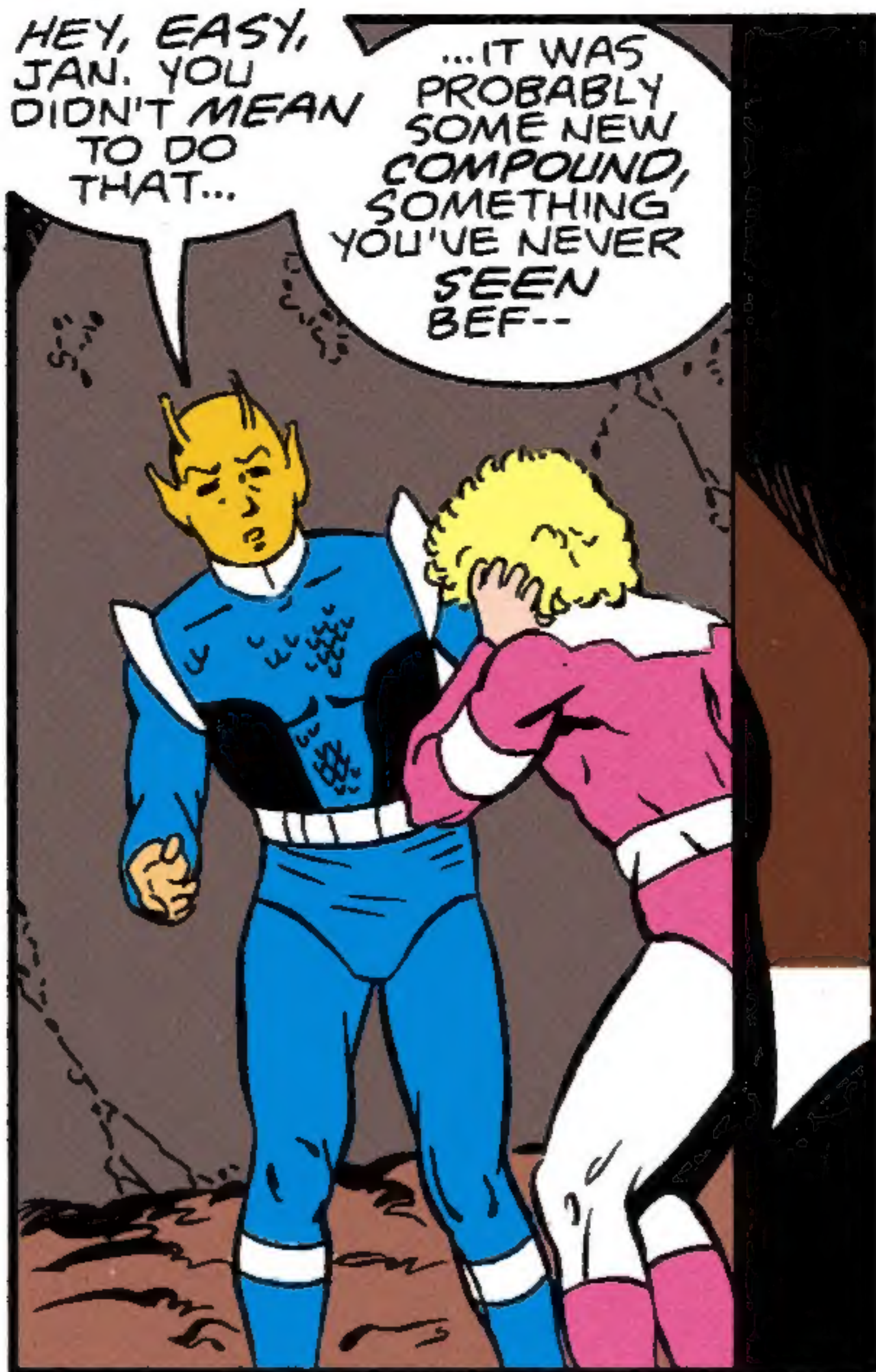
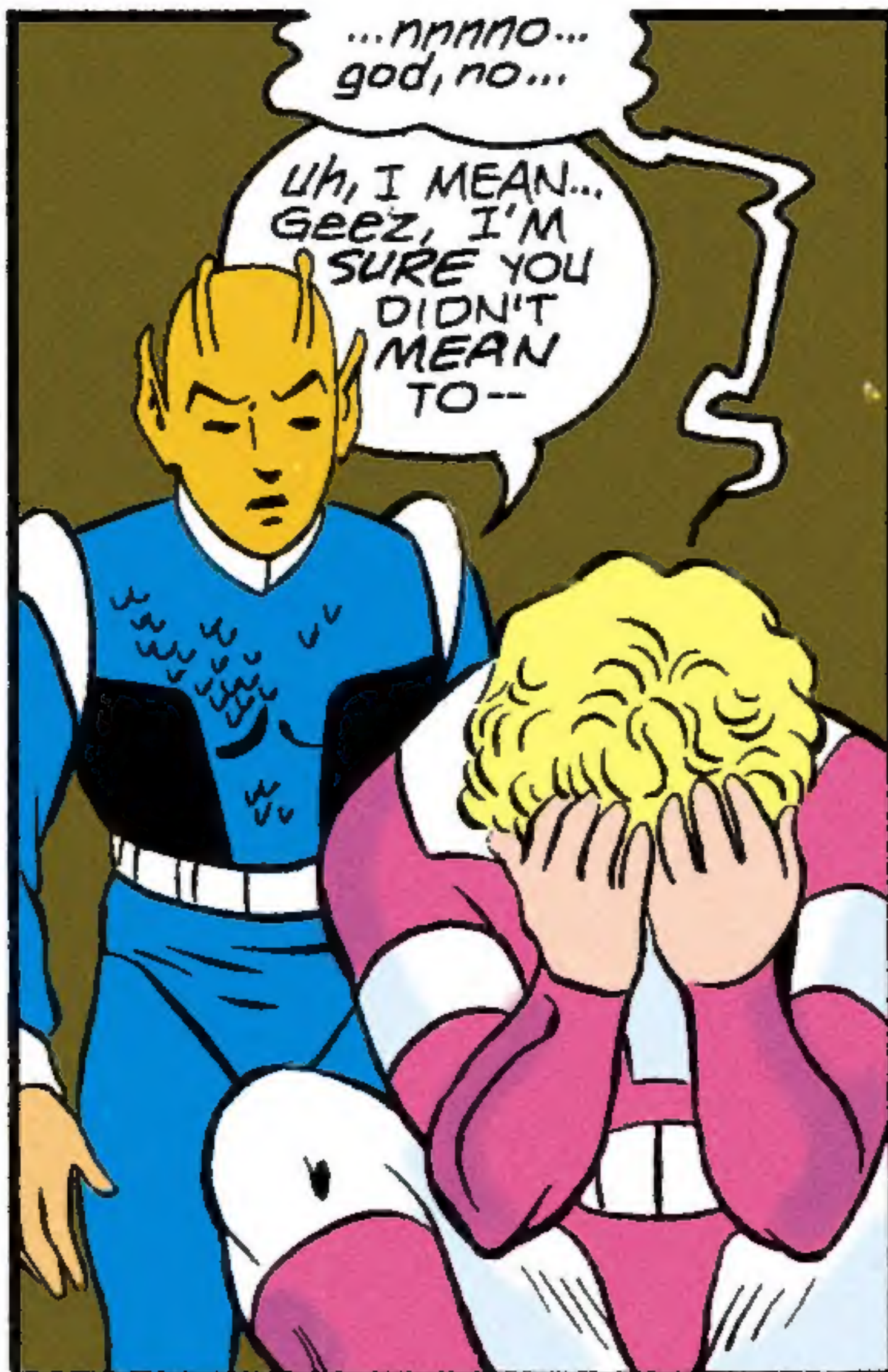




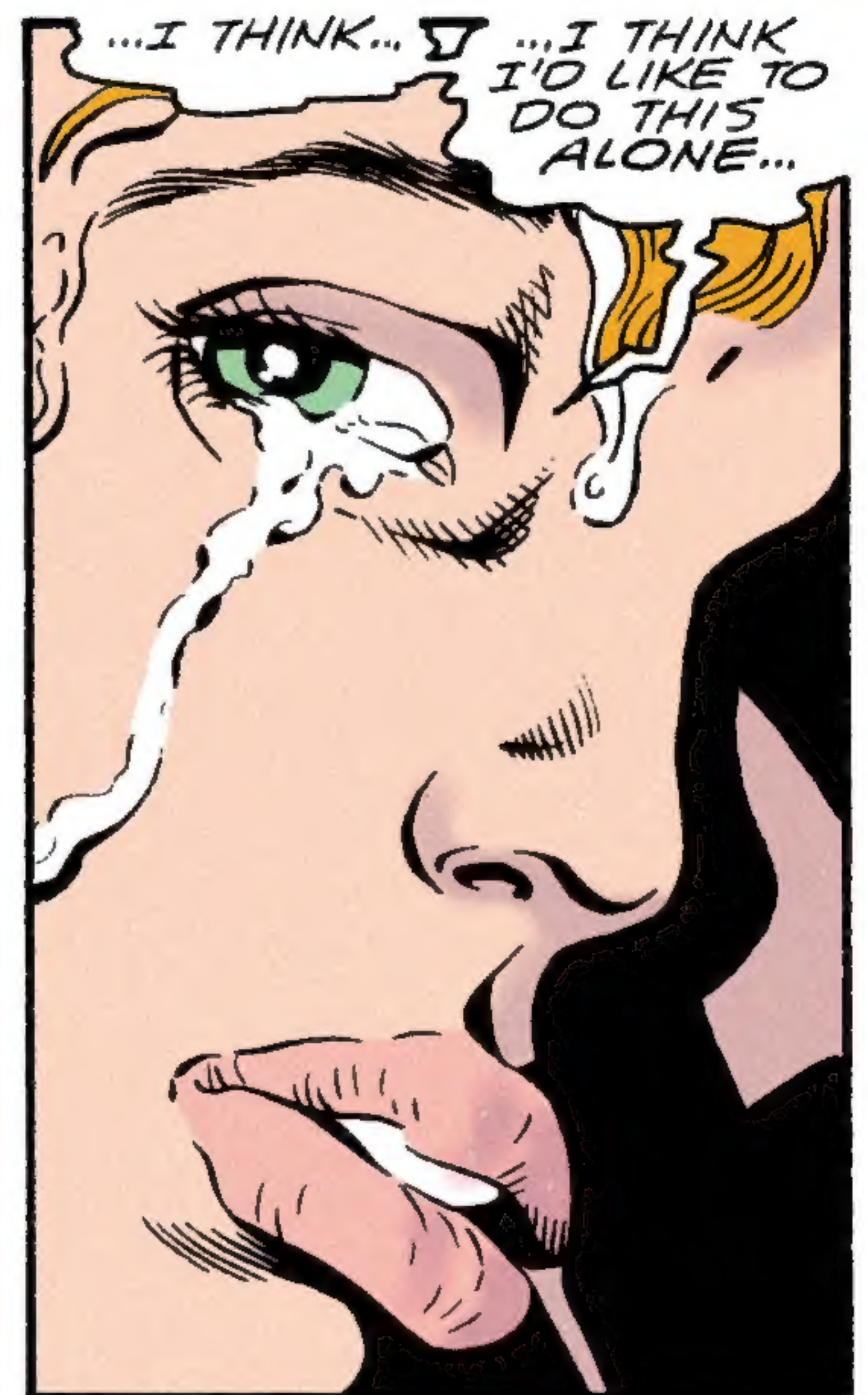
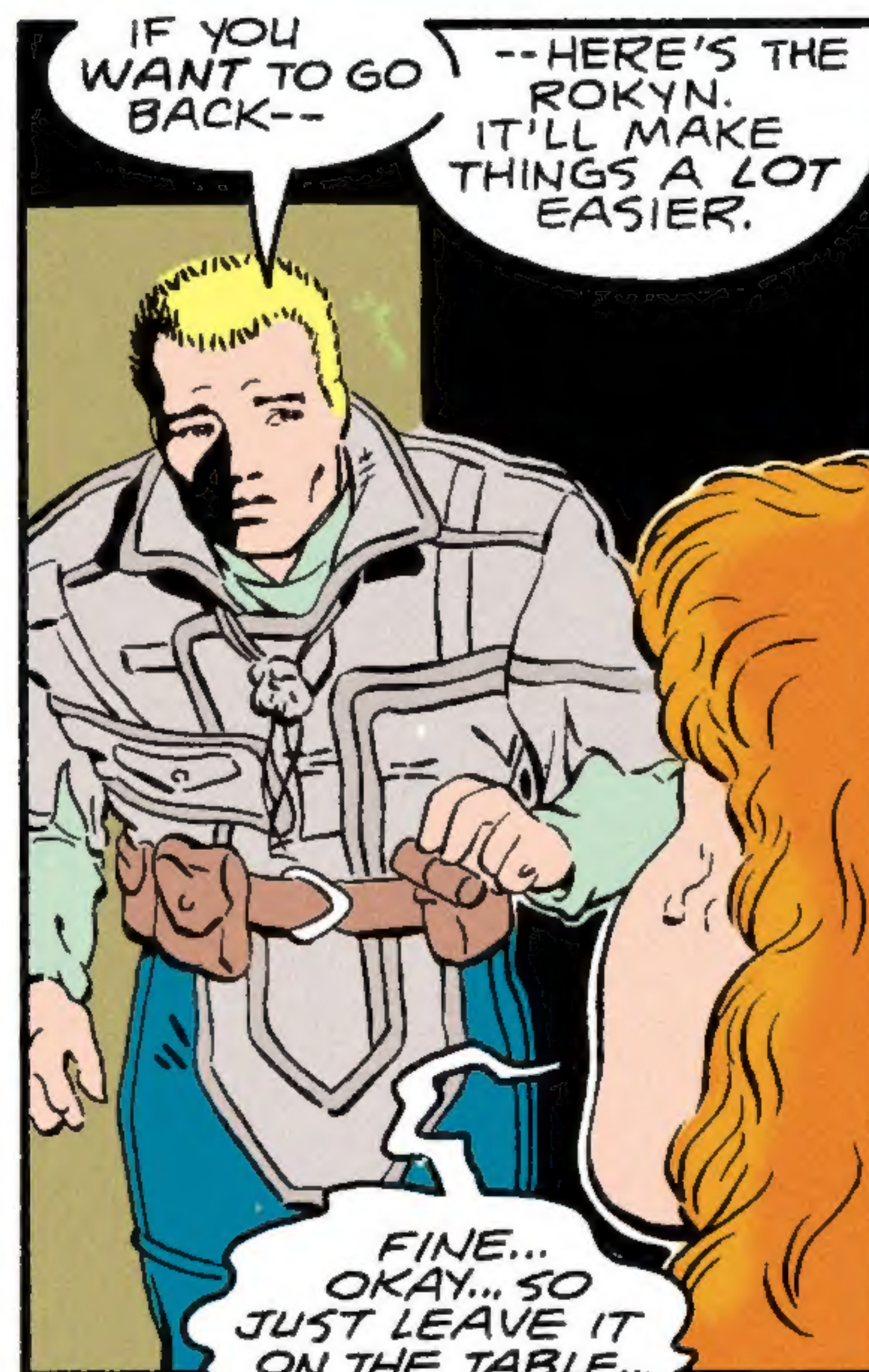
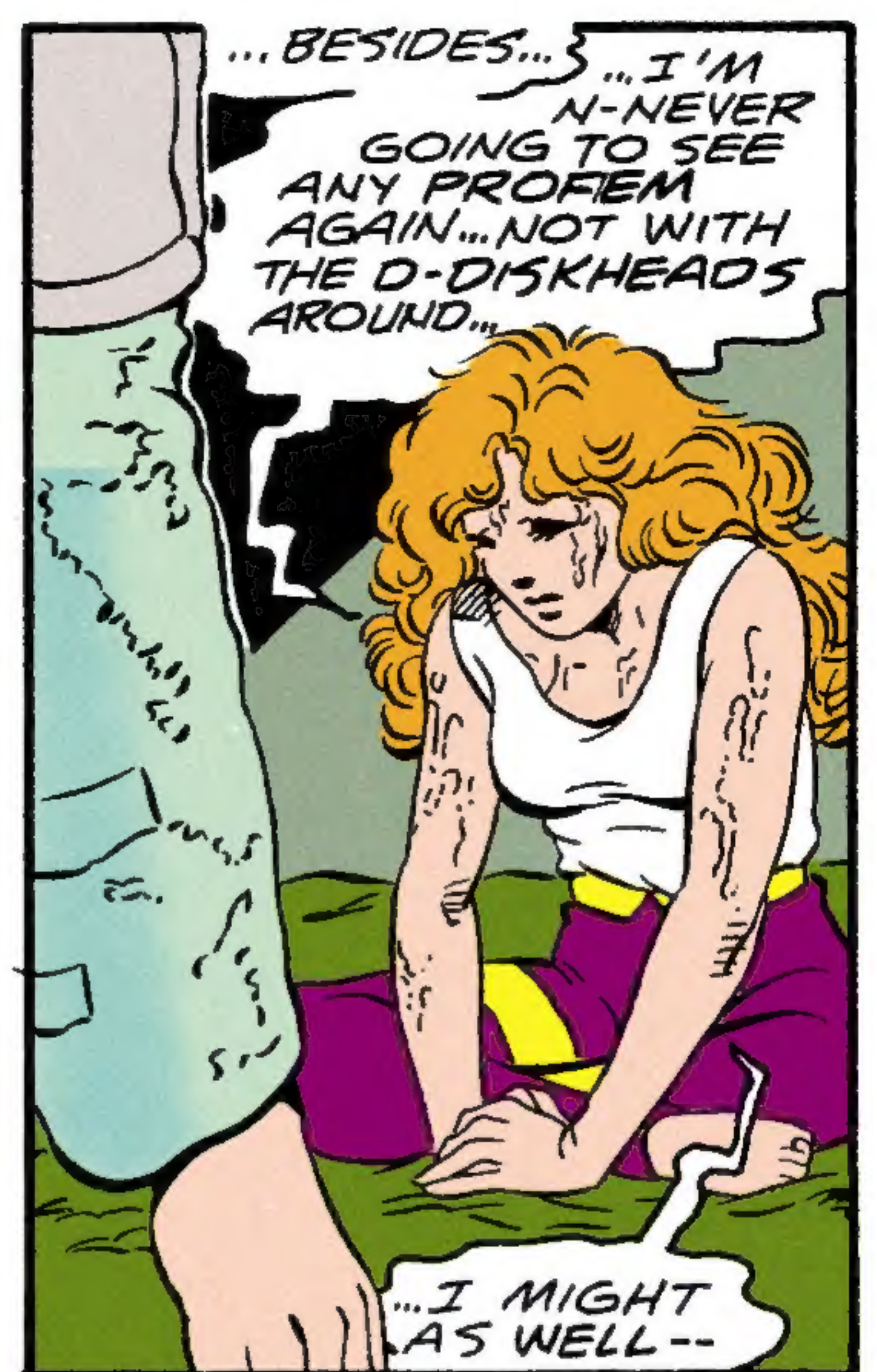
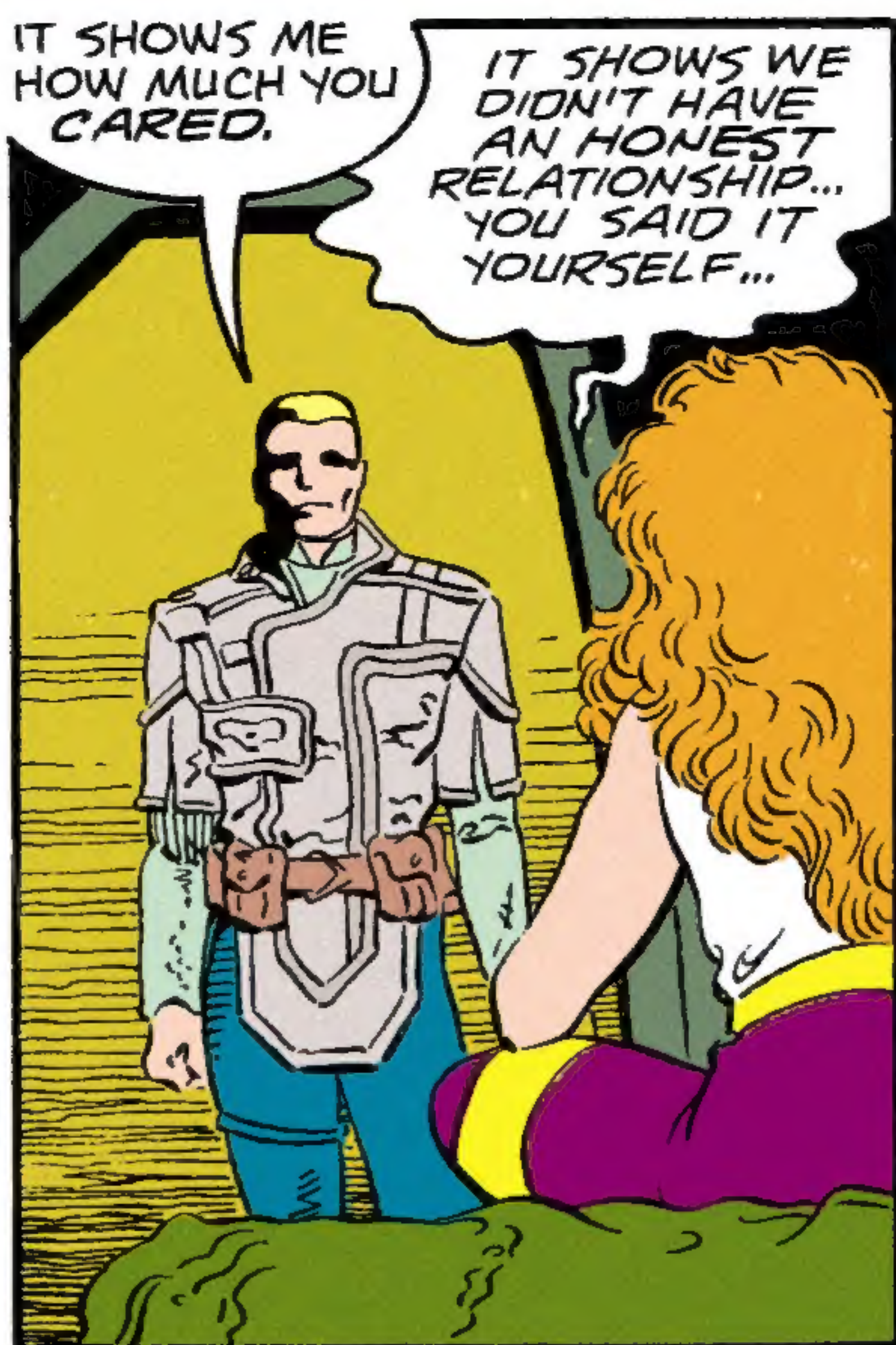
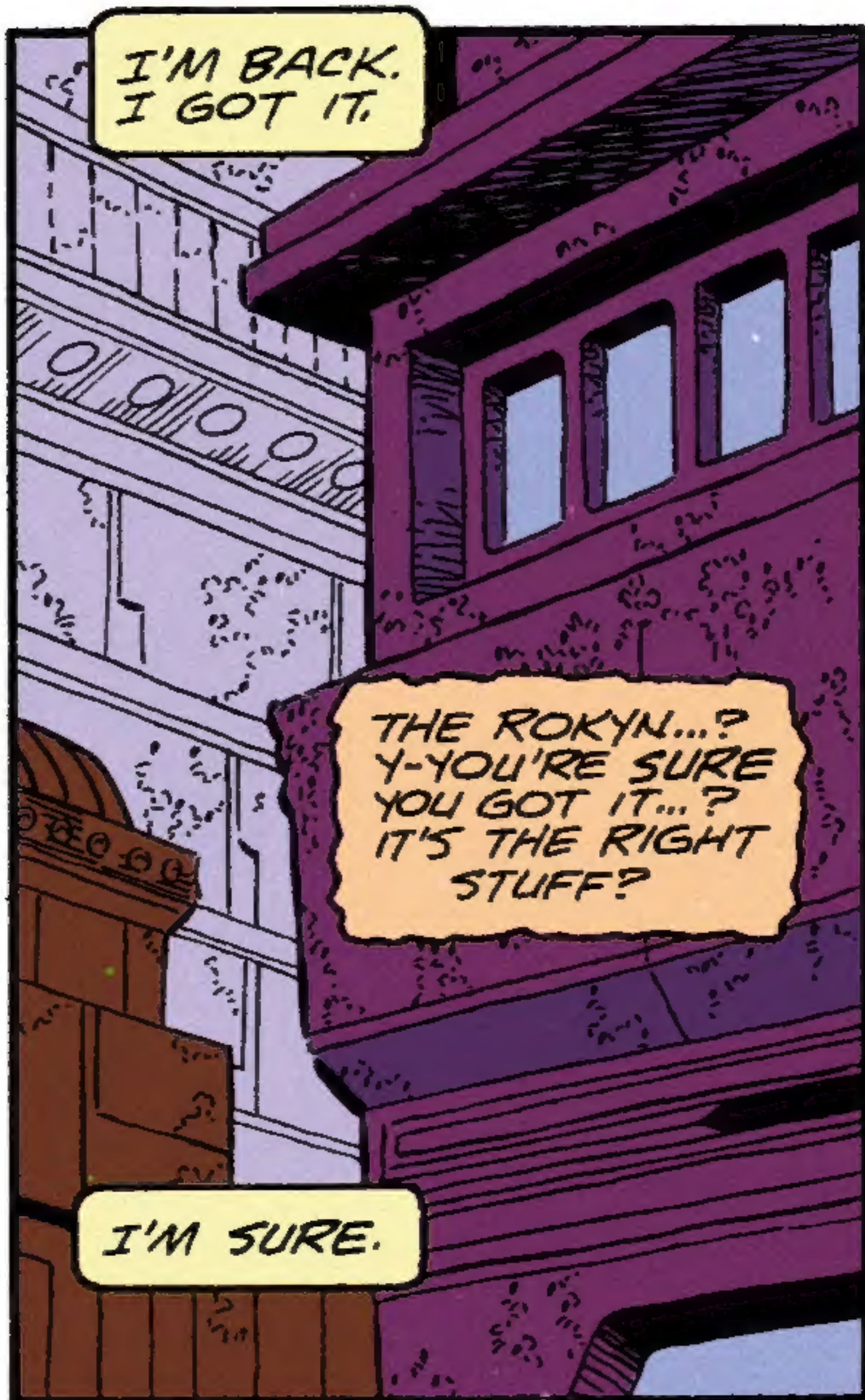














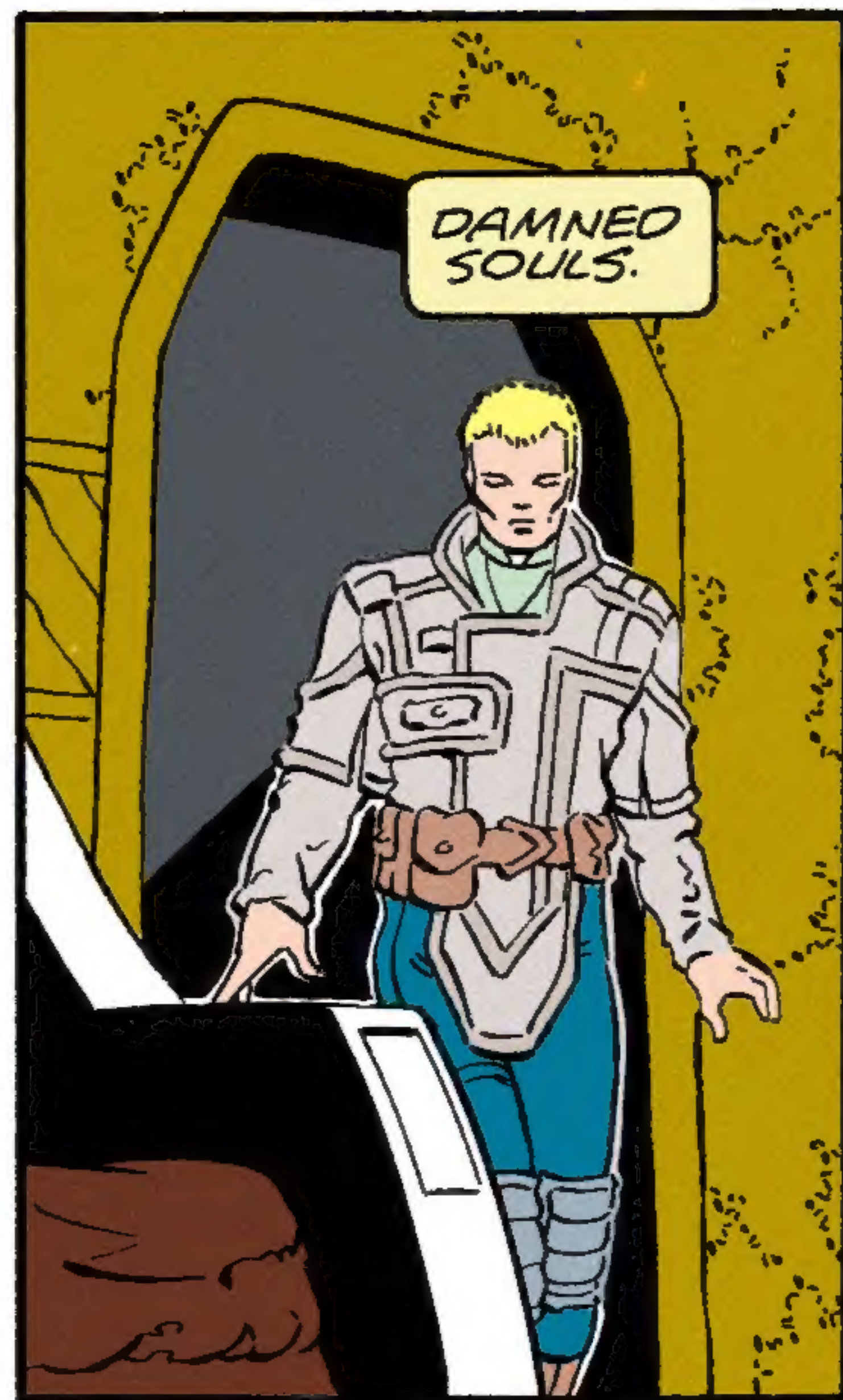


OKAY.

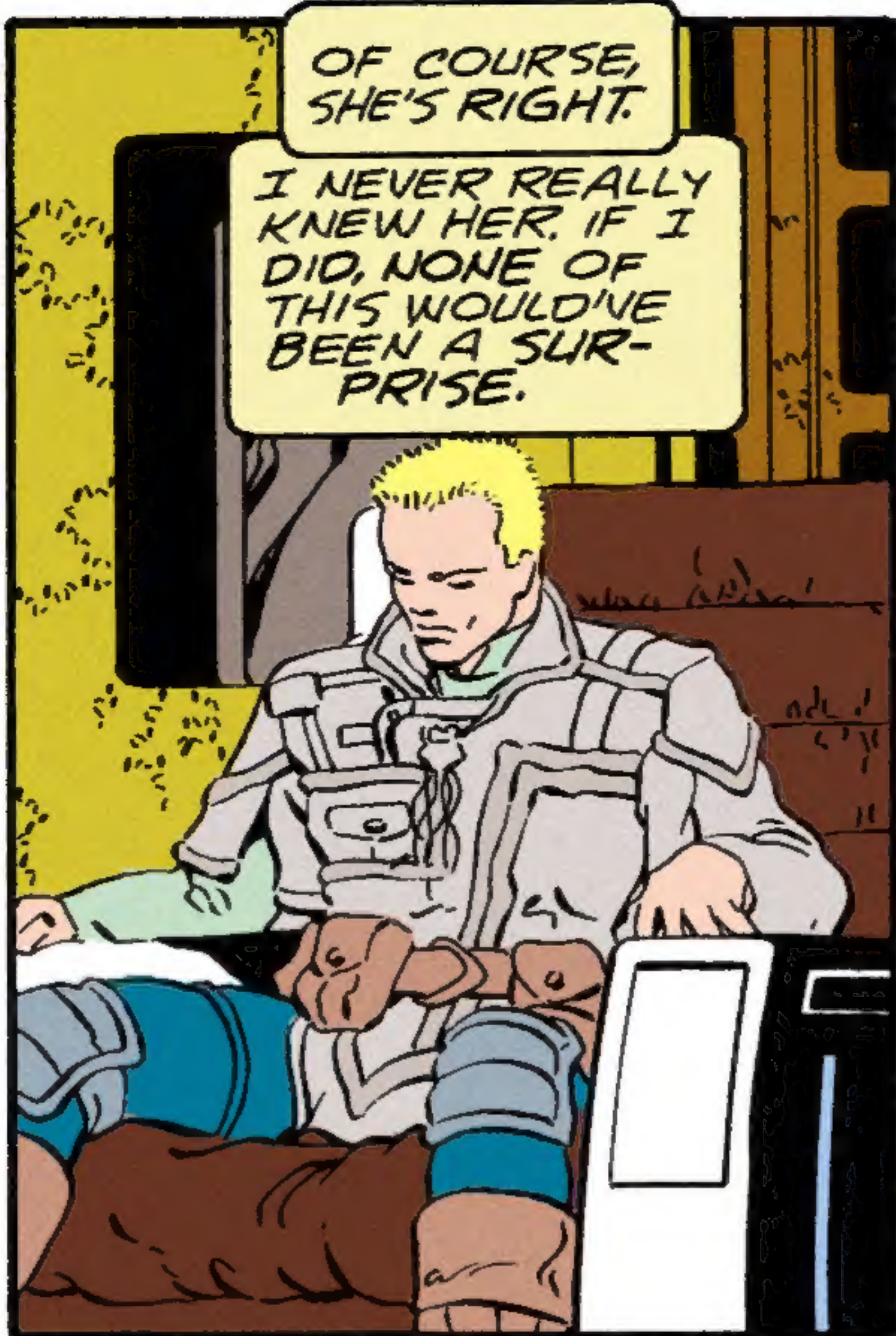


I'LL BE  
RIGHT OUT-  
SIDE...

...IF  
YOU  
NEED  
ME.



DAMNED  
SOULS.



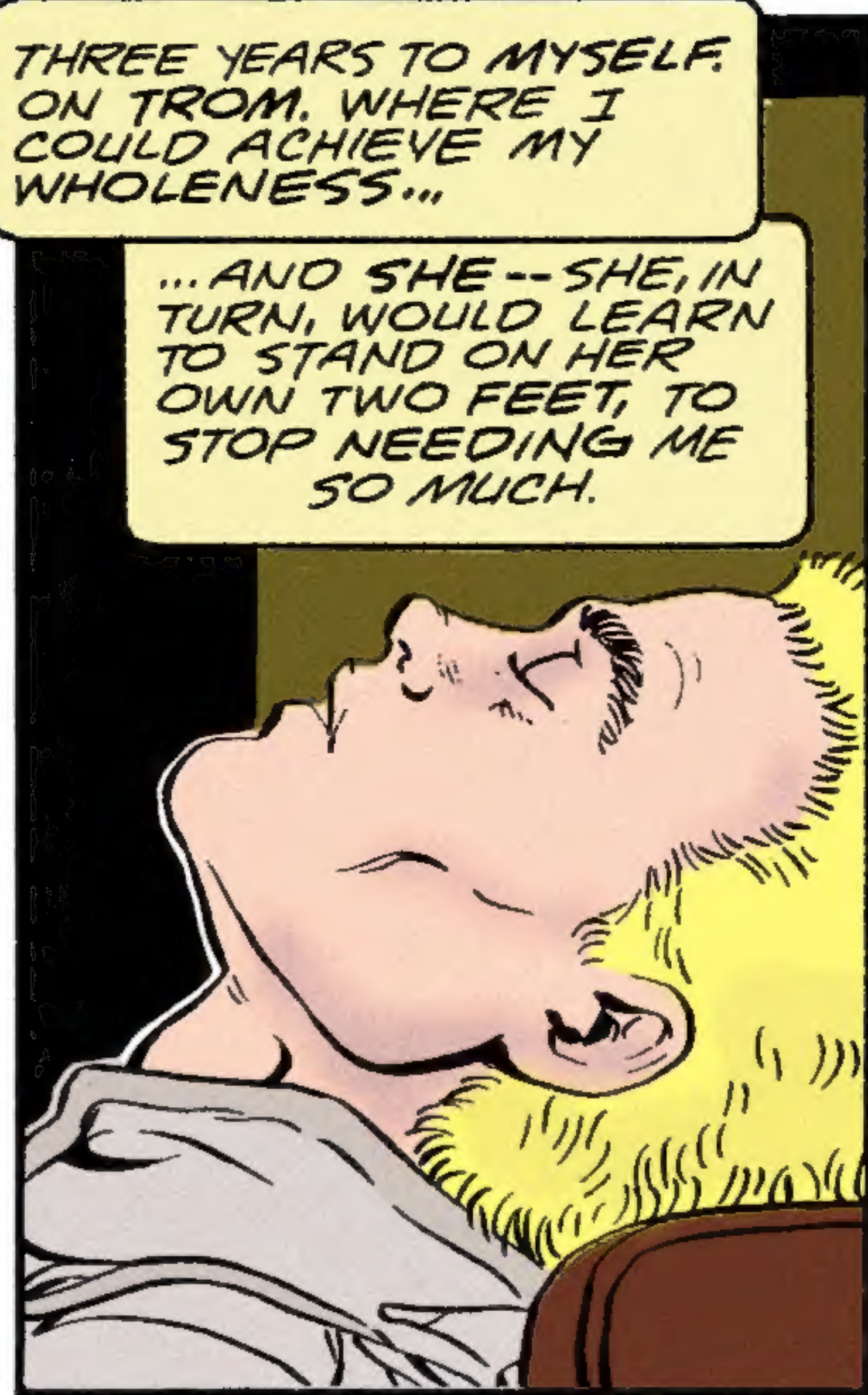
OF COURSE,  
SHE'S RIGHT.

I NEVER REALLY  
KNEW HER. IF I  
DID, NONE OF  
THIS WOULD'VE  
BEEN A SUR-  
PRISE.



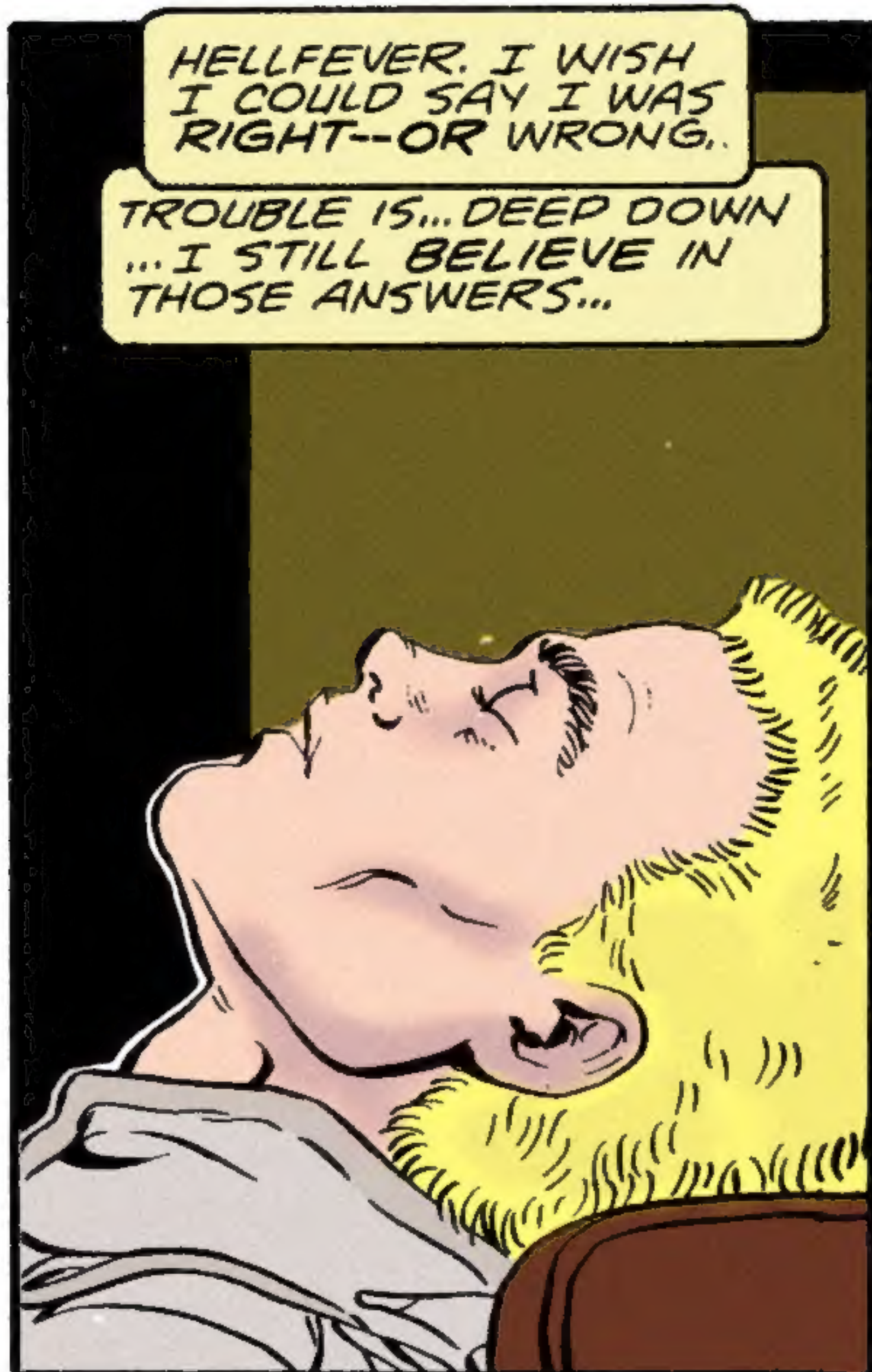
BUT I WAS SO  
WRAPPED UP IN MY  
OWN JOURNEY...

...SO SURE WE'D  
BOTH BE BETTER  
OFF IF I LEFT.



THREE YEARS TO MYSELF.  
ON TROM. WHERE I  
COULD ACHIEVE MY  
WHOLENESS...

...AND SHE -- SHE, IN  
TURN, WOULD LEARN  
TO STAND ON HER  
OWN TWO FEET, TO  
STOP NEEDING ME  
SO MUCH.



HELLFEVER. I WISH  
I COULD SAY I WAS  
RIGHT--OR WRONG.

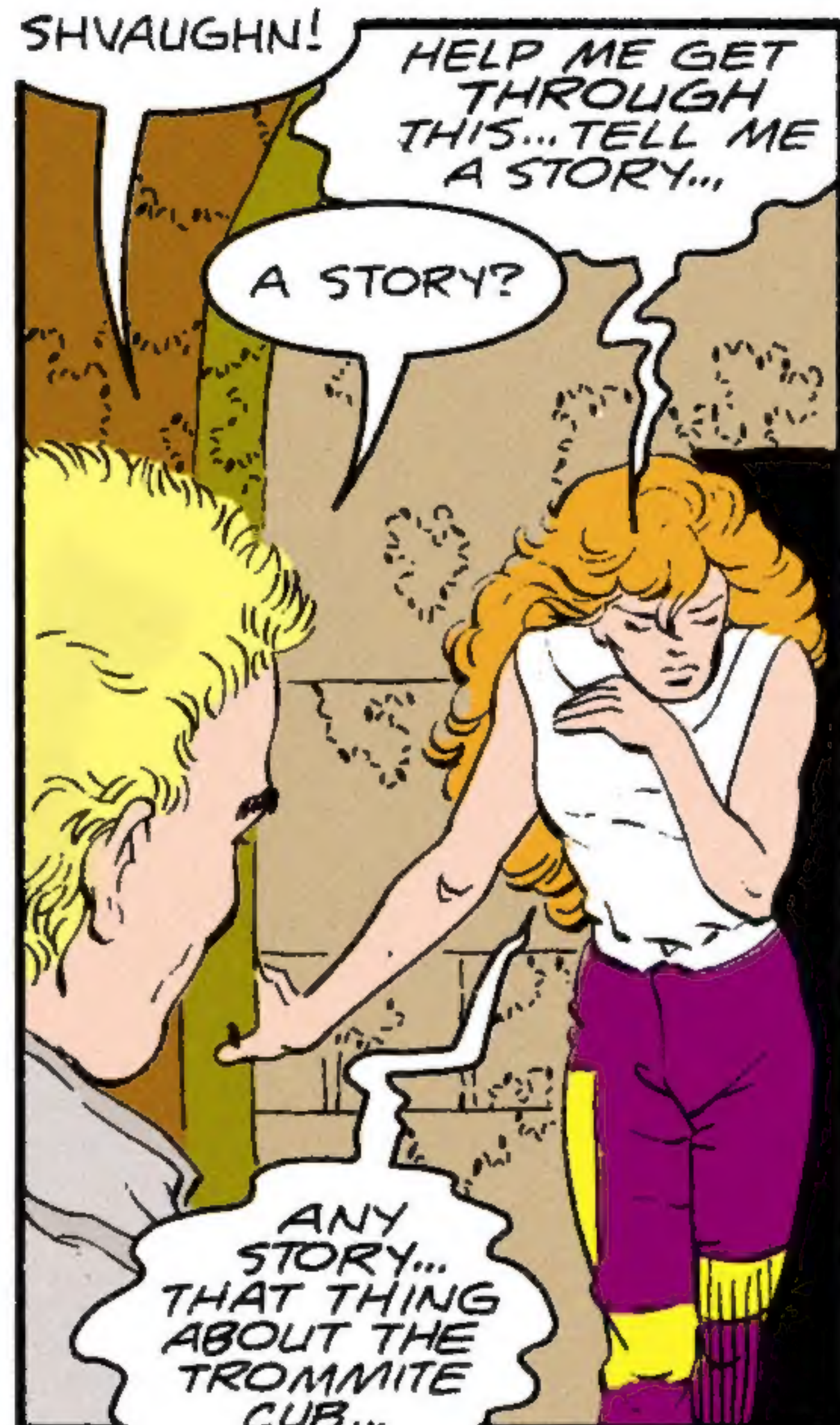
TROUBLE IS...DEEP DOWN  
...I STILL BELIEVE IN  
THOSE ANSWERS...



I STILL THINK  
SHE'S GOT TO--

JAN...

...JAN,  
I NEED  
YOU...



SHVAUGHN!

HELP ME GET  
THROUGH  
THIS...TELL ME  
A STORY...

A STORY?

ANY  
STORY...  
THAT THING  
ABOUT THE  
TROMVITE  
CUB...



SHVAUGHN, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT STORY'S ABOUT...YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT NOW...

...DAMN IT, JAN, TELL ME THE STORY...

UH, IF YOU'RE SURE...

THERE, UH, THERE ONCE WAS A FOOLISH TROMMITE CUB...

...WHOSE FATHER WISELY WARNED HIM TO, UH, NEVER TO USE HIS POWERS TO KILL...

"NOT TO KILL? WHY NOT, FATHER?" THE FOOLISH LITTLE CUB WOULD ASK.

"IT SEEMS SO SIMPLE TO DO."

BUT HIS FATHER WOULD, UH, JUST SMILE SADLY AT THE CUB AND SAY...

WELL, THIS ANSWER DID NOT MAKE SENSE TO THE FOOLISH CUB.

...IS NOW IN EFFECT...

IN FACT, IT ANGERED HIM TO HEAR IT.

FULL CURFEW IS NOW IN EFFECT...

ONE DAY, HE COULD TAKE IT NO MORE AND, IN A FIT OF RAGE, HE KILLED HIS FATHER BY TURNING HIM INTO FLECKS OF CARBON.

CURFEW VIOLATORS WHO DO NOT...

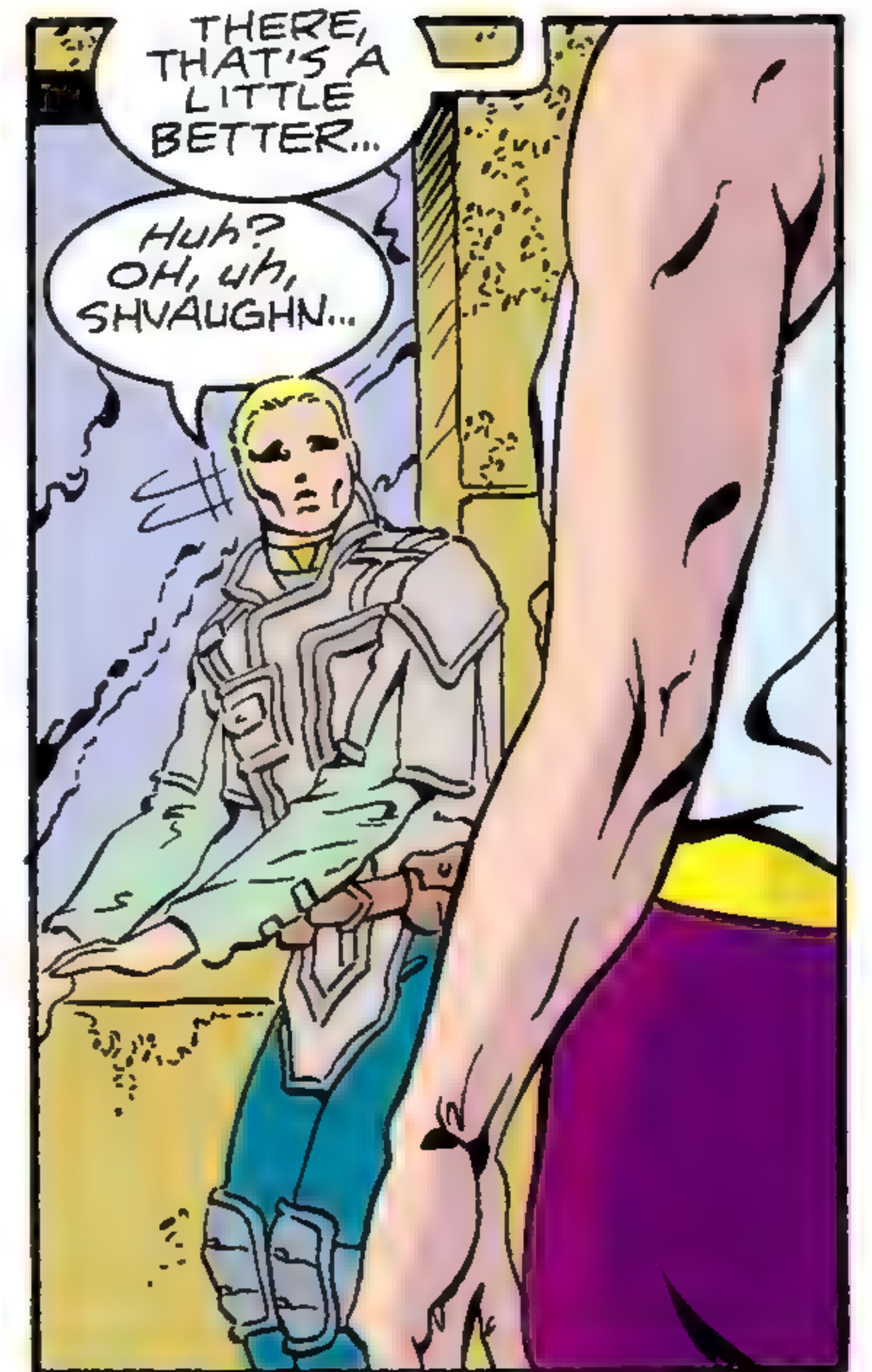
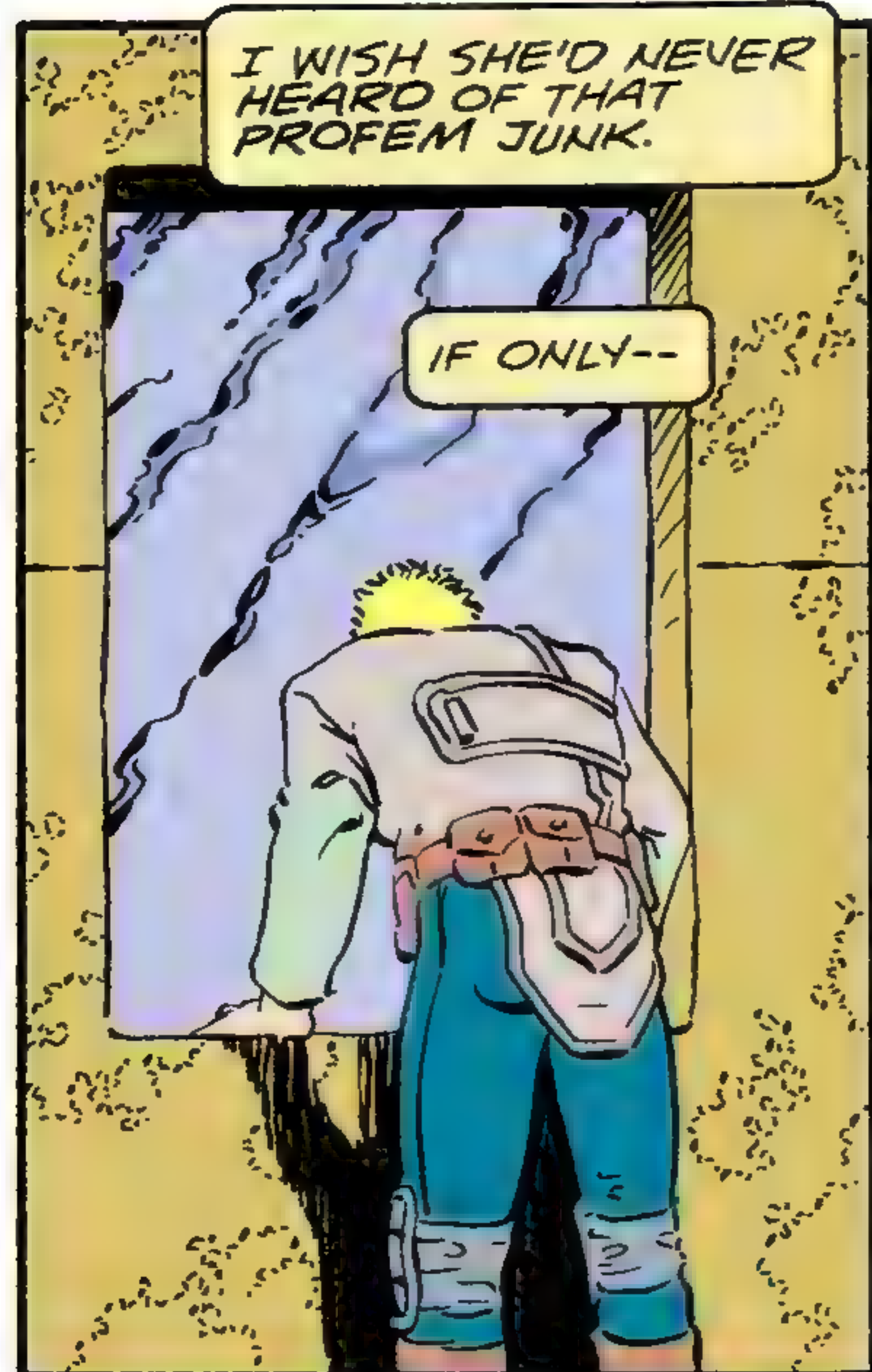
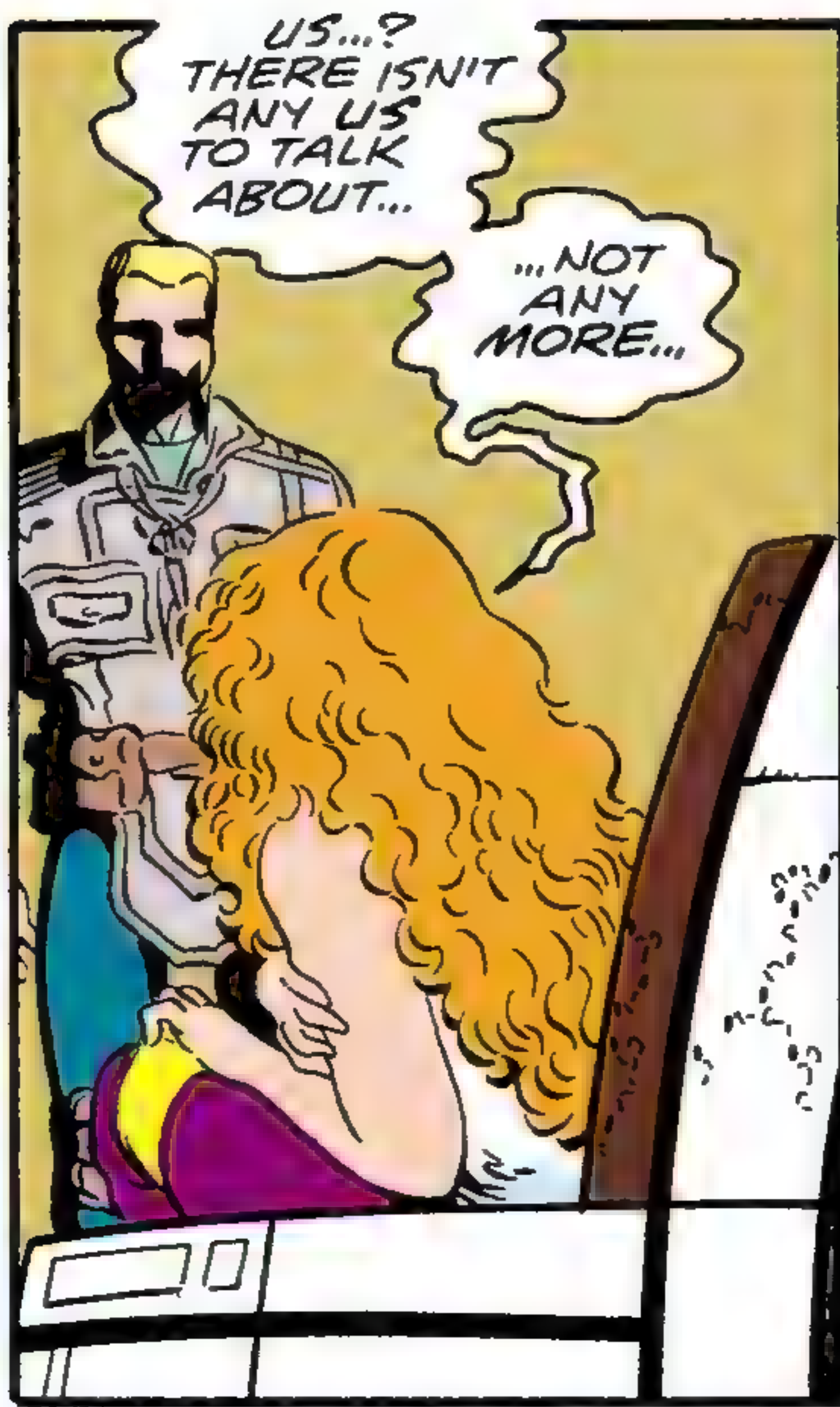
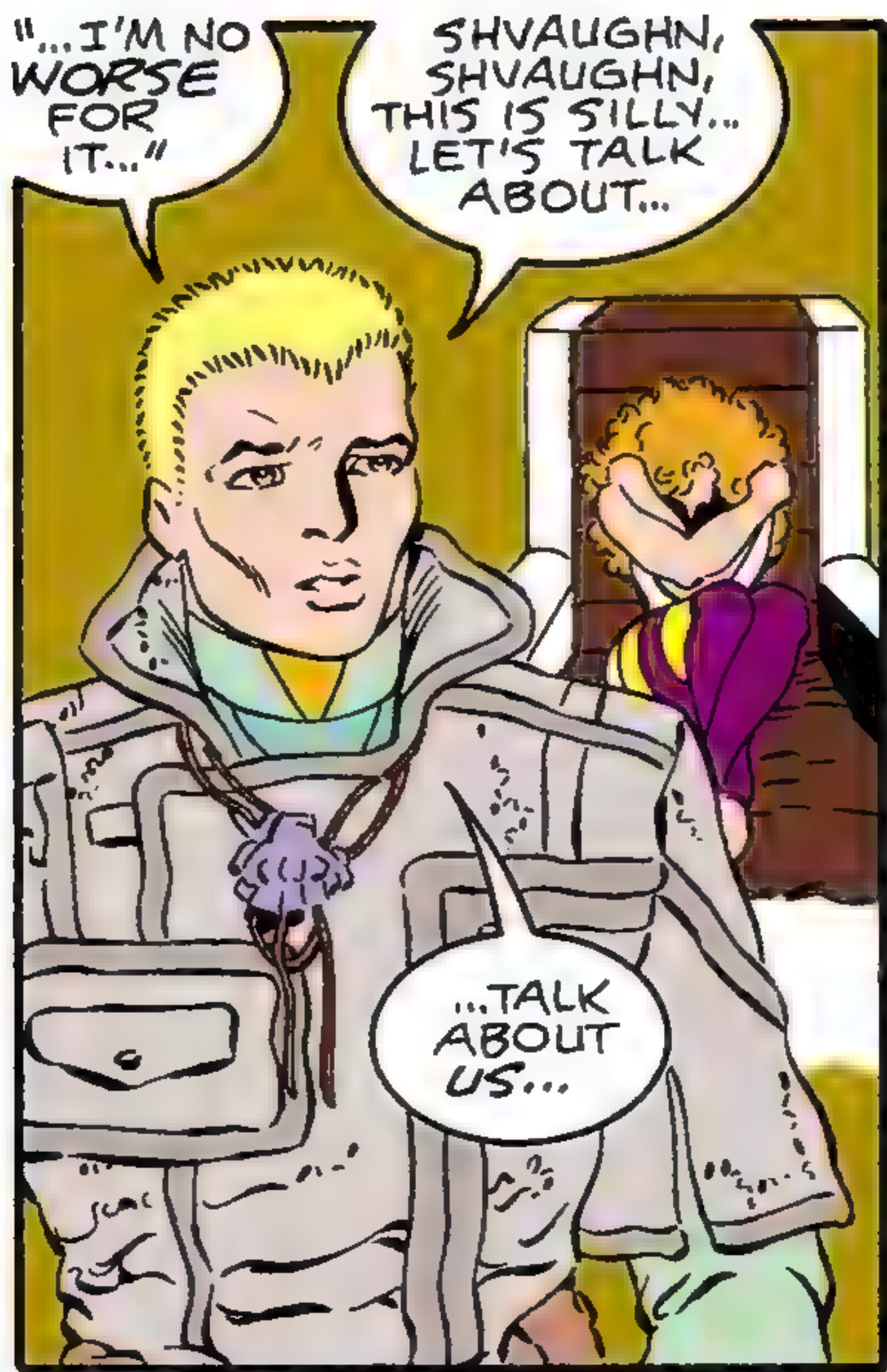
MOMENTS THAT WERE NOW GONE FOREVER.

"BUT," THE SAD CUB THOUGHT, "WHY SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT HIM?"

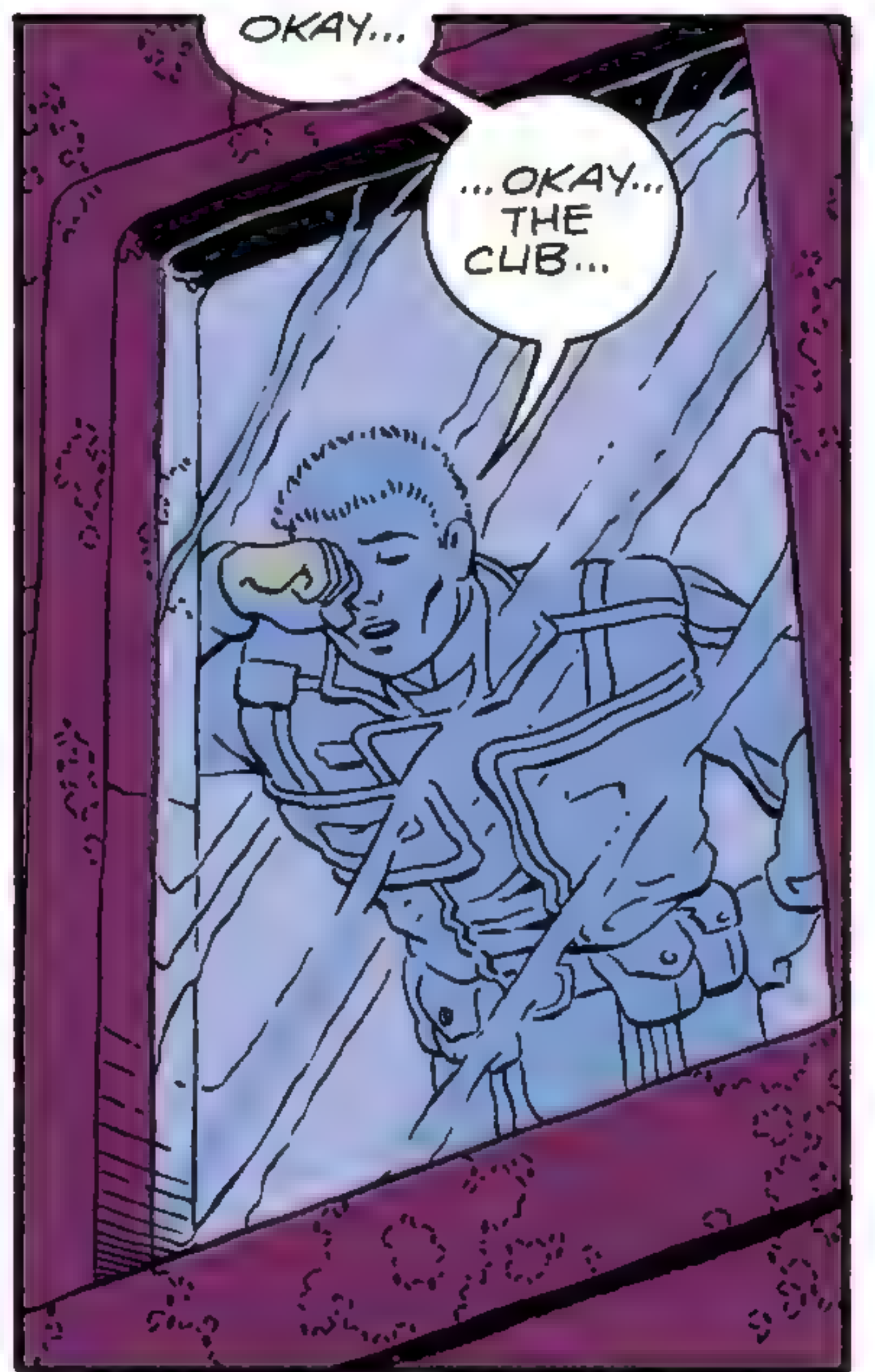
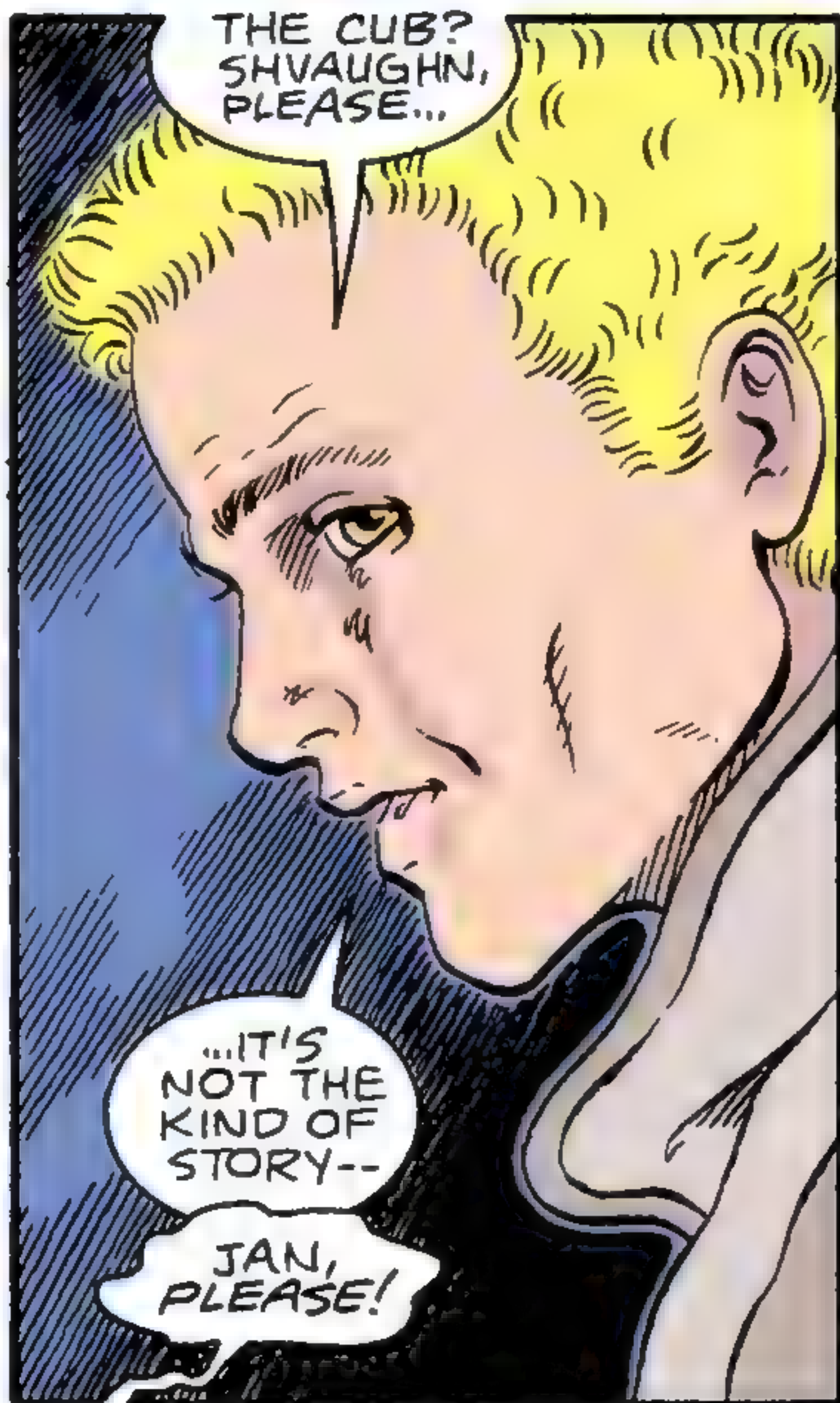
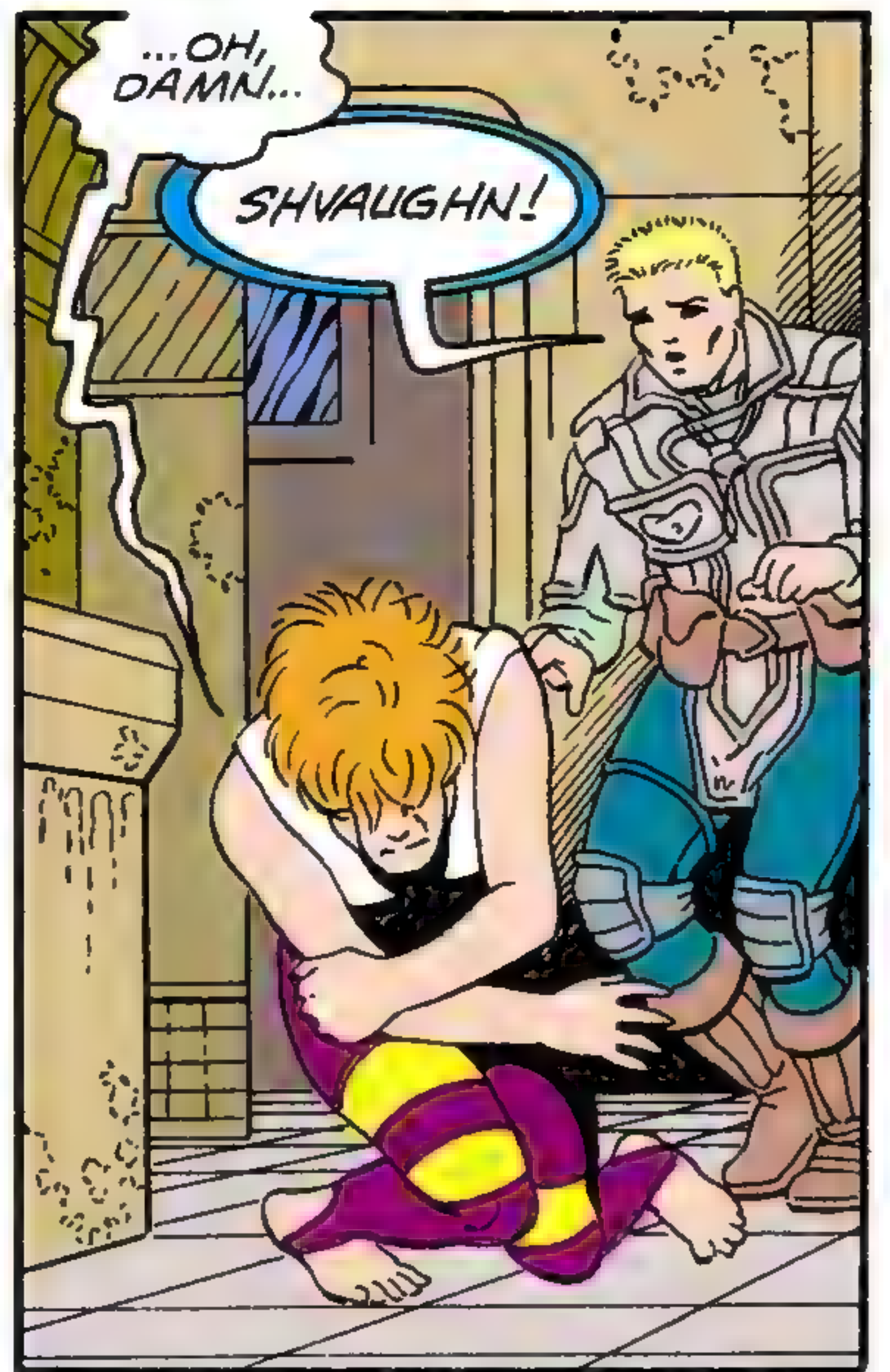
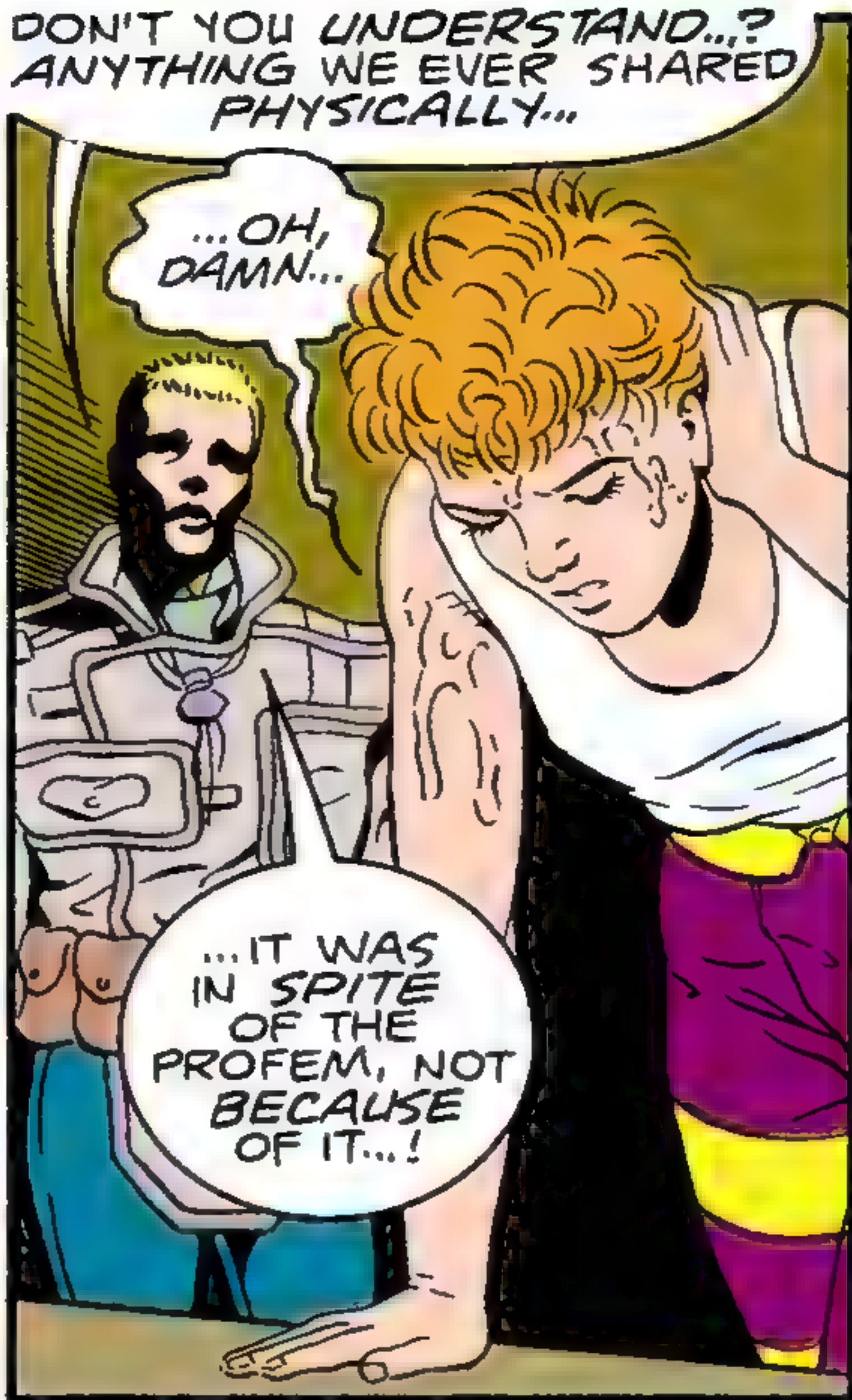
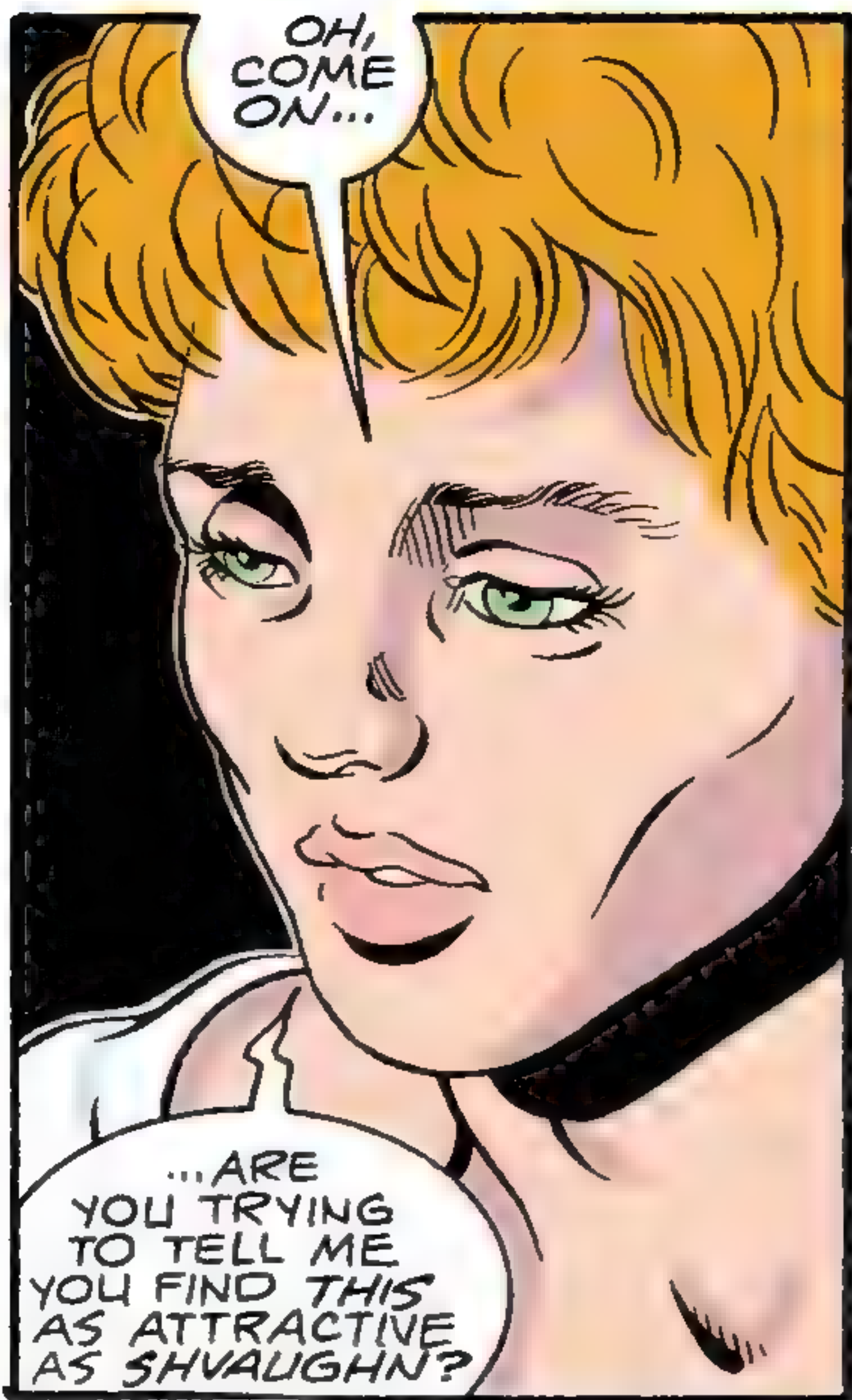
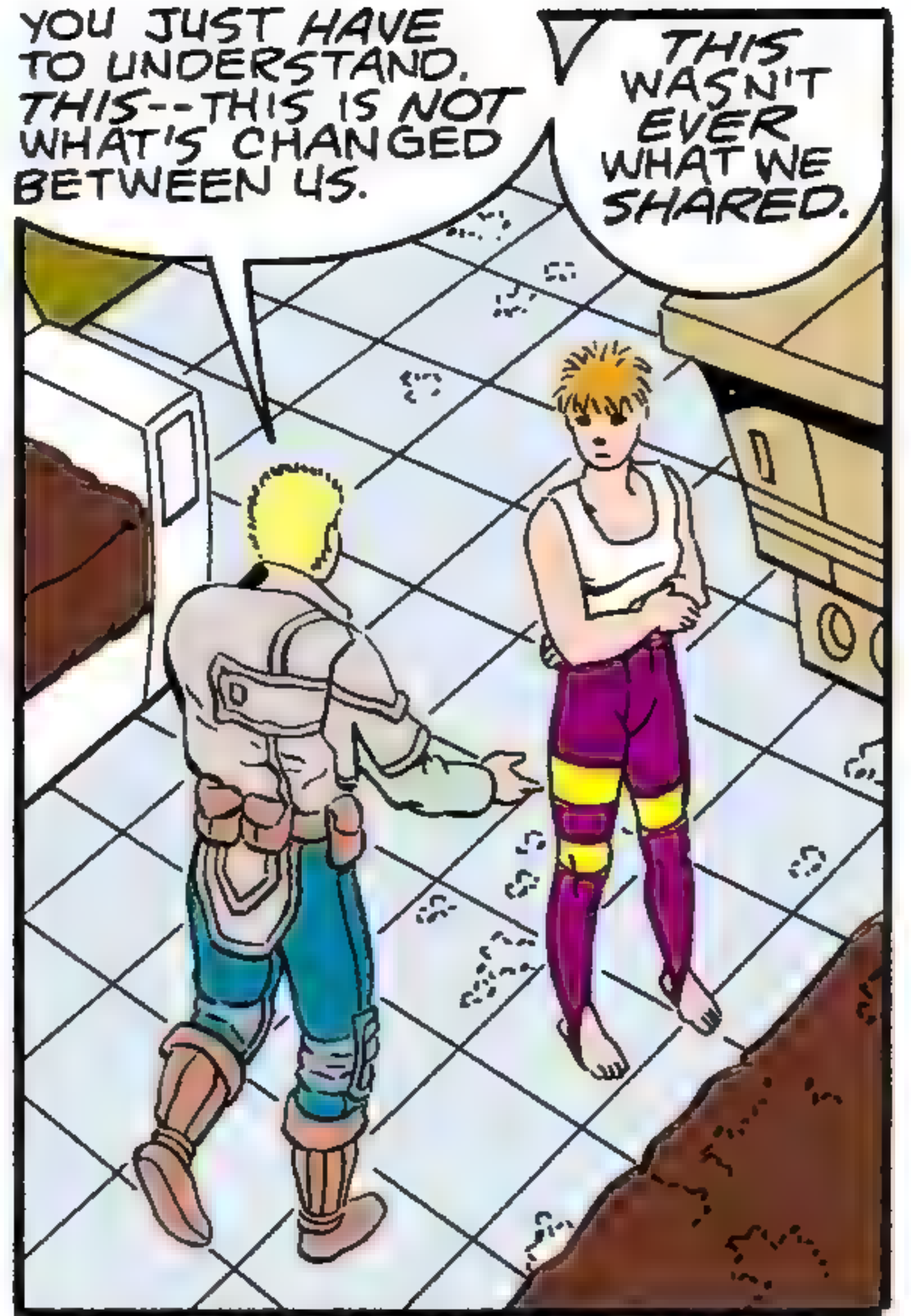
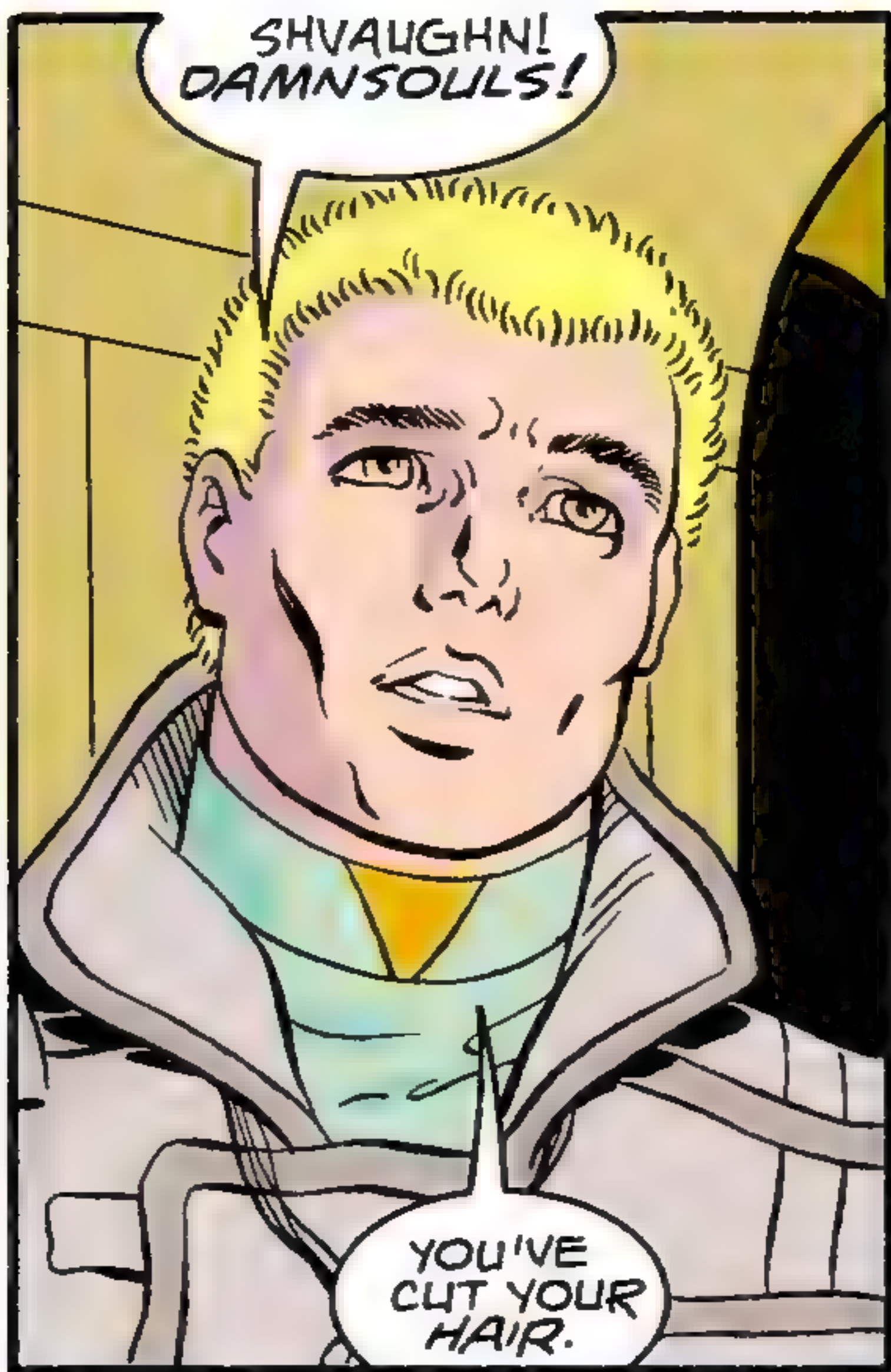
"HE WAS A FOOLISH OLD BOURNE. HE WARNED ME NOT TO KILL AND I'VE KILLED..."

BUT WHEN THE DEED WAS DONE, THE CUB SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF THINKING ONLY ABOUT THE HAPPY MOMENTS HE'D SHARED WITH HIS FATHER.

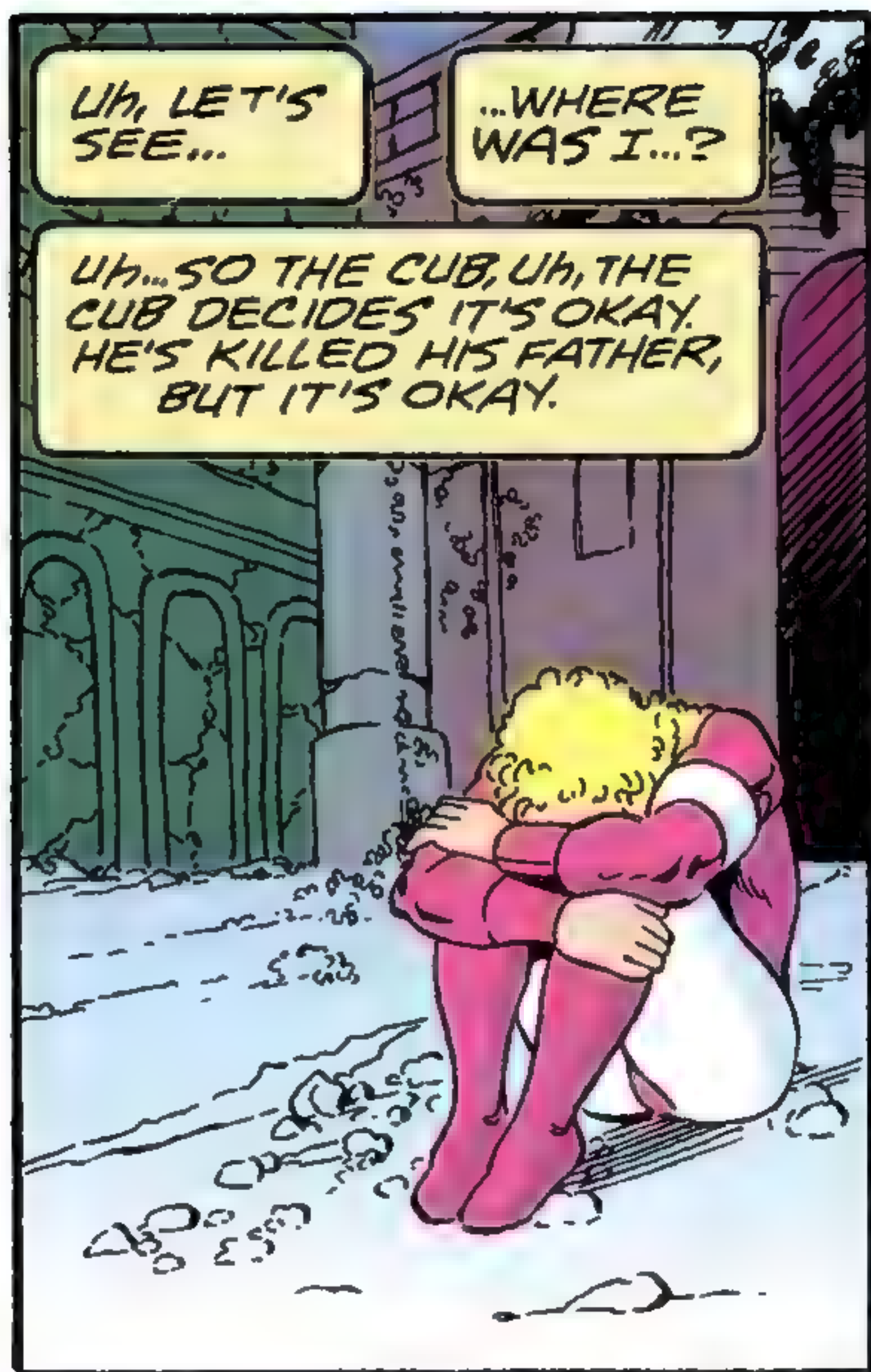












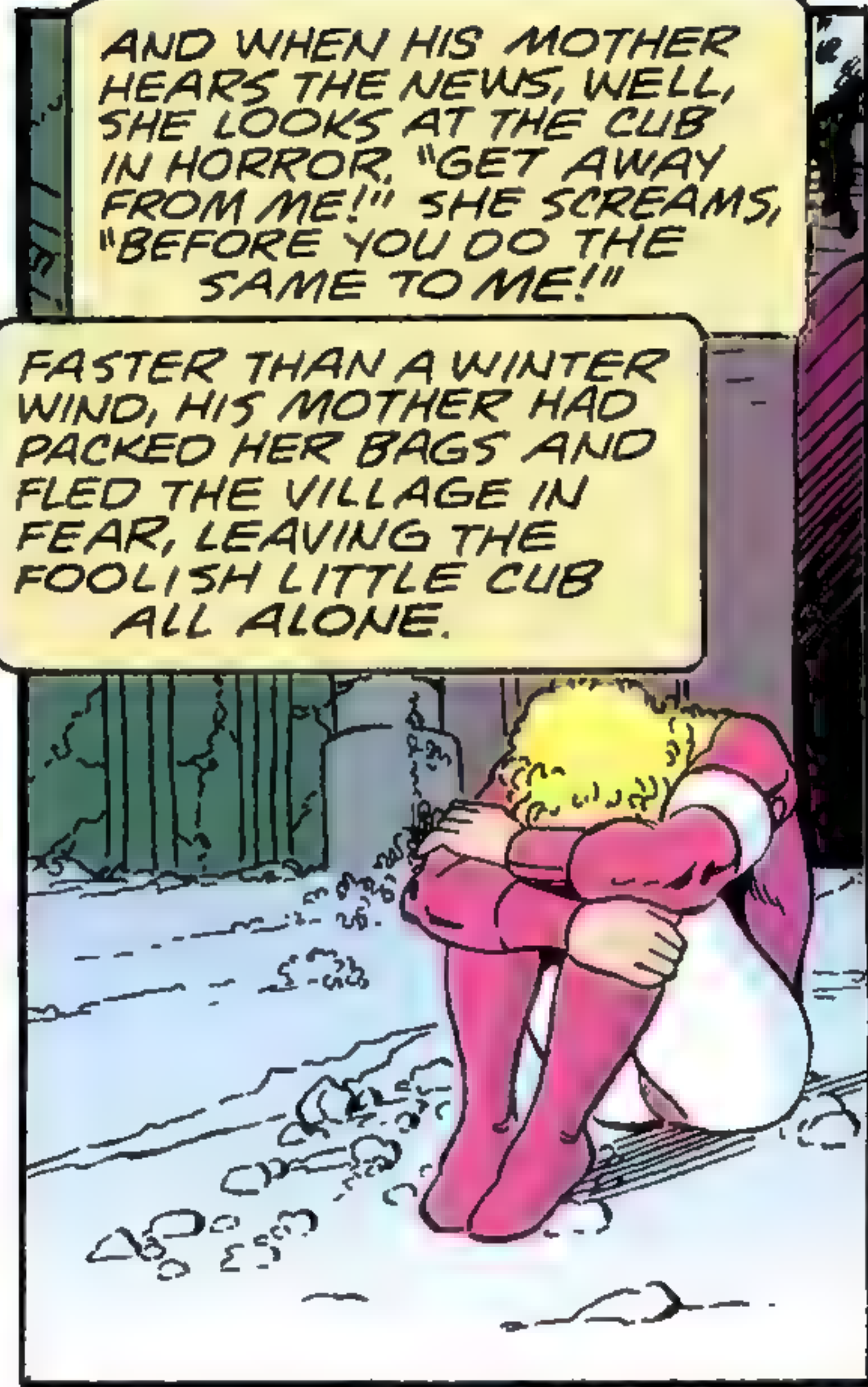
UH, LET'S SEE...

...WHERE WAS I...?

UH...SO THE CUB, UH, THE CUB DECIDES IT'S OKAY. HE'S KILLED HIS FATHER, BUT IT'S OKAY.

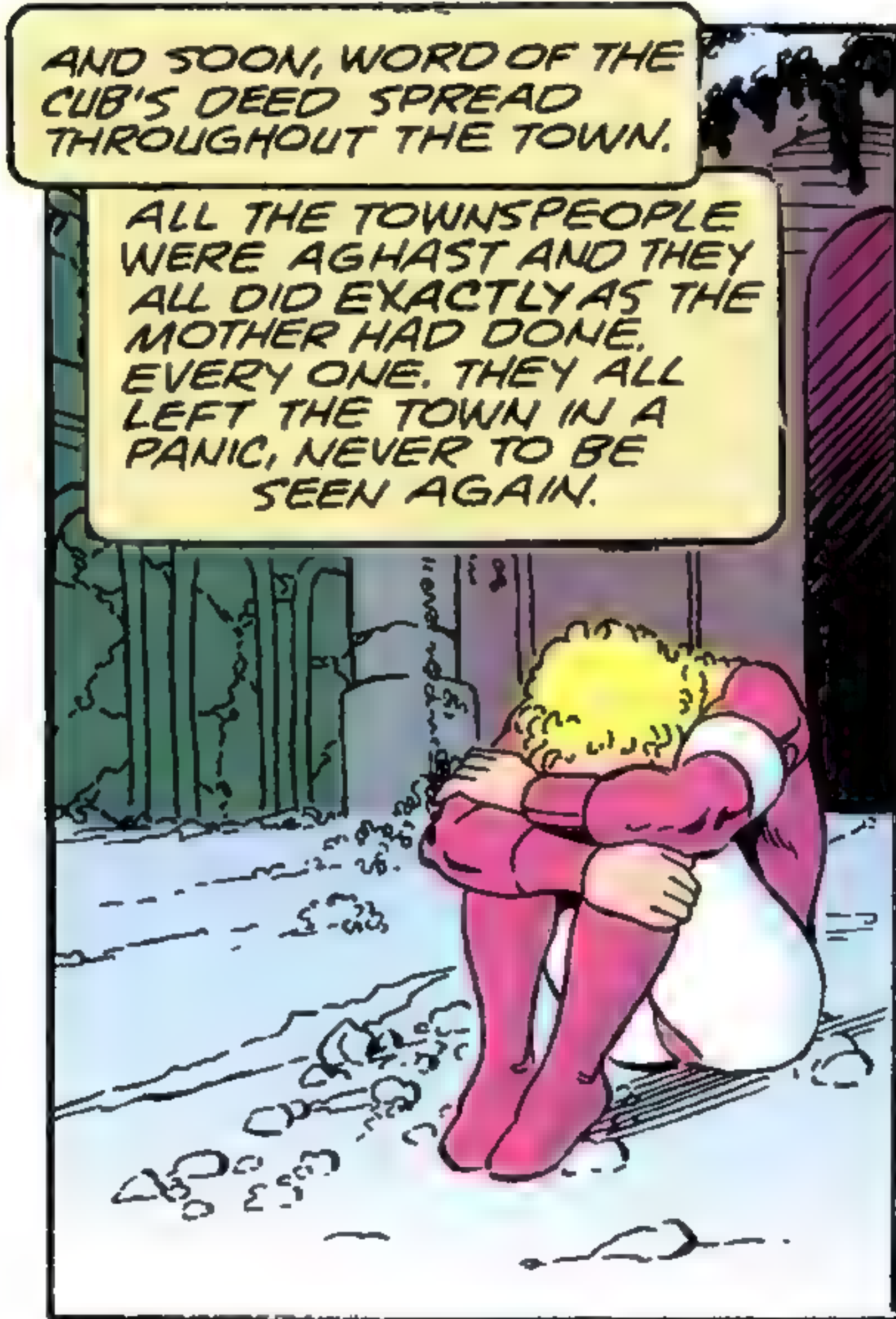


"I'M NO WORSE FOR IT," HE SAYS TO HIMSELF, AND HE, UH, I GUESS HE GOES OFF TO EXPLAIN TO HIS MOTHER WHAT HE'S DONE.



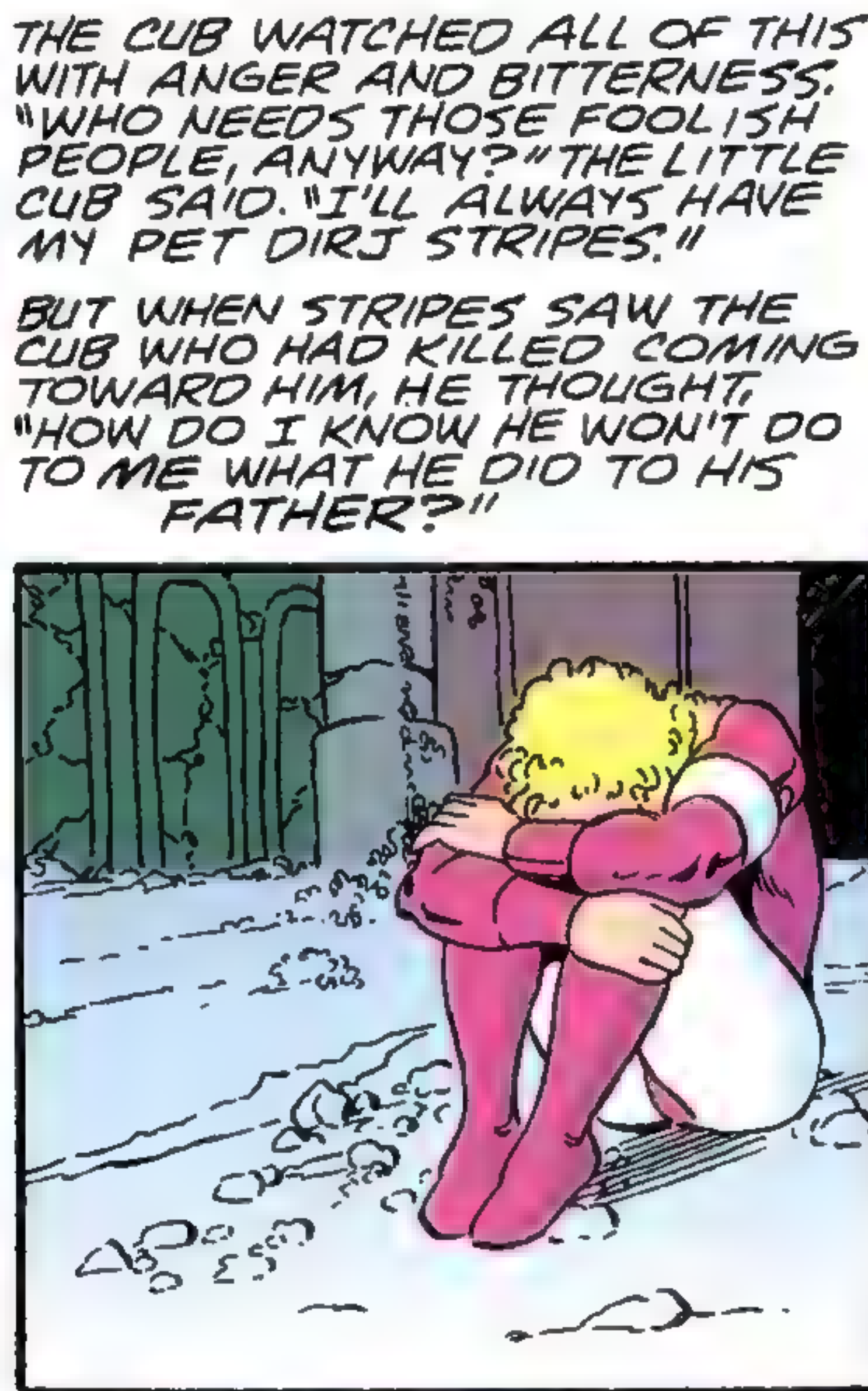
AND WHEN HIS MOTHER HEARS THE NEWS, WELL, SHE LOOKS AT THE CUB IN HORROR. "GET AWAY FROM ME!" SHE SCREAMS, "BEFORE YOU DO THE SAME TO ME!"

FASTER THAN A WINTER WIND, HIS MOTHER HAD PACKED HER BAGS AND FLED THE VILLAGE IN FEAR, LEAVING THE FOOLISH LITTLE CUB ALL ALONE.



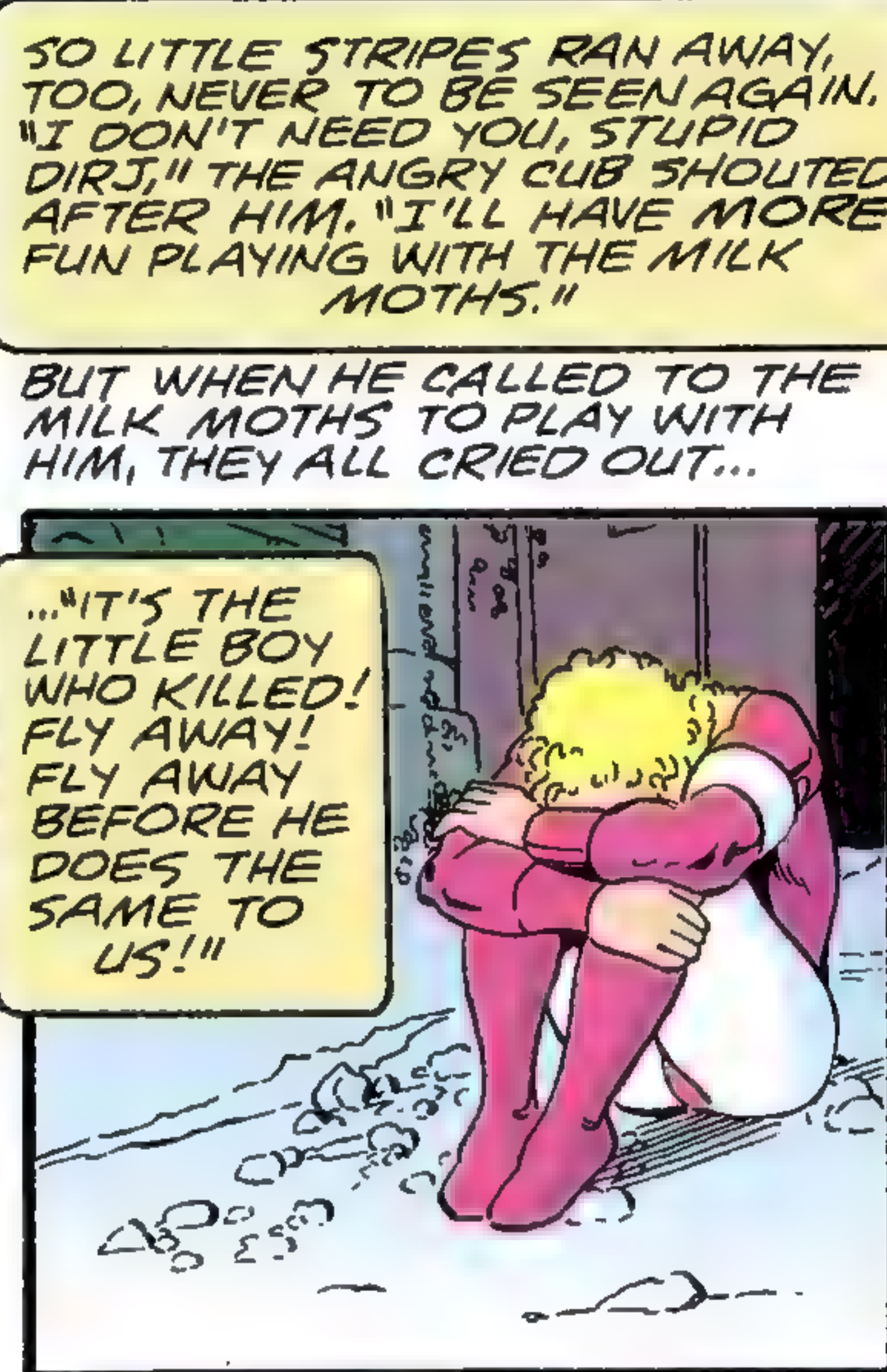
AND SOON, WORD OF THE CUB'S DEED SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE TOWN.

ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE AGHAST AND THEY ALL DID EXACTLY AS THE MOTHER HAD DONE. EVERY ONE. THEY ALL LEFT THE TOWN IN A PANIC, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN.



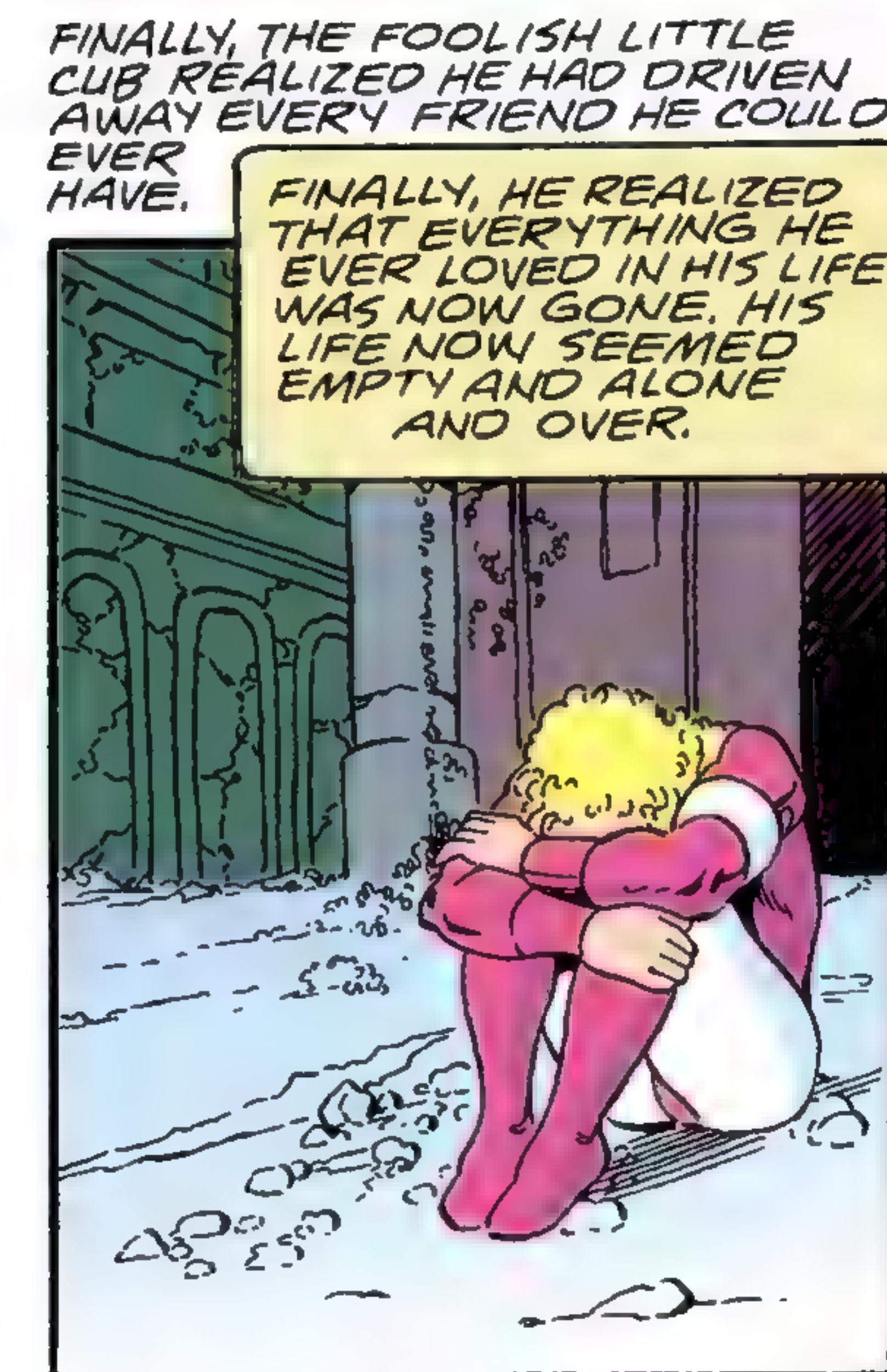
THE CUB WATCHED ALL OF THIS WITH ANGER AND BITTERNESS. "WHO NEEDS THOSE FOOLISH PEOPLE, ANYWAY?" THE LITTLE CUB SAID. "I'LL ALWAYS HAVE MY PET DIRJ STRIPES."

BUT WHEN STRIPES SAW THE CUB WHO HAD KILLED COMING TOWARD HIM, HE THOUGHT, "HOW DO I KNOW HE WON'T DO TO ME WHAT HE DID TO HIS FATHER?"



SO LITTLE STRIPES RAN AWAY, TOO, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. "I DON'T NEED YOU, STUPID DIRJ," THE ANGRY CUB SHOUTED AFTER HIM. "I'LL HAVE MORE FUN PLAYING WITH THE MILK MOTHS."

BUT WHEN HE CALLED TO THE MILK MOTHS TO PLAY WITH HIM, THEY ALL CRIED OUT...



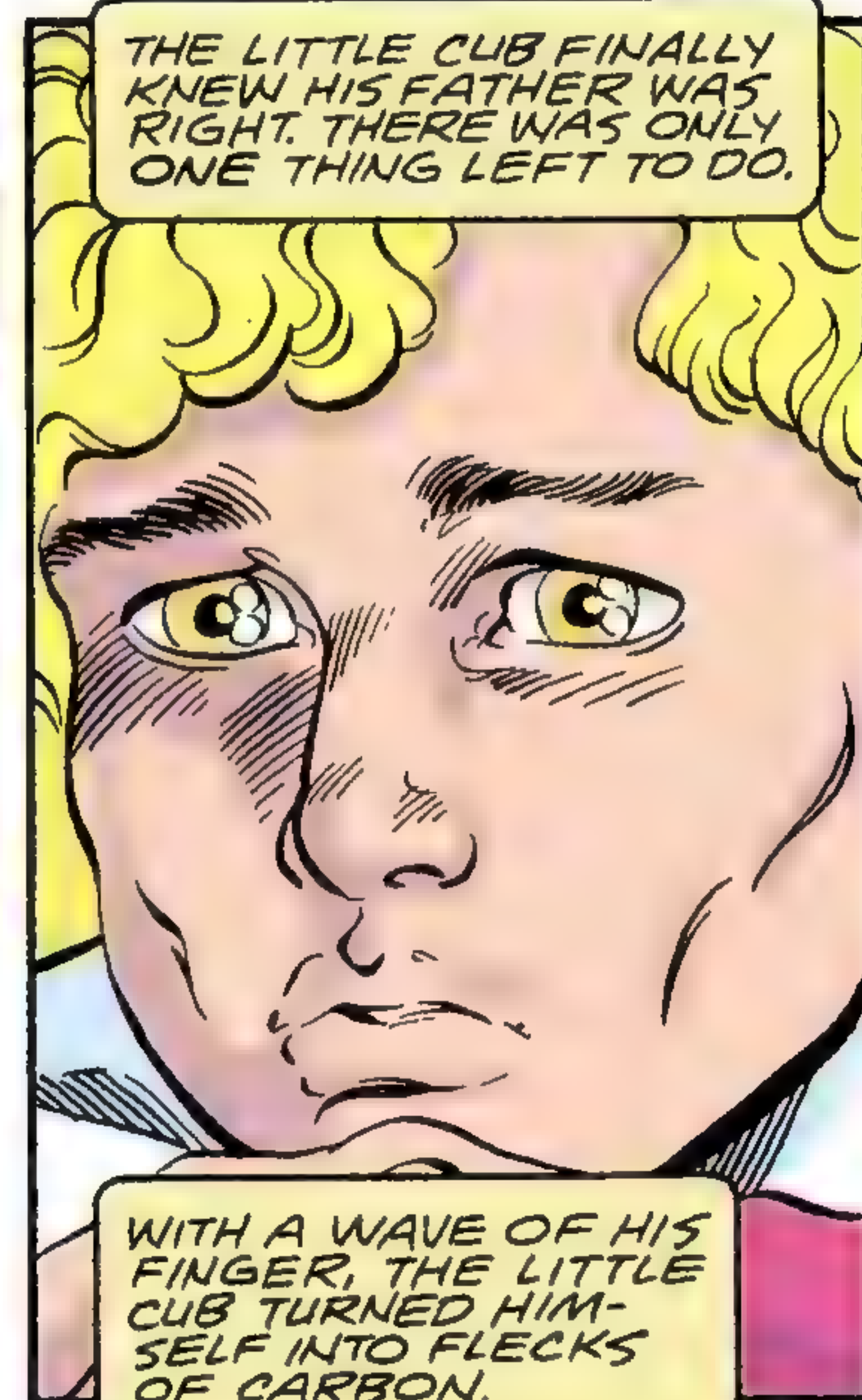
FINALLY, THE FOOLISH LITTLE CUB REALIZED HE HAD DRIVEN AWAY EVERY FRIEND HE COULD EVER HAVE.

FINALLY, HE REALIZED THAT EVERYTHING HE EVER LOVED IN HIS LIFE WAS NOW GONE. HIS LIFE NOW SEEMED EMPTY AND ALONE AND OVER.



AND THEN THE WORDS OF HIS FATHER CAME BACK TO HIM.

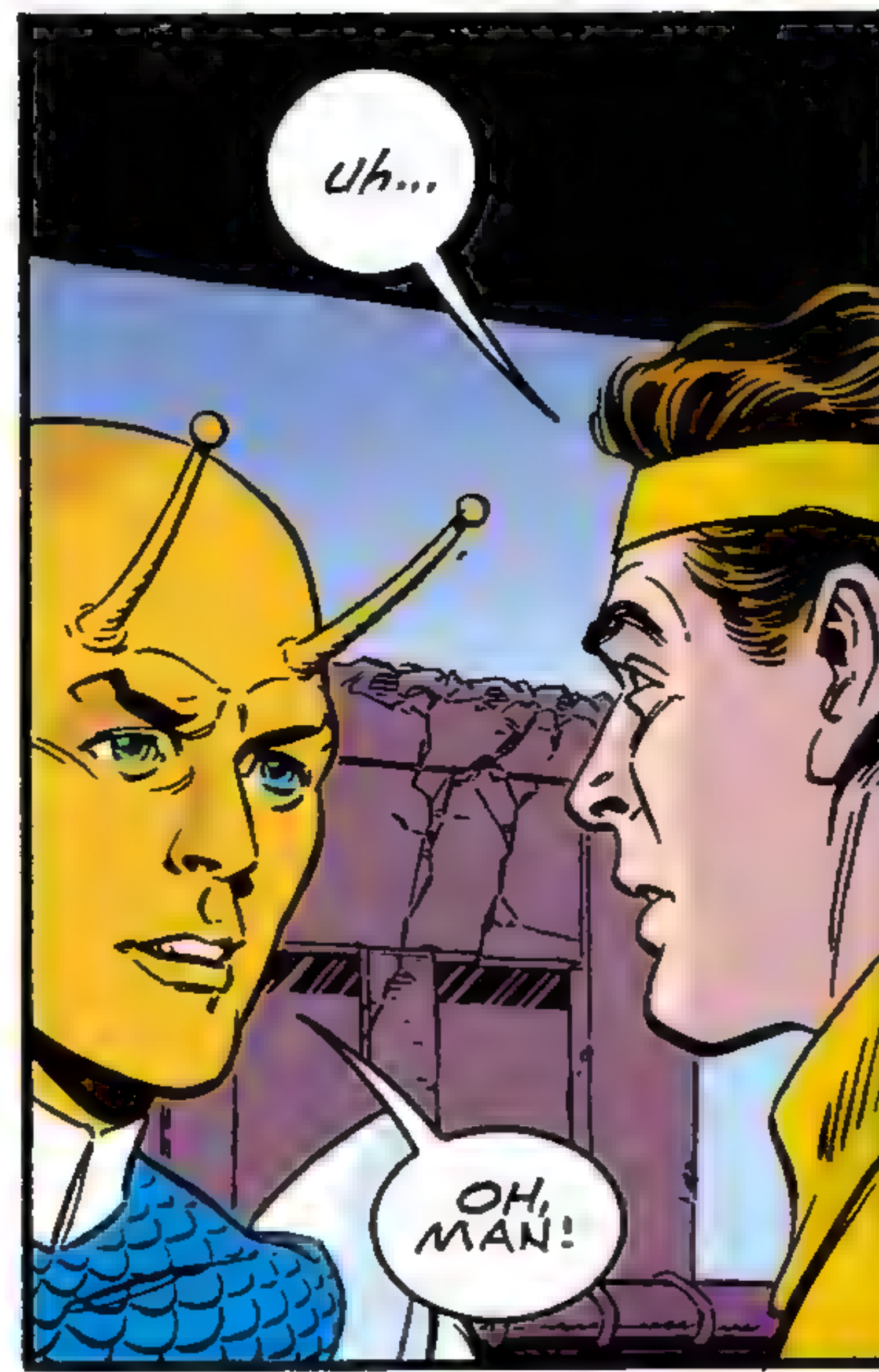
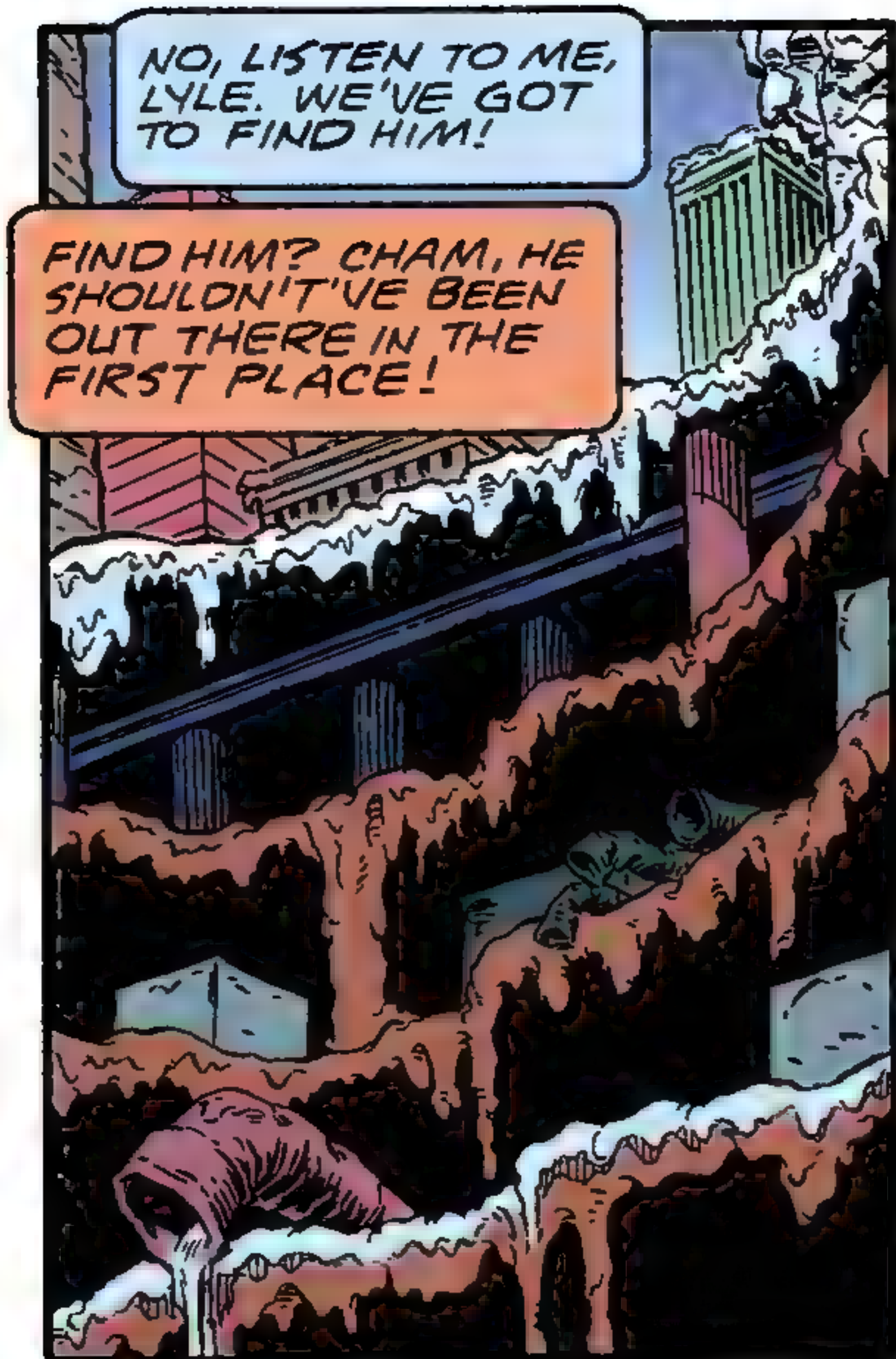
"A TROMMITE CAN KILL NO ONE IF NOT HIMSELF."



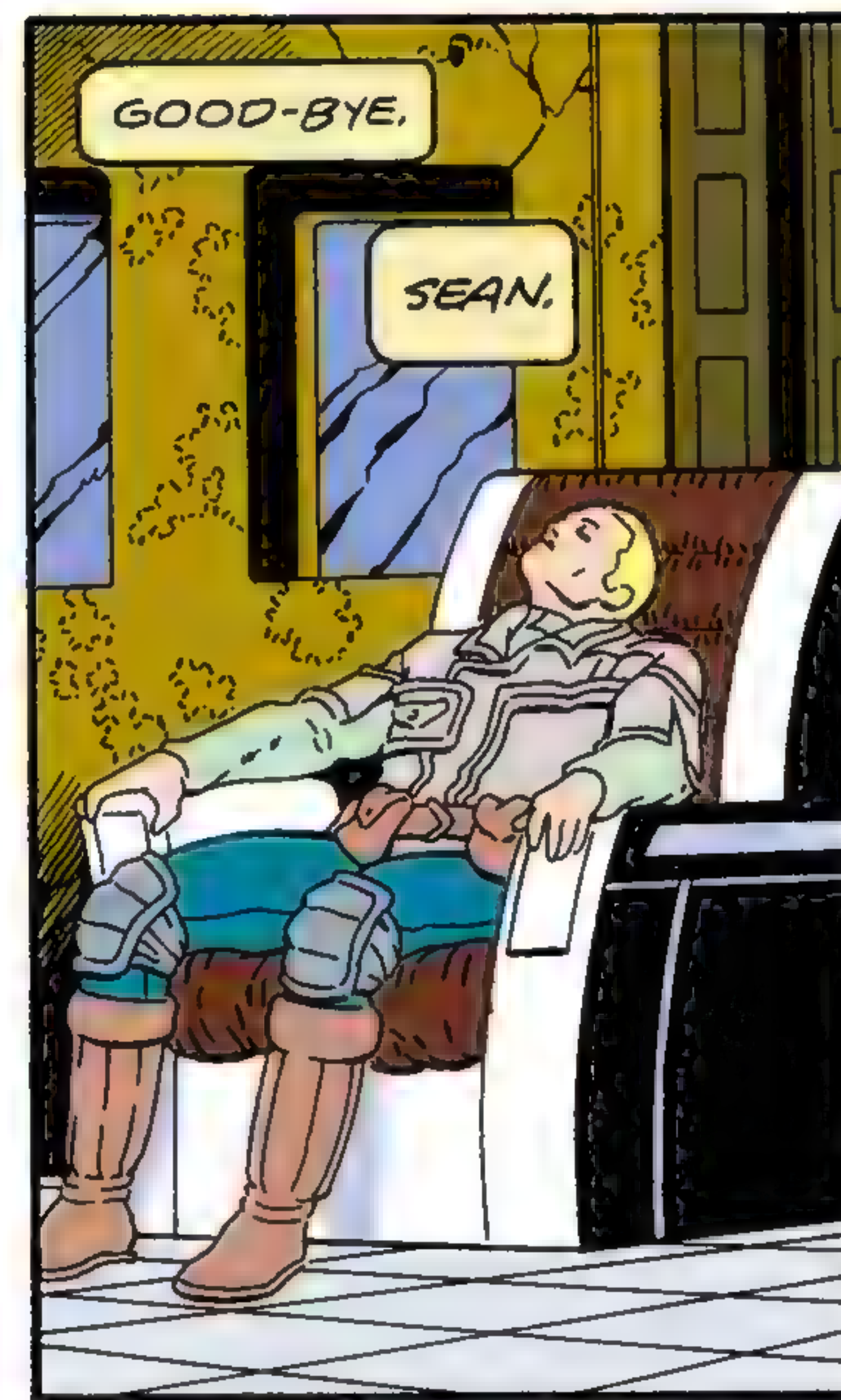
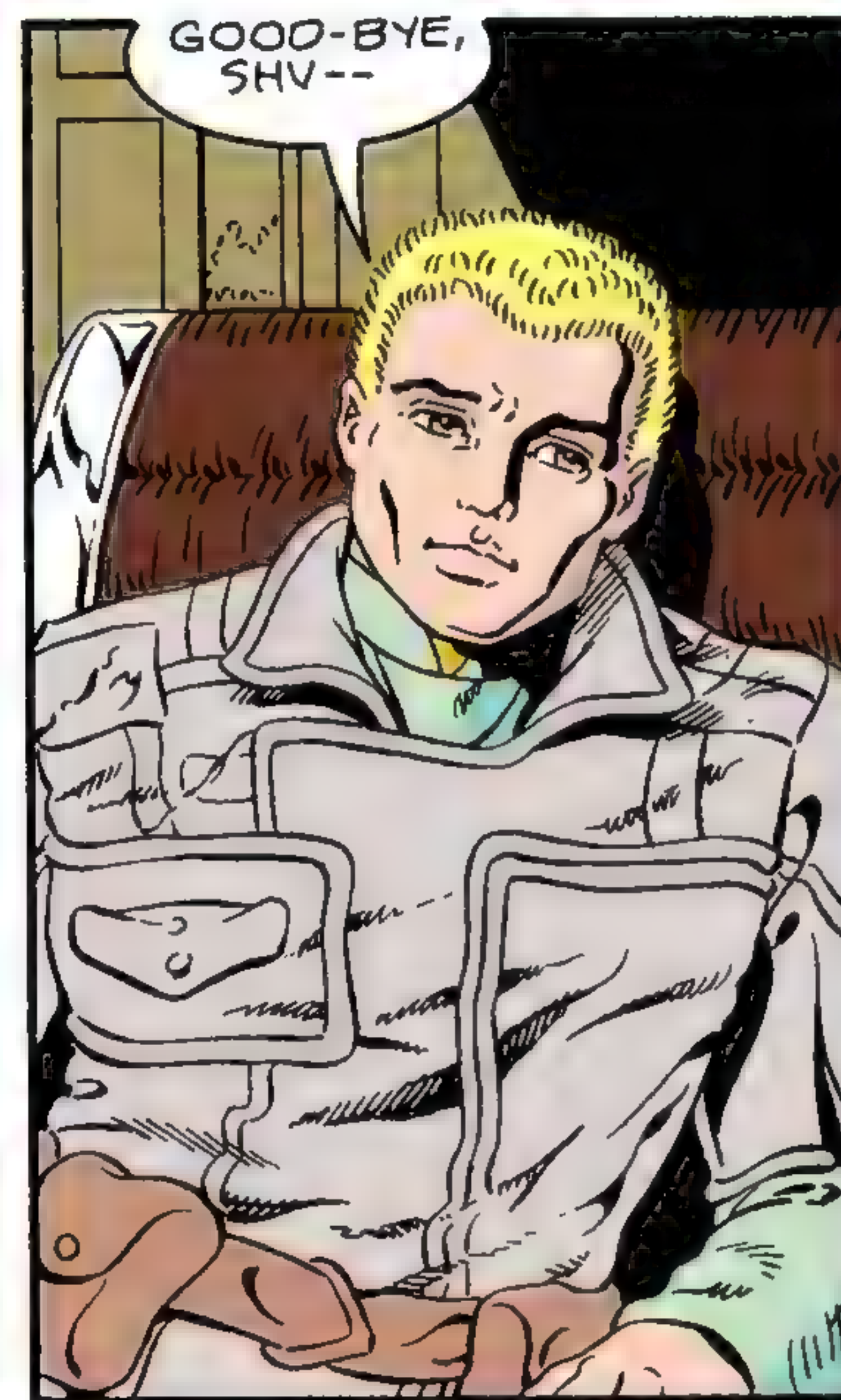
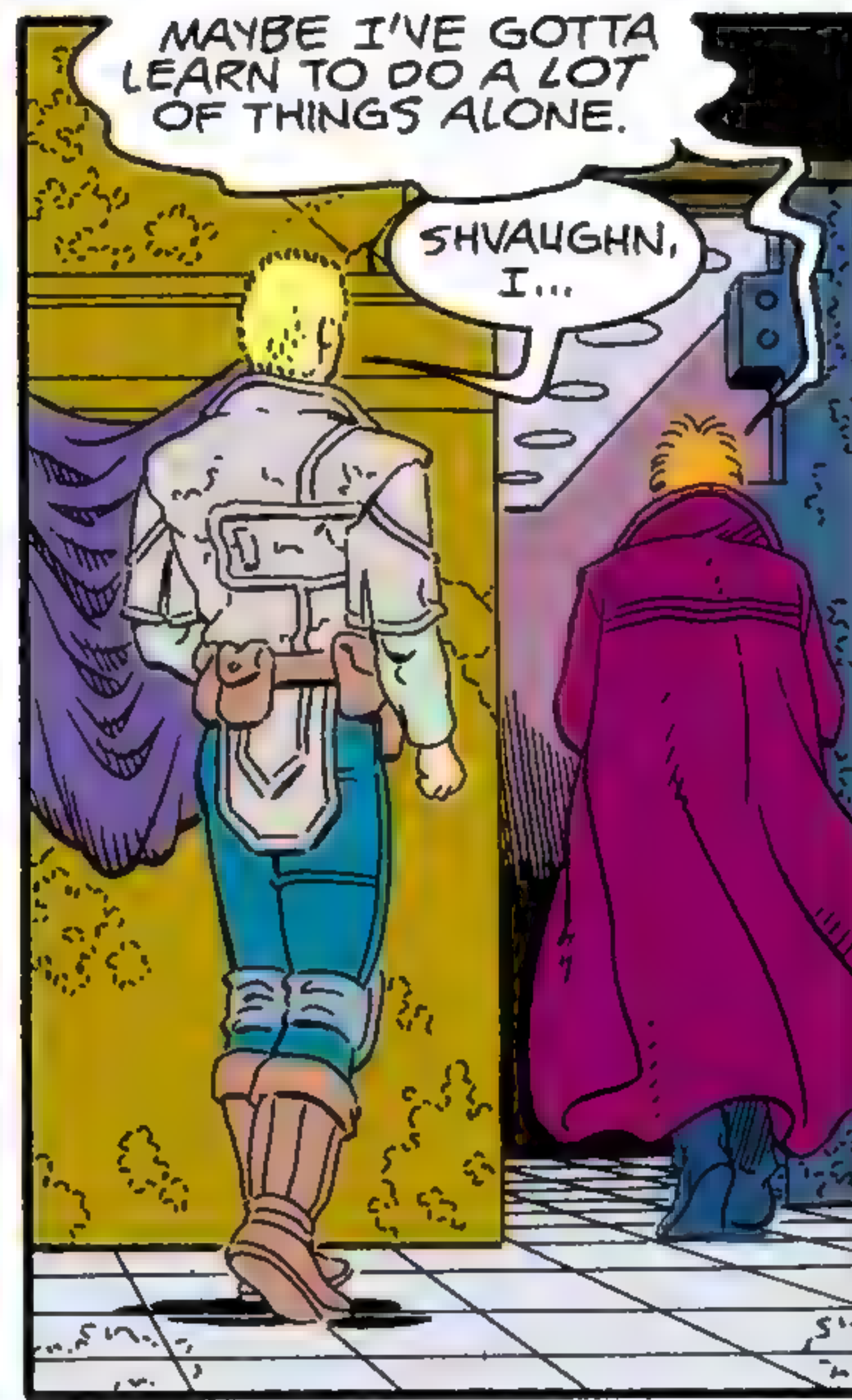
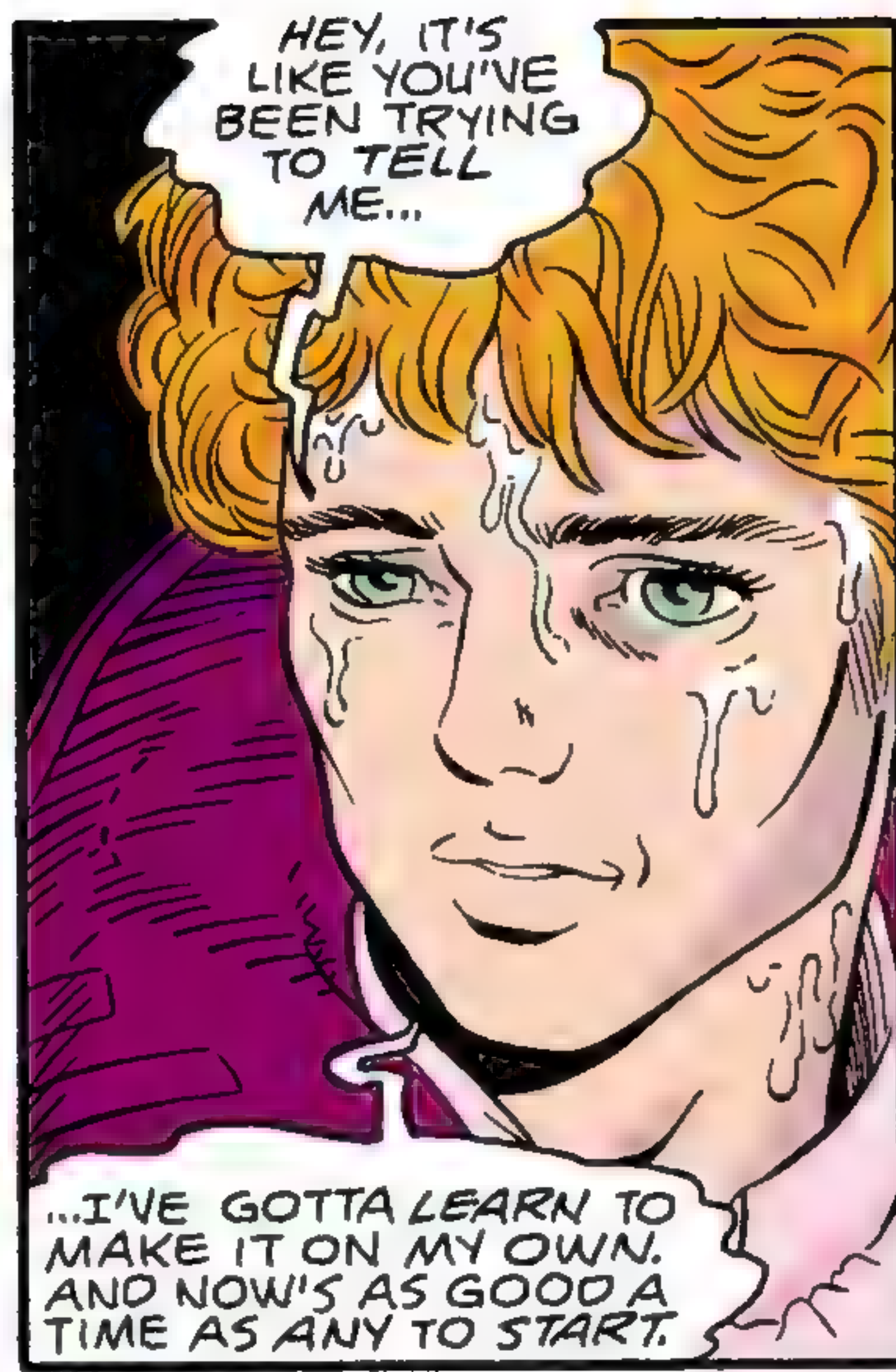
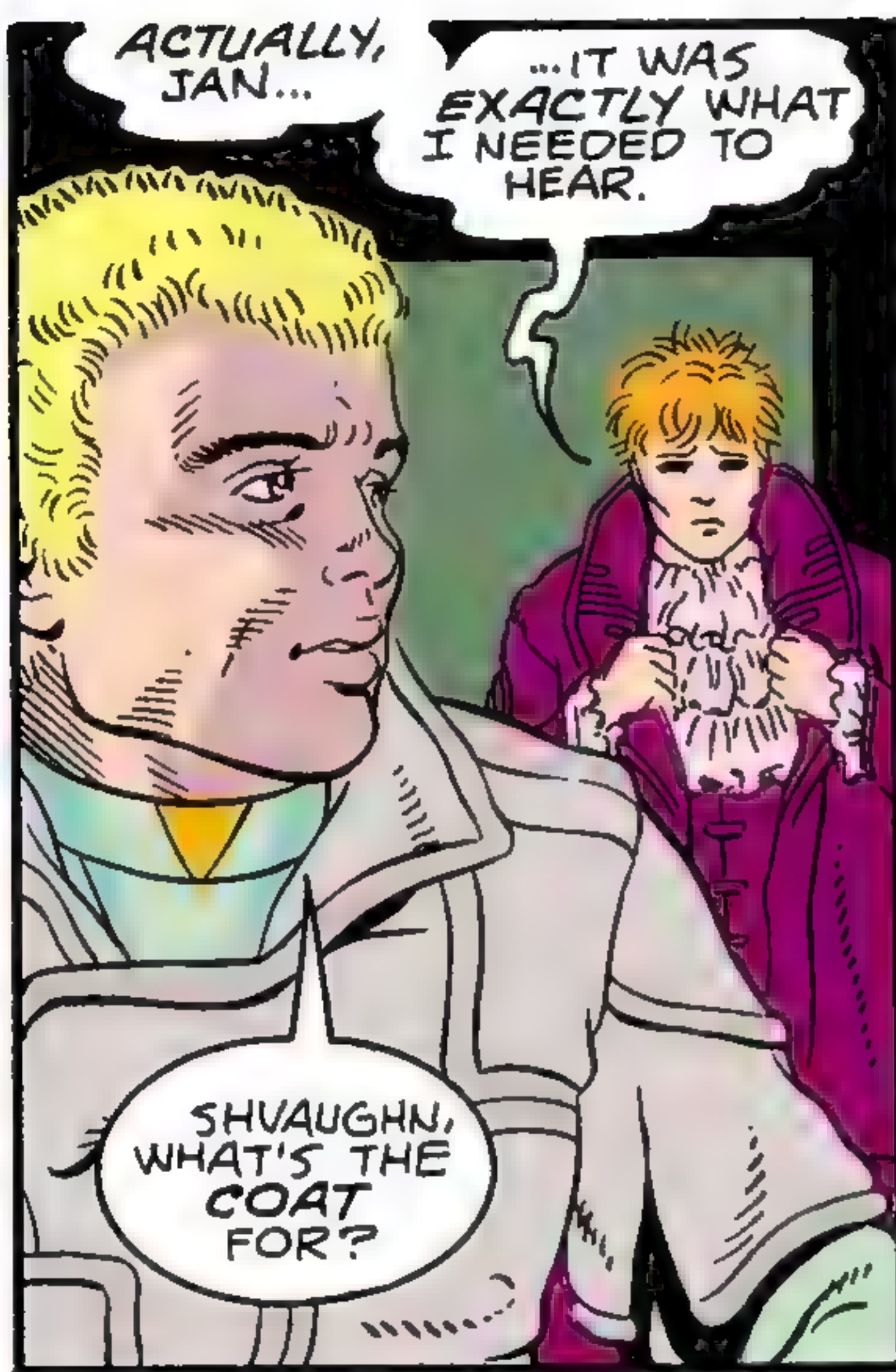
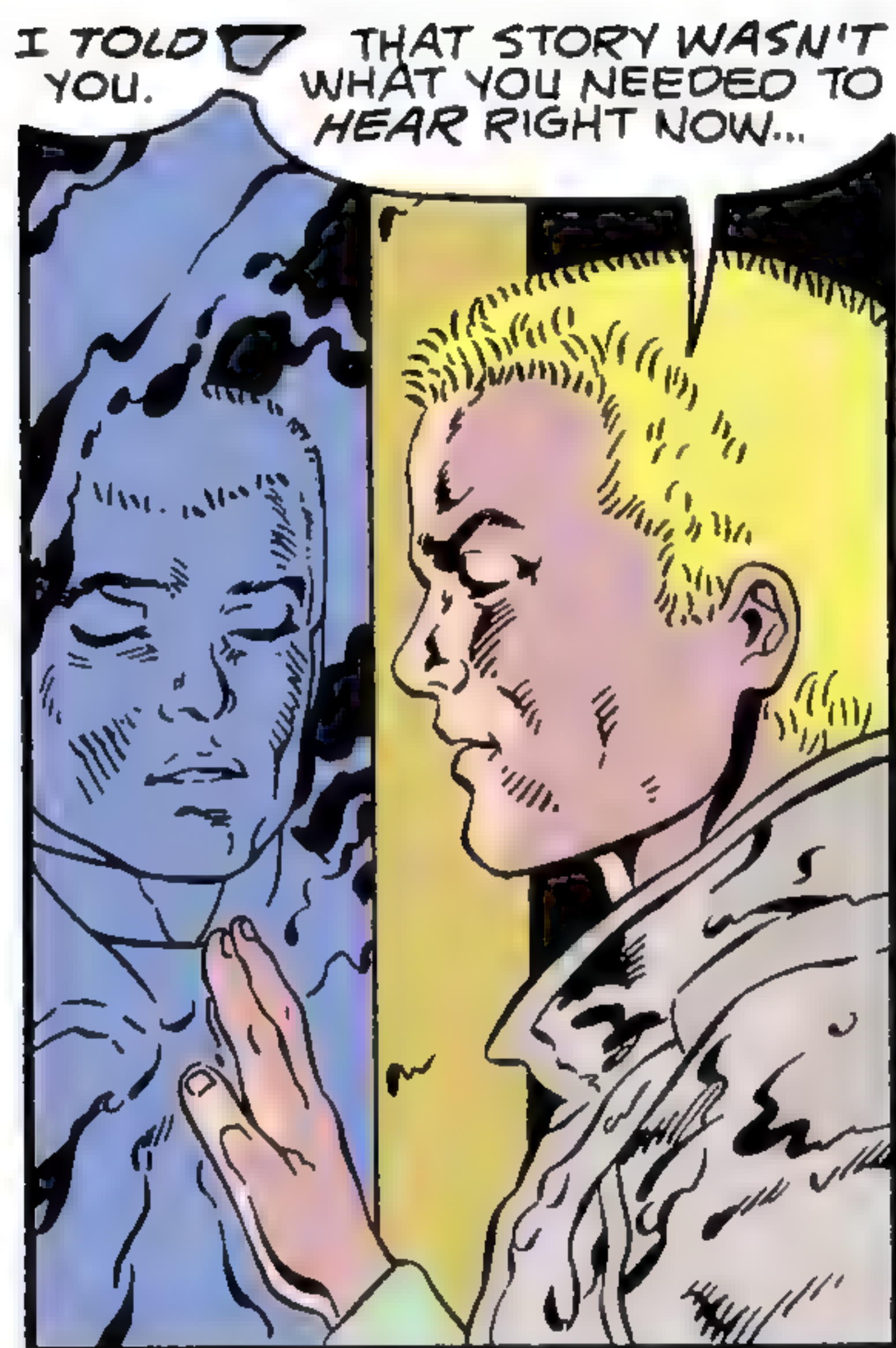
THE LITTLE CUB FINALLY KNEW HIS FATHER WAS RIGHT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.

WITH A WAVE OF HIS FINGER, THE LITTLE CUB TURNED HIMSELF INTO FLECKS OF CARBON.

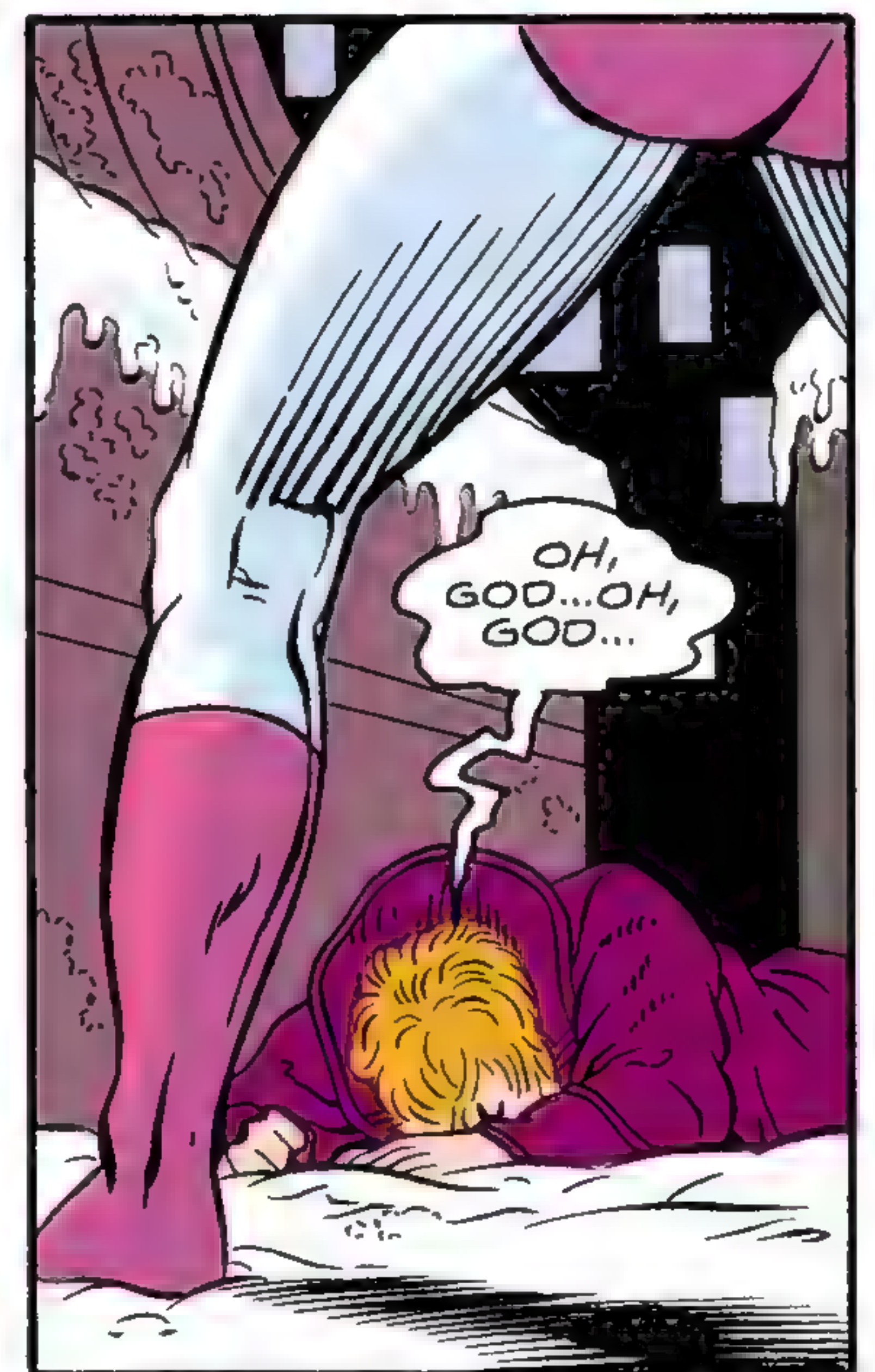
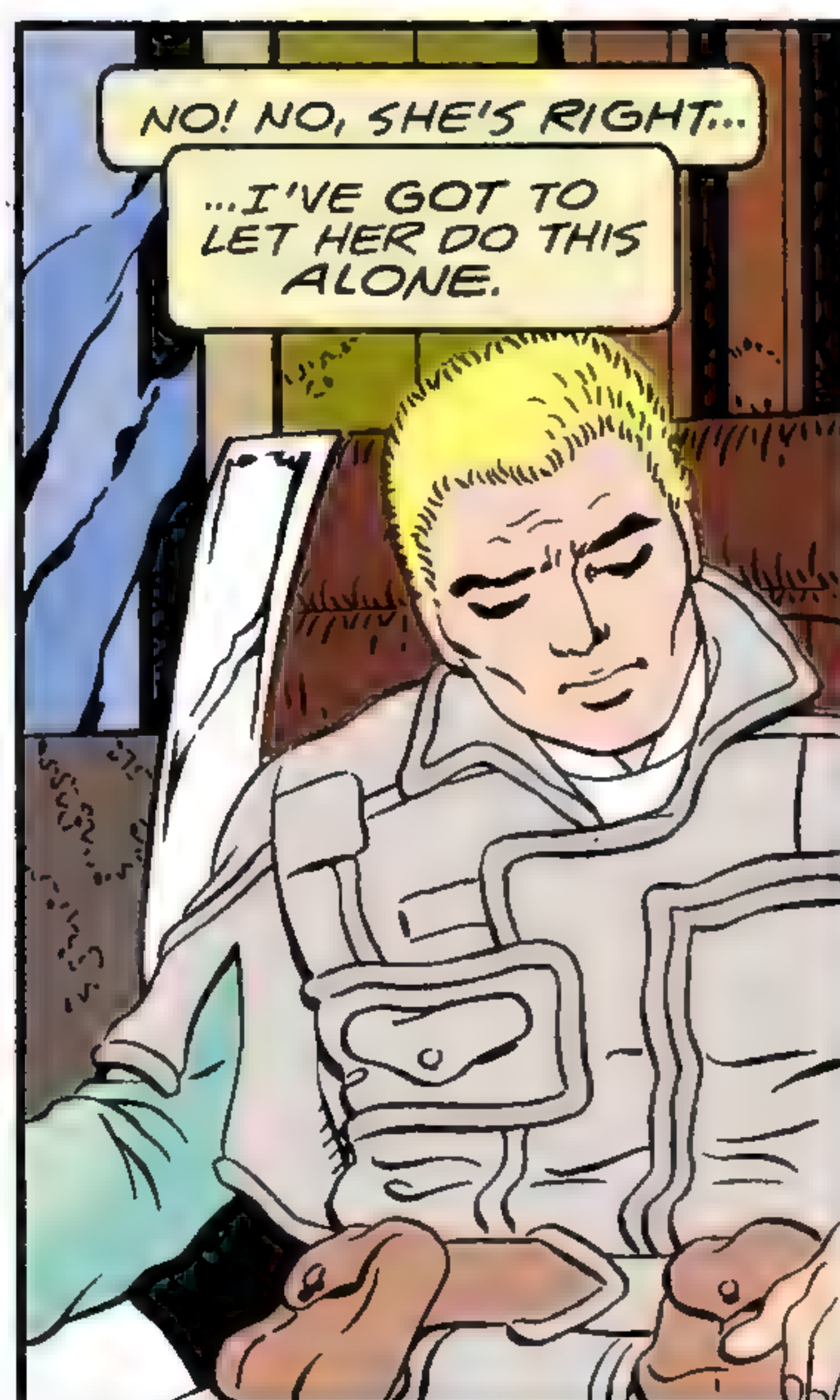
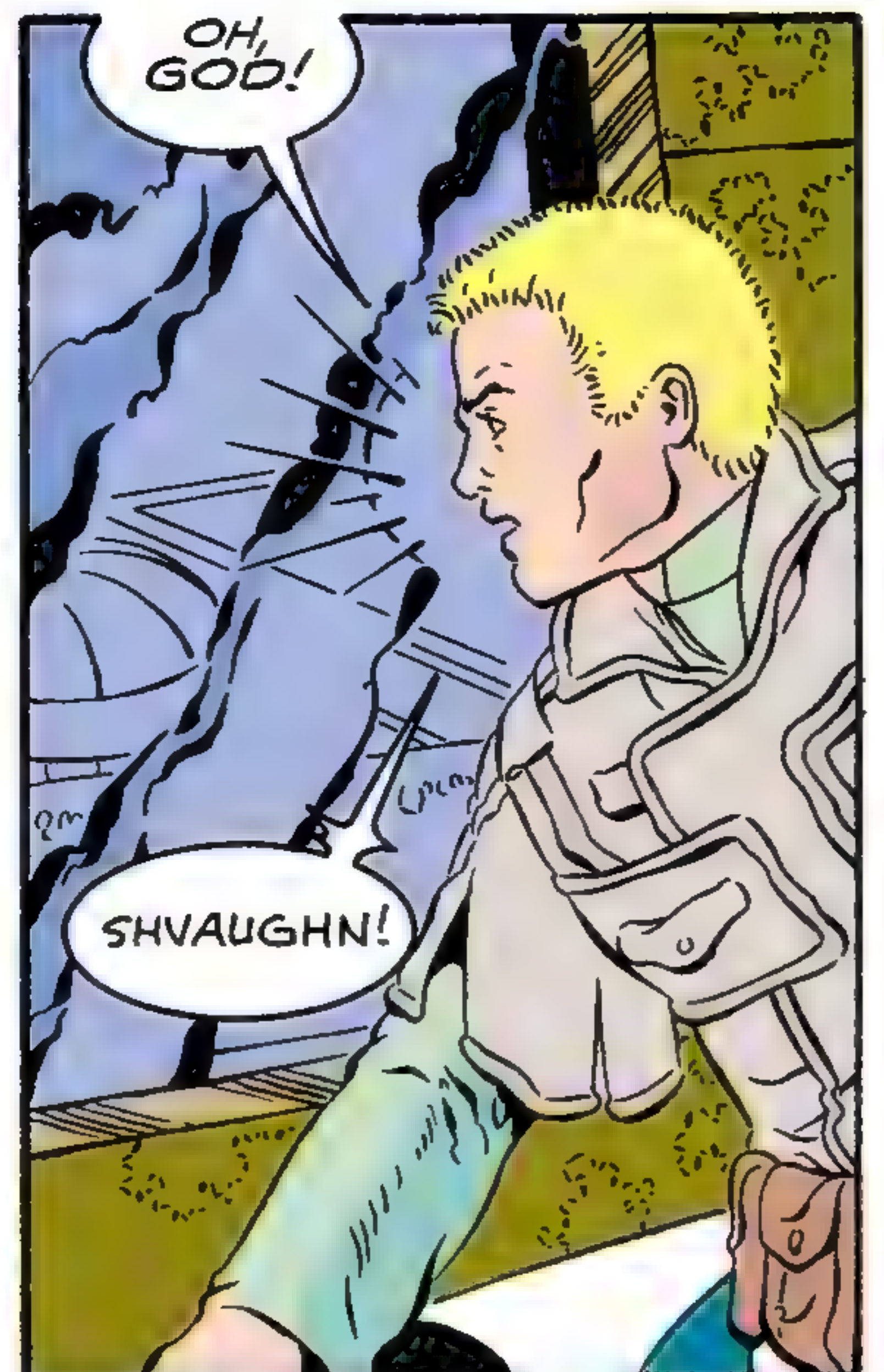
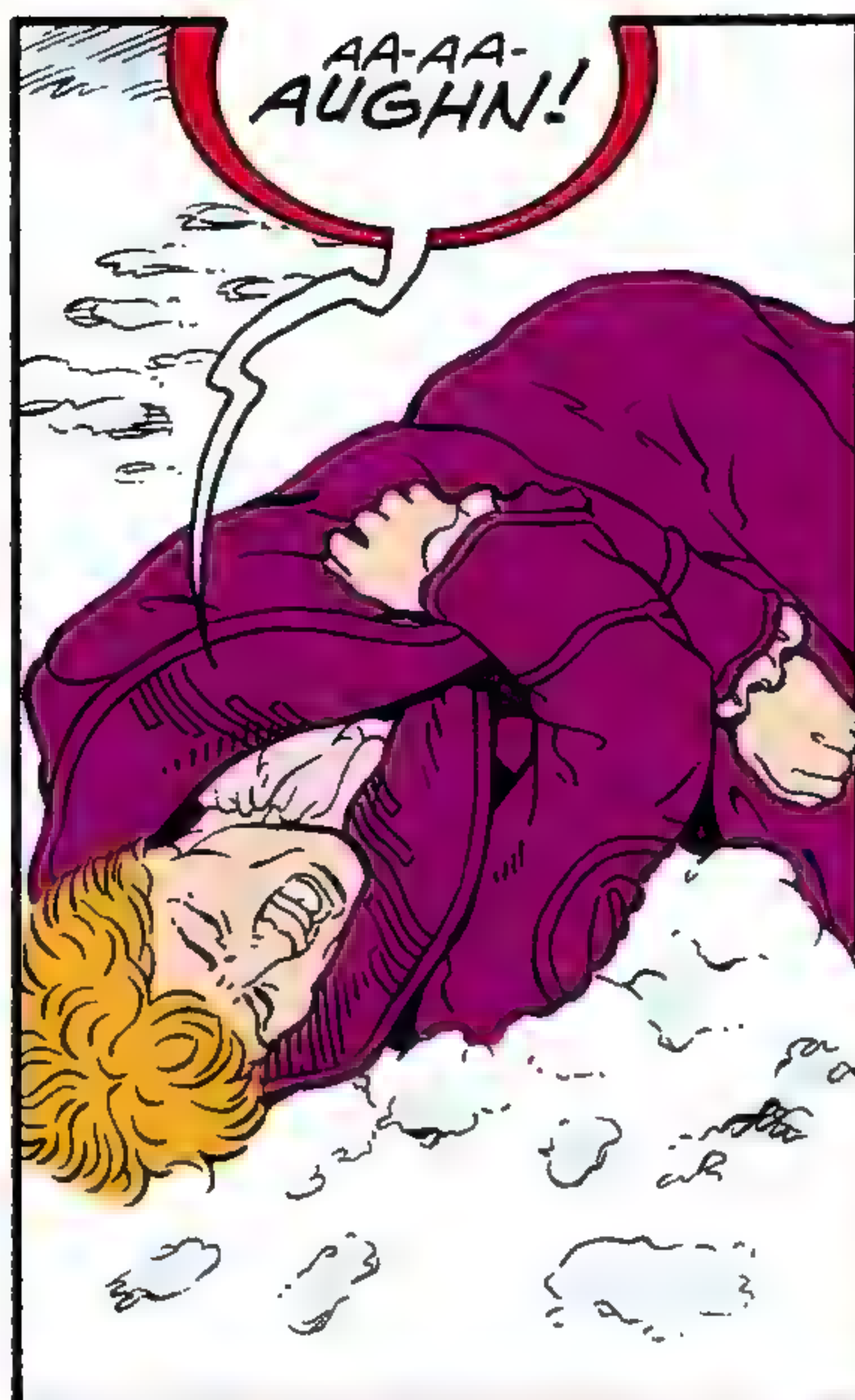
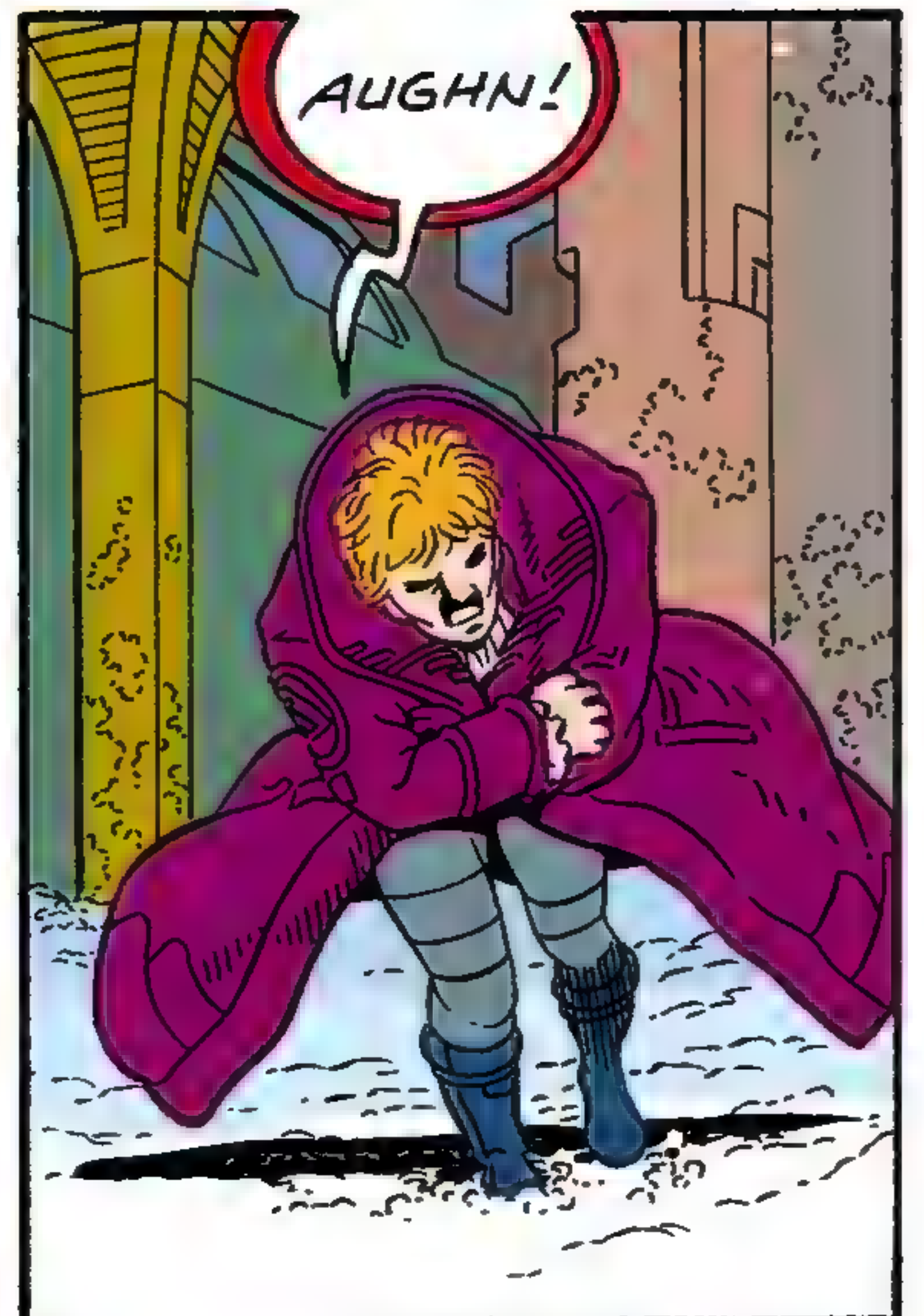
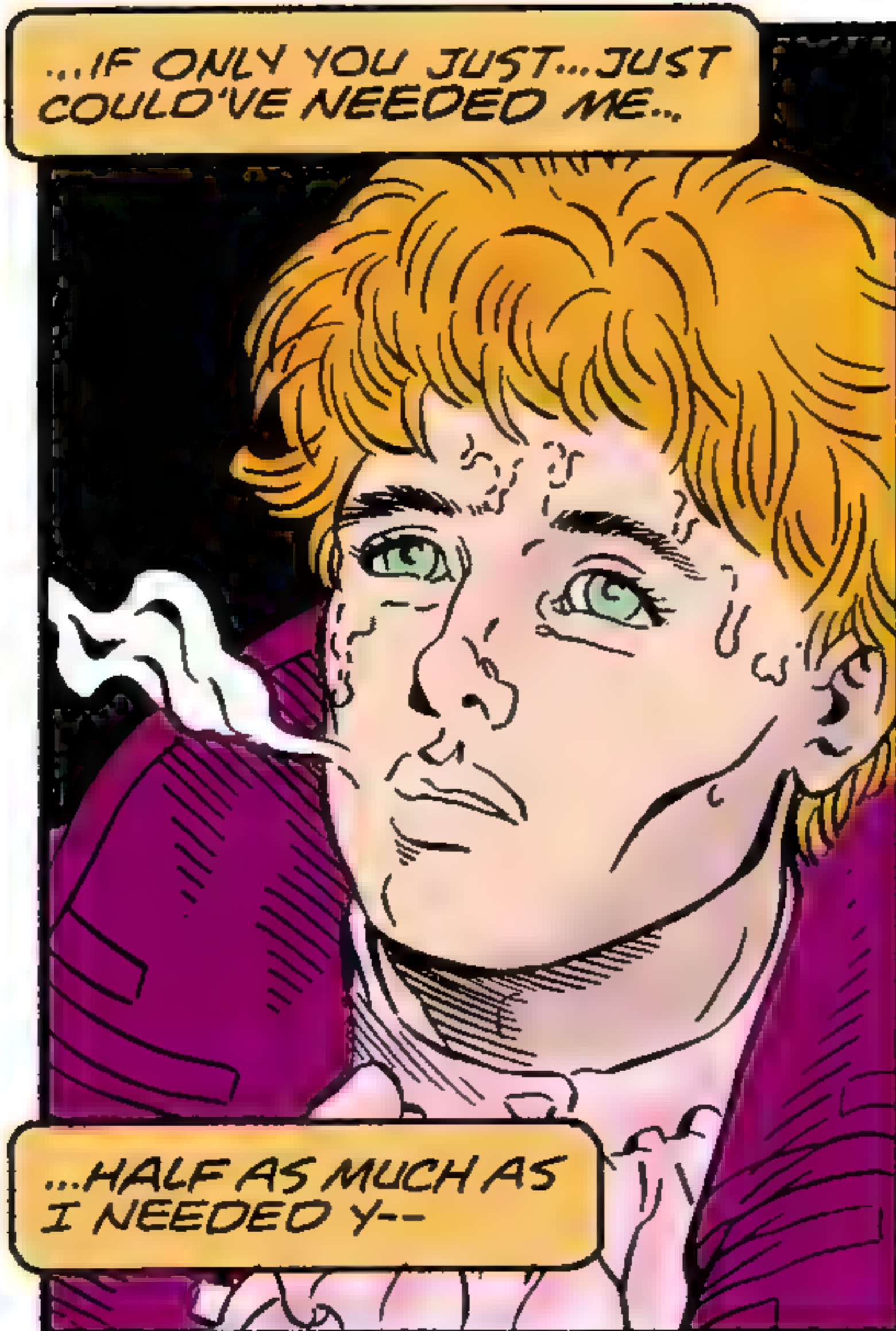
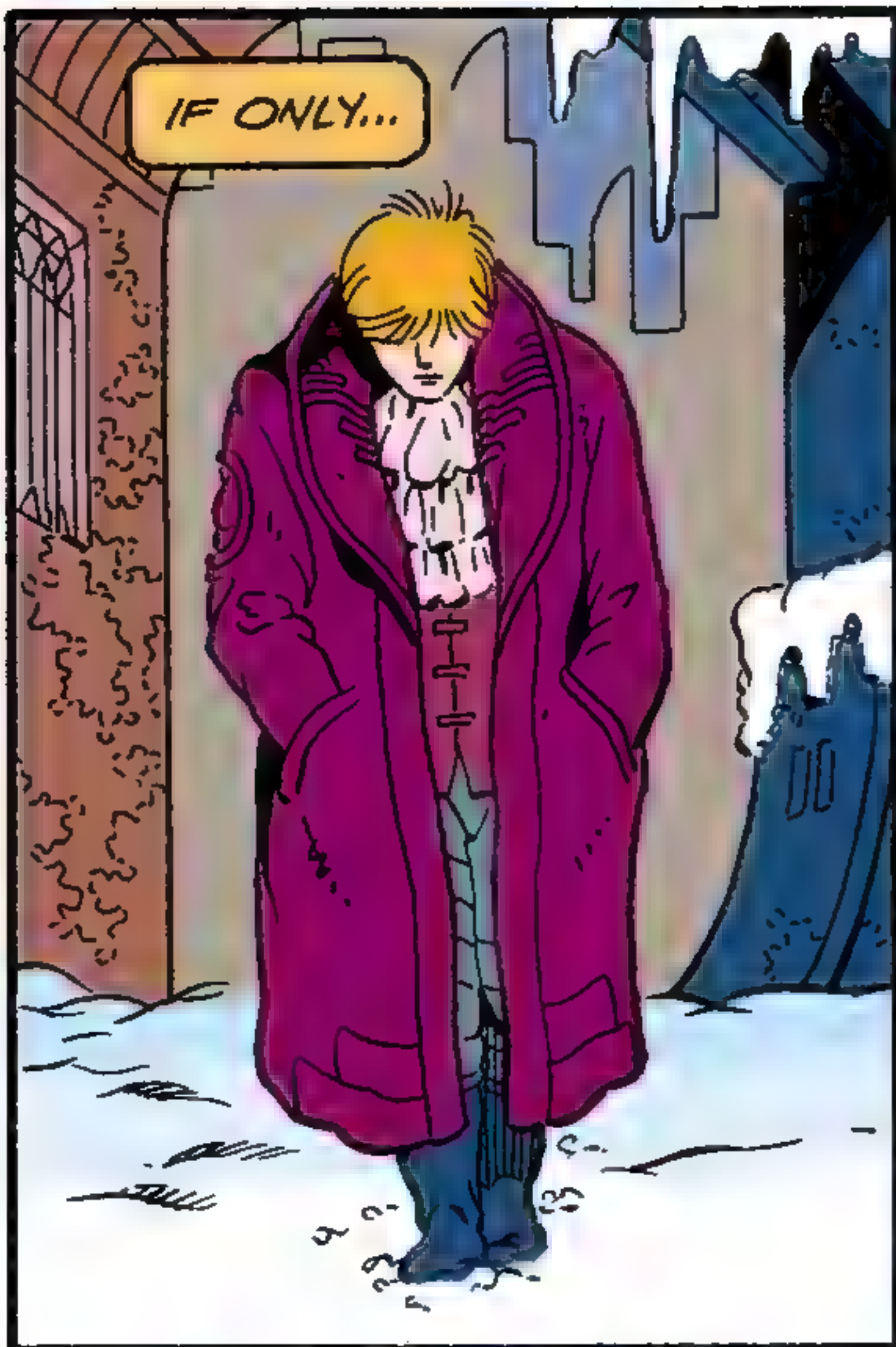














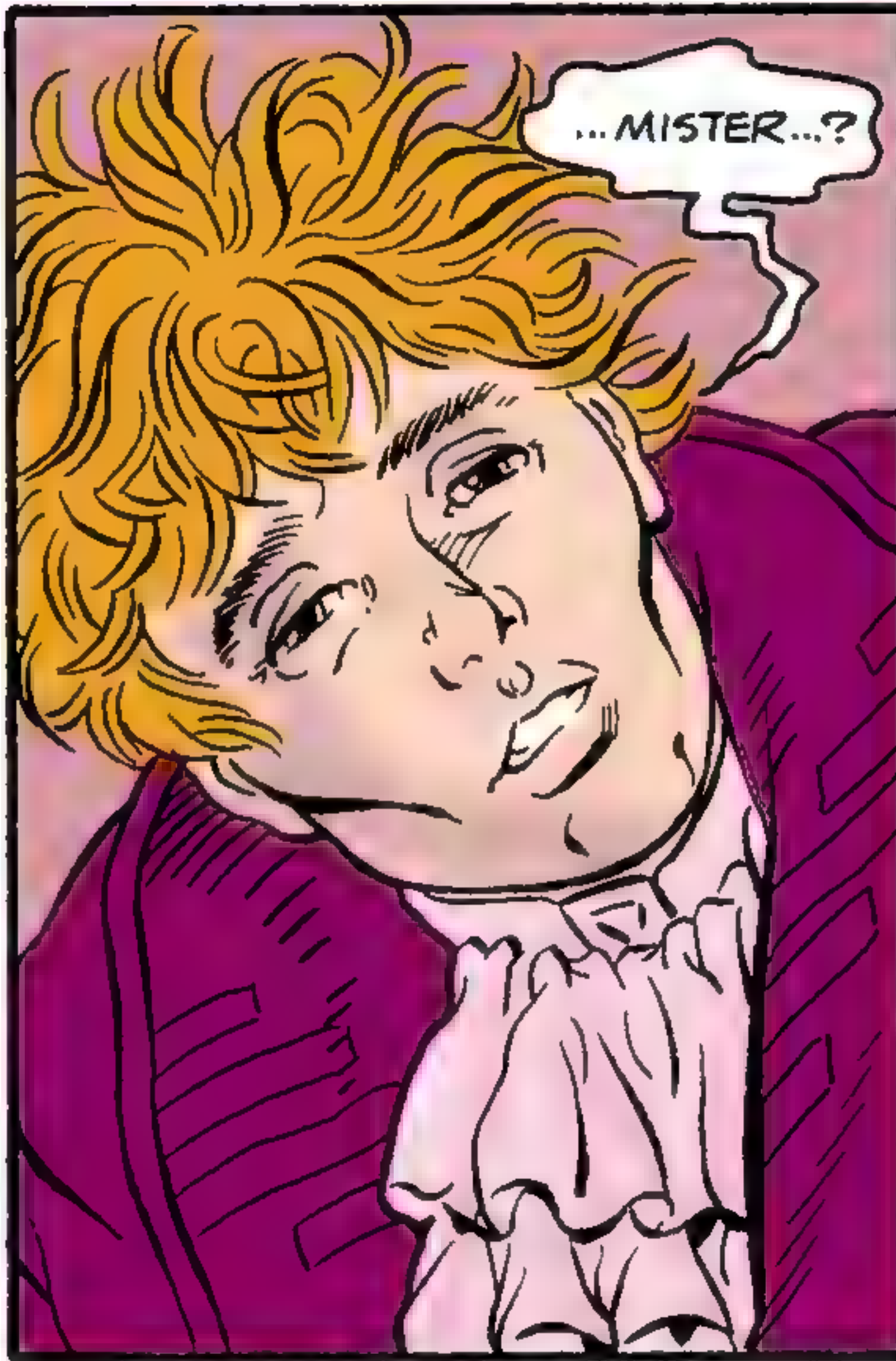


WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT'S WRONG?

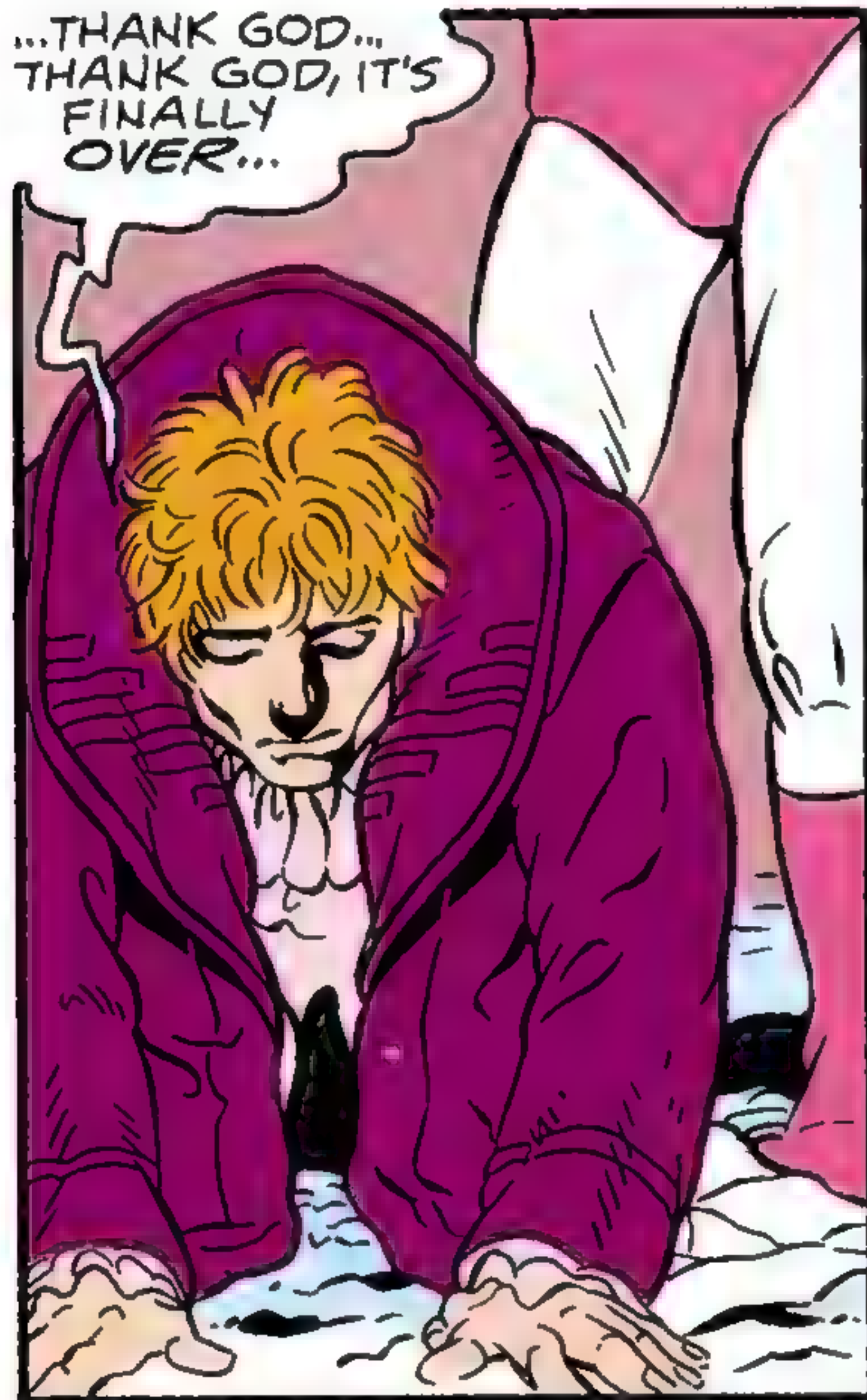
OHHHH  
MAN...



MISTER  
...MISTER,  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?



...MISTER...?



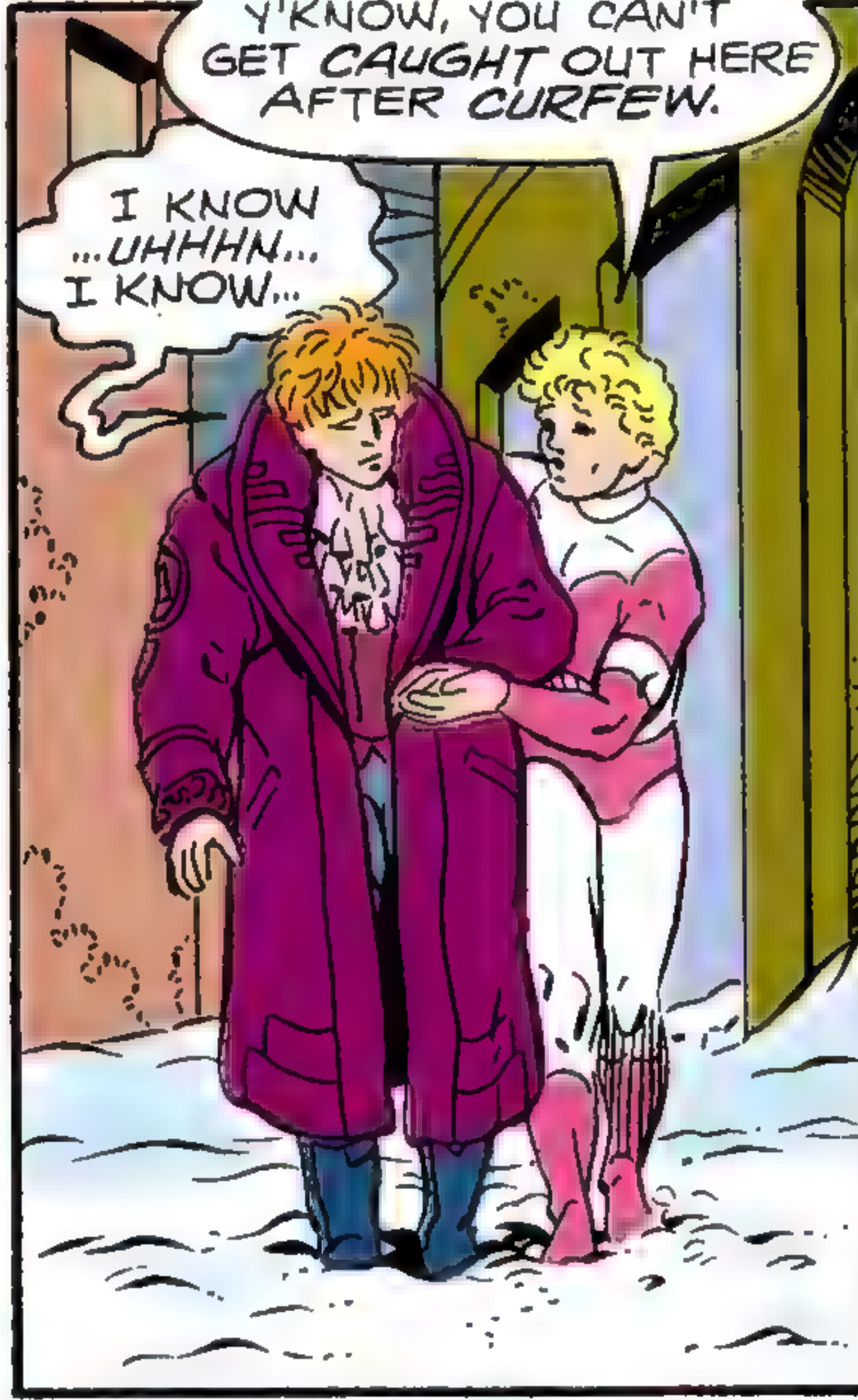
...THANK GOD...  
THANK GOD, IT'S  
FINALLY  
OVER...



MISTER,  
YOU DON'T  
LOOK SO  
GOOD.

I-I'LL  
BE  
OKAY.

HERE,  
LET ME  
HELP YOU...



Y'KNOW, YOU CAN'T  
GET CAUGHT OUT HERE  
AFTER CURFEW.

I KNOW  
...UHHH...  
I KNOW...



HERE WE GO...  
JUST SIT HERE AND  
REST A  
SECOND.

THEN WE'LL  
SEE HOW YOU'RE  
FEELING.



HEY... DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
ME...

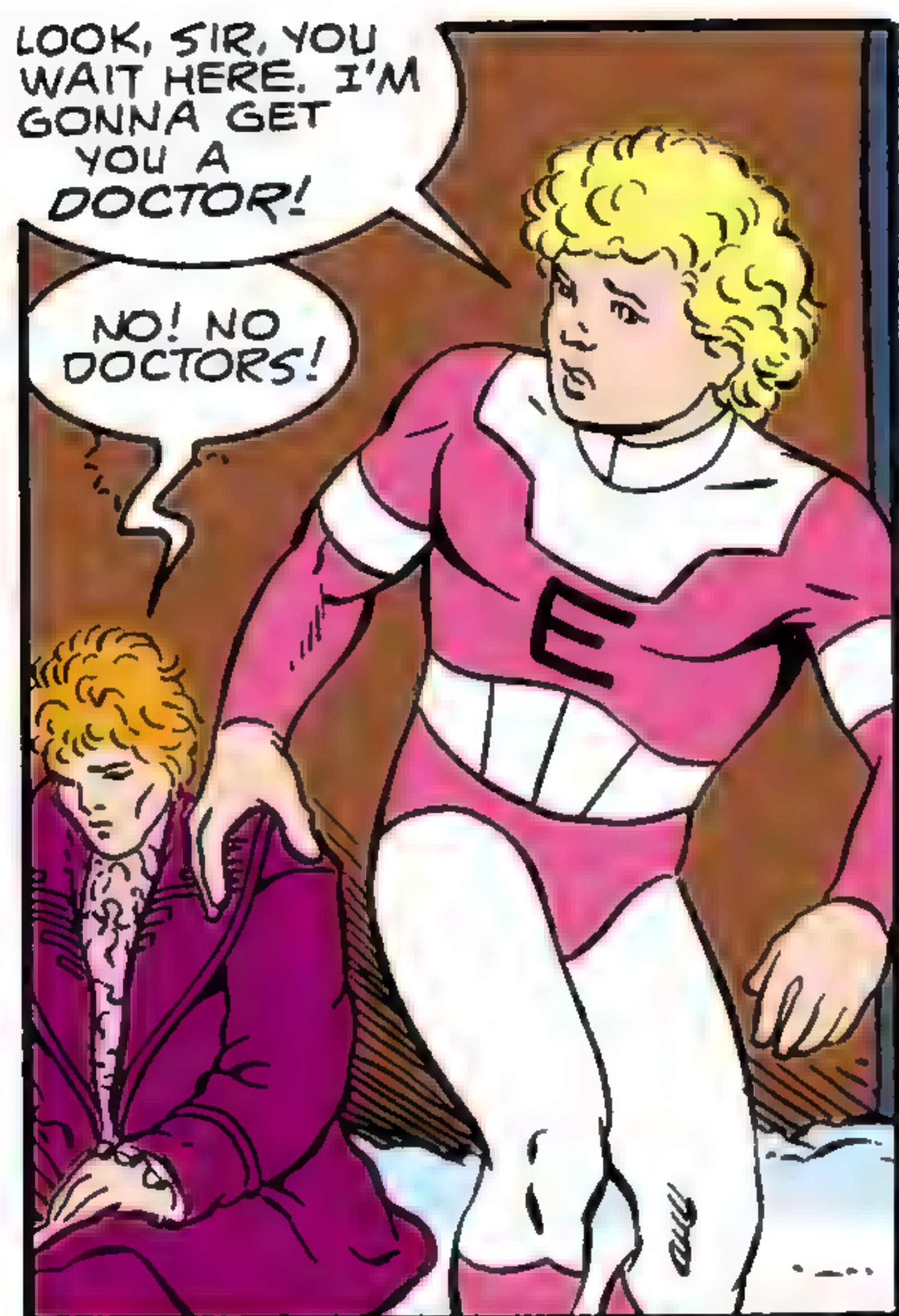
...I'M PAST  
THE WORST  
OF IT...  
I'VE...



...BELIEVE  
ME... I'VE  
BEEN  
THROUGH  
HELL...

...BUT I  
MADE IT, MAN...  
I MADE IT ON  
MY OWN...





LOOK, SIR, YOU WAIT HERE. I'M GONNA GET YOU A DOCTOR!

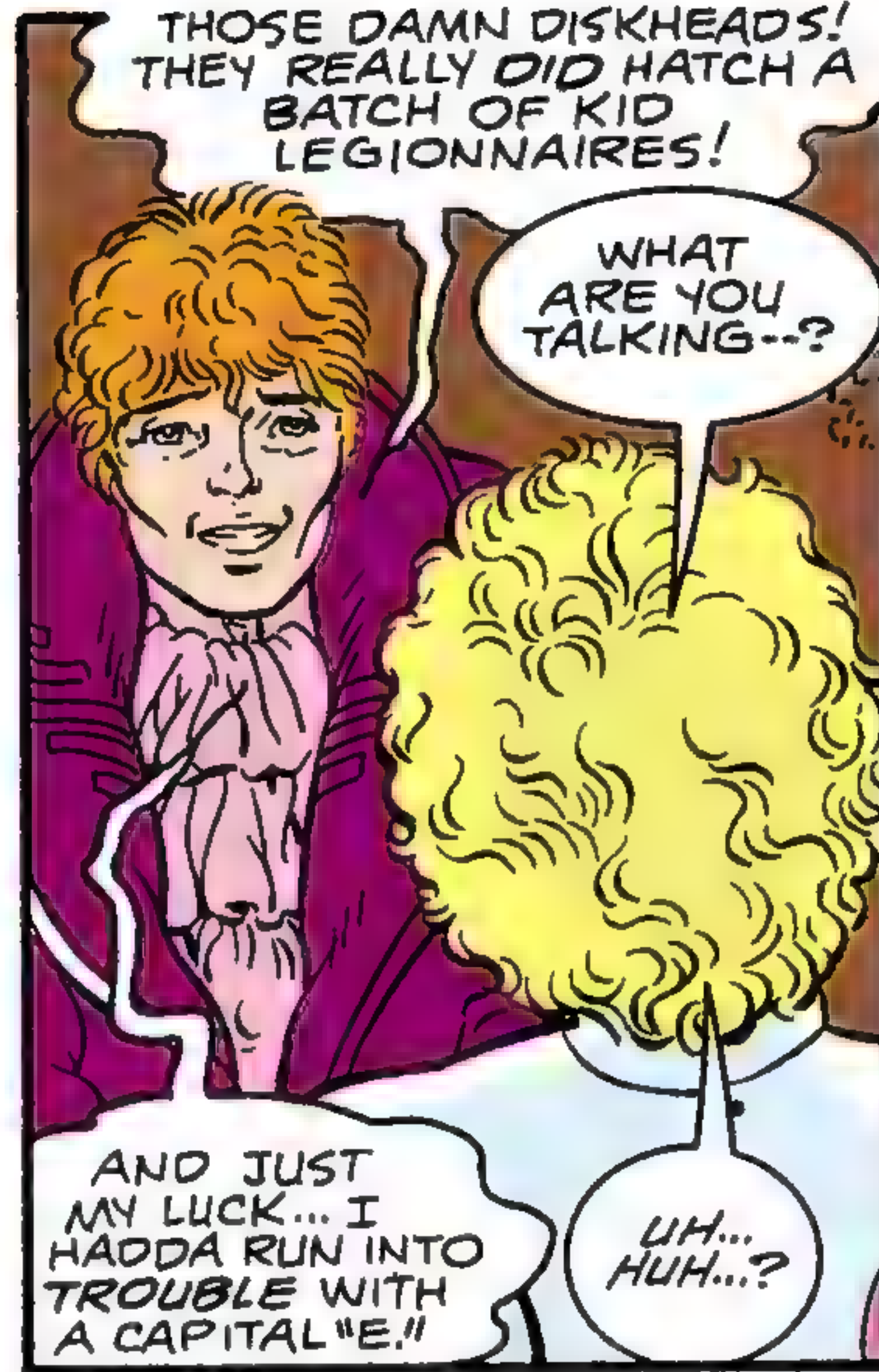
NO! NO DOCTORS!



PLEASE... OH, MY GOD, IT'S YOU!

HUH?

THERE REALLY IS A BATCH SW6!

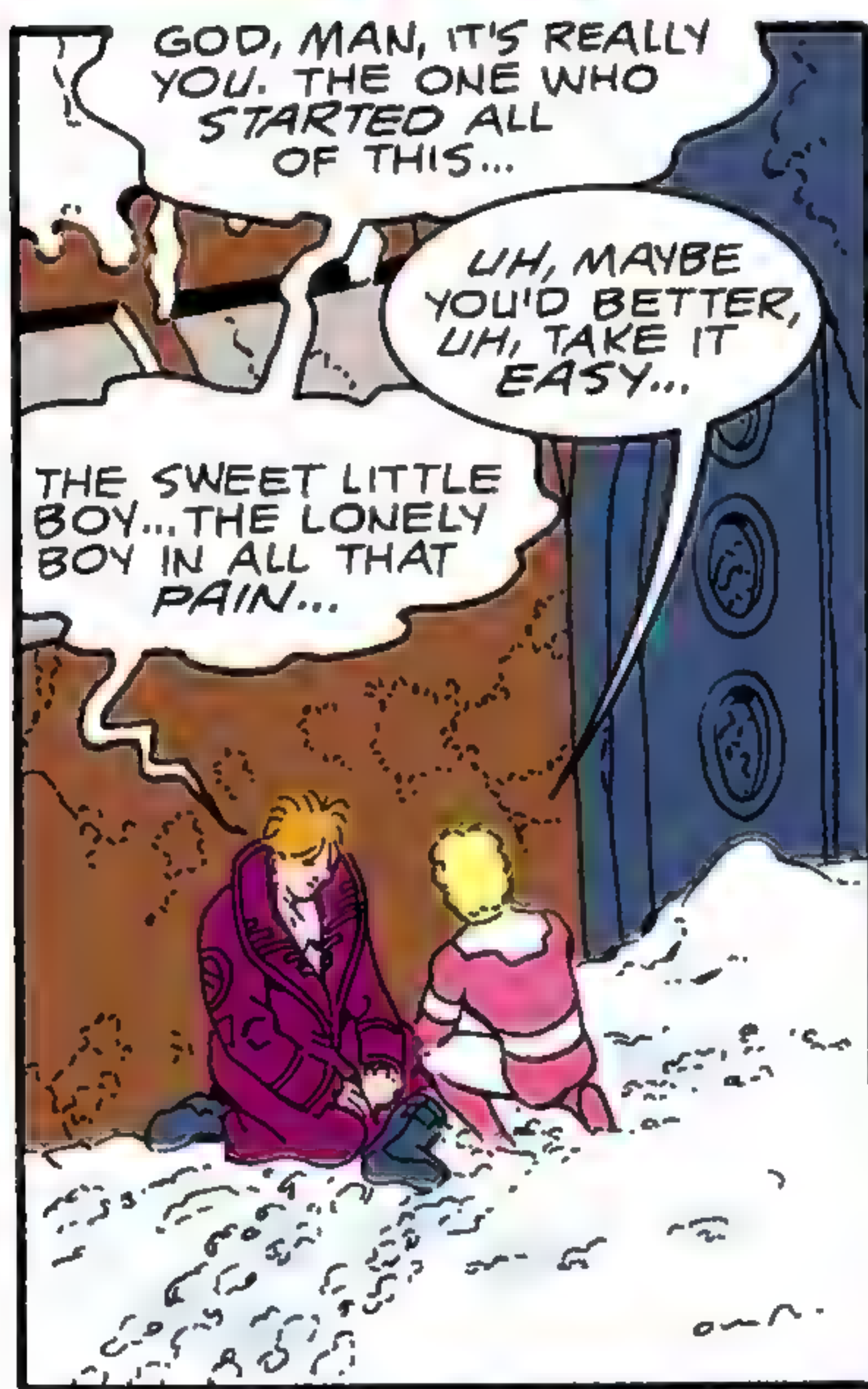


THOSE DAMN DISKHEADS! THEY REALLY DID HATCH A BATCH OF KID LEGIONNAIRES!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING--?

AND JUST MY LUCK... I HADDA RUN INTO TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL "E."

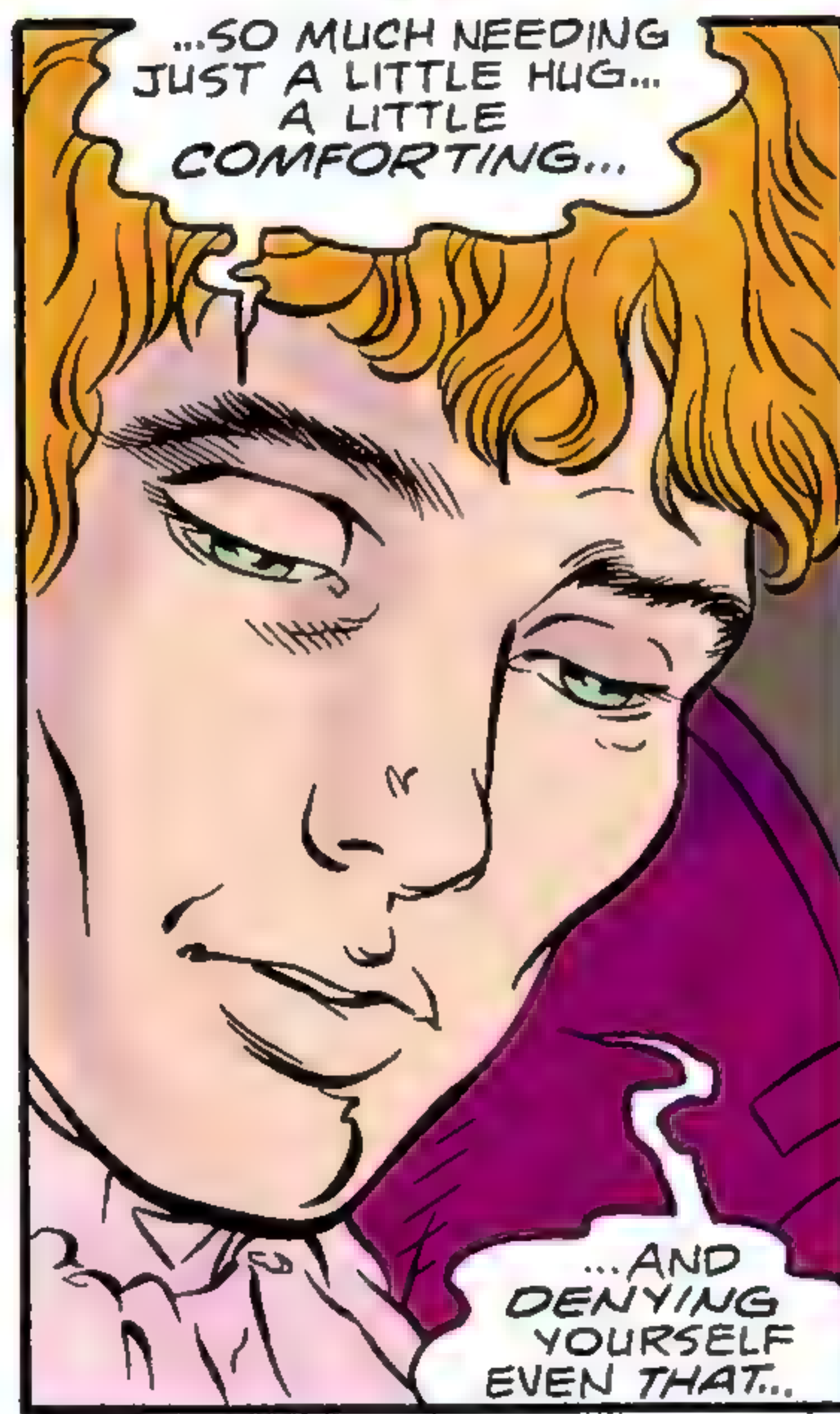
UH... HUH...?



GOD, MAN, IT'S REALLY YOU. THE ONE WHO STARTED ALL OF THIS...

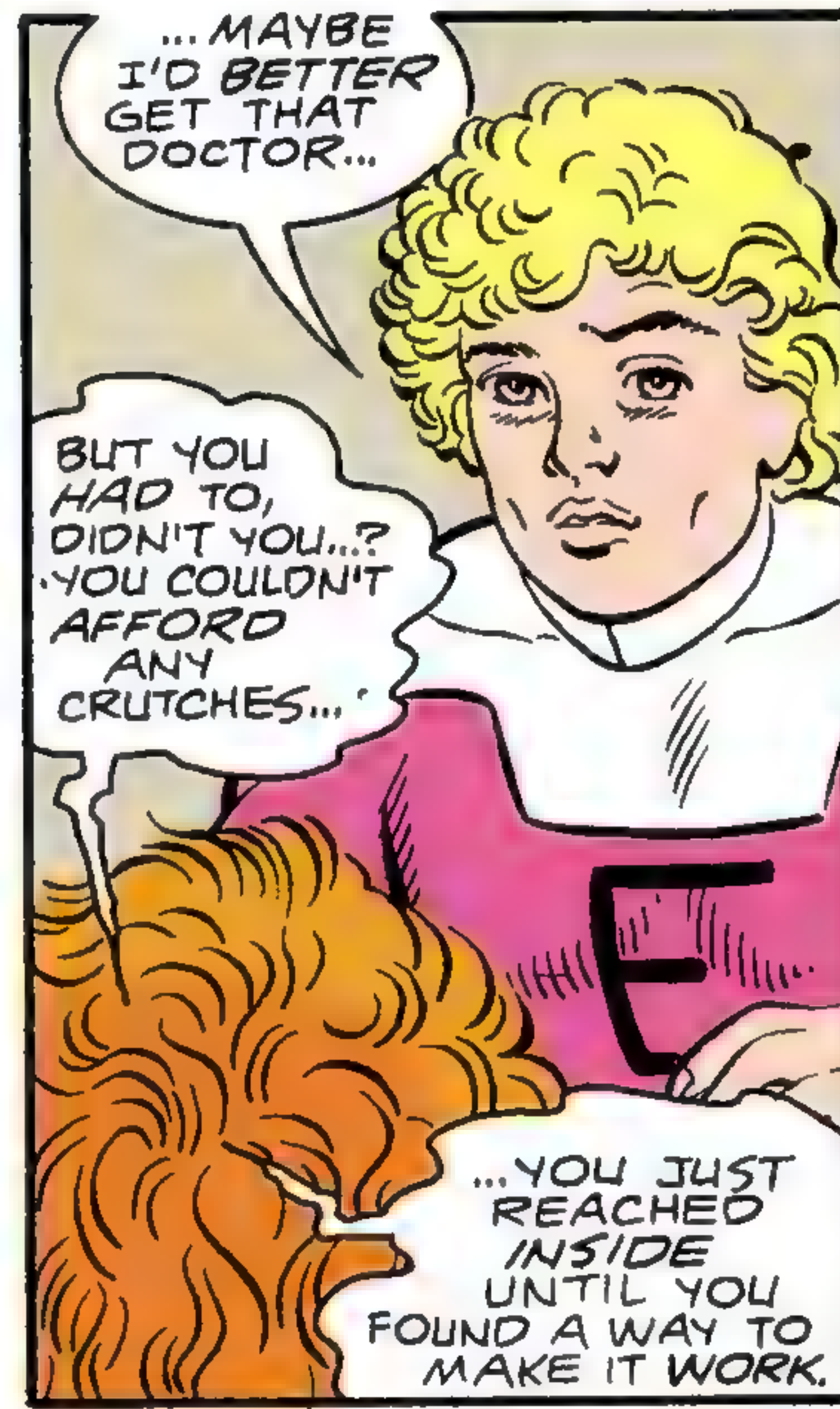
UH, MAYBE YOU'D BETTER, UH, TAKE IT EASY...

THE SWEET LITTLE BOY... THE LONELY BOY IN ALL THAT PAIN...



...SO MUCH NEEDING JUST A LITTLE HUG... A LITTLE COMFORTING...

...AND DENYING YOURSELF EVEN THAT...



...MAYBE I'D BETTER GET THAT DOCTOR...

BUT YOU HAD TO, DIDN'T YOU...? YOU COULDN'T AFFORD ANY CRUTCHES...

...YOU JUST REACHED INSIDE UNTIL YOU FOUND A WAY TO MAKE IT WORK.

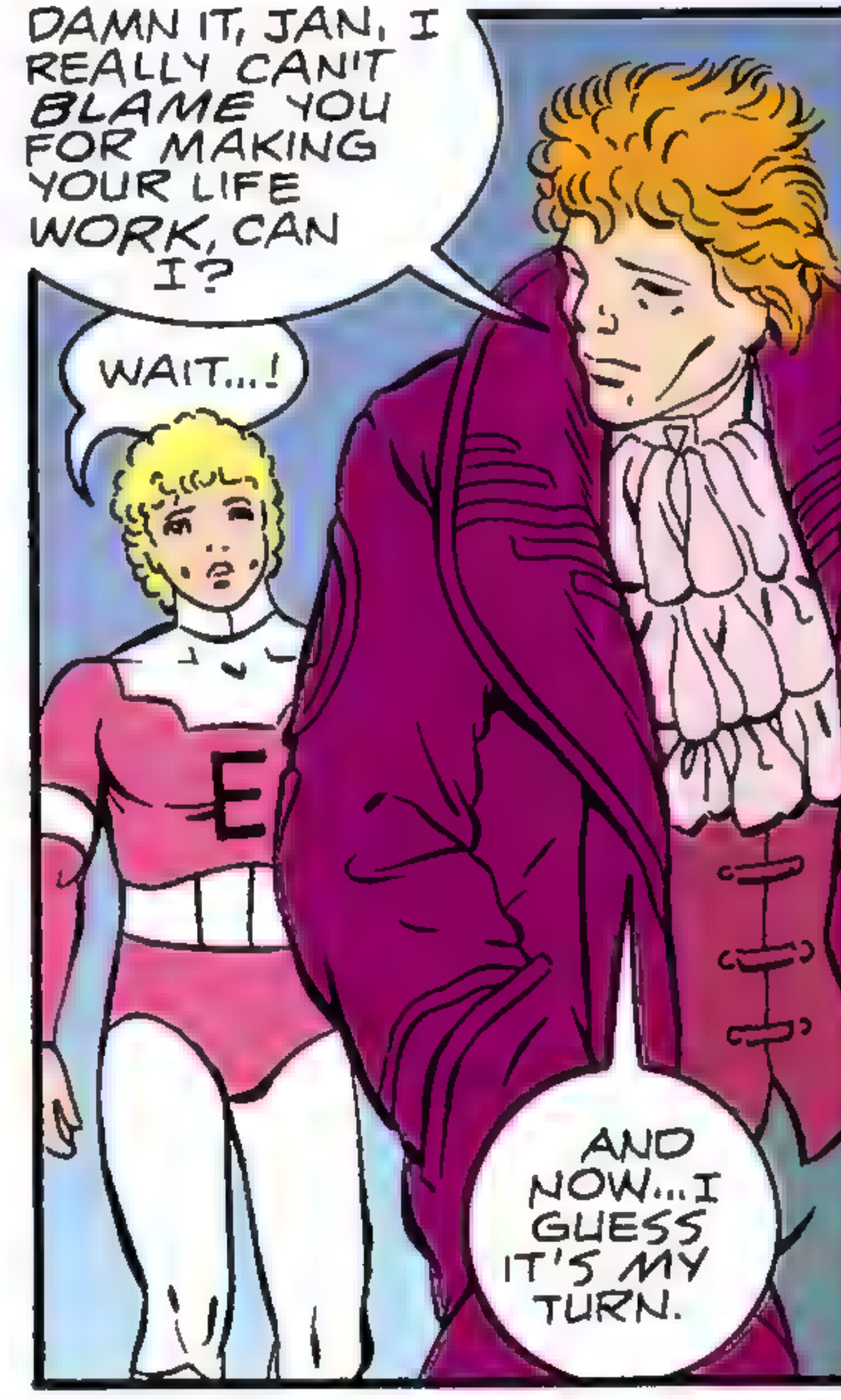


BUT Y'KNOW, EVEN WITH ALL THAT, YOU NEVER TRIED TO CHANGE YOURSELF...

...YOU JUST REACHED INSIDE UNTIL YOU FOUND A WAY TO MAKE IT WORK.



THAT'S UH, VERY NICE OF YOU, BUT... LISTEN...

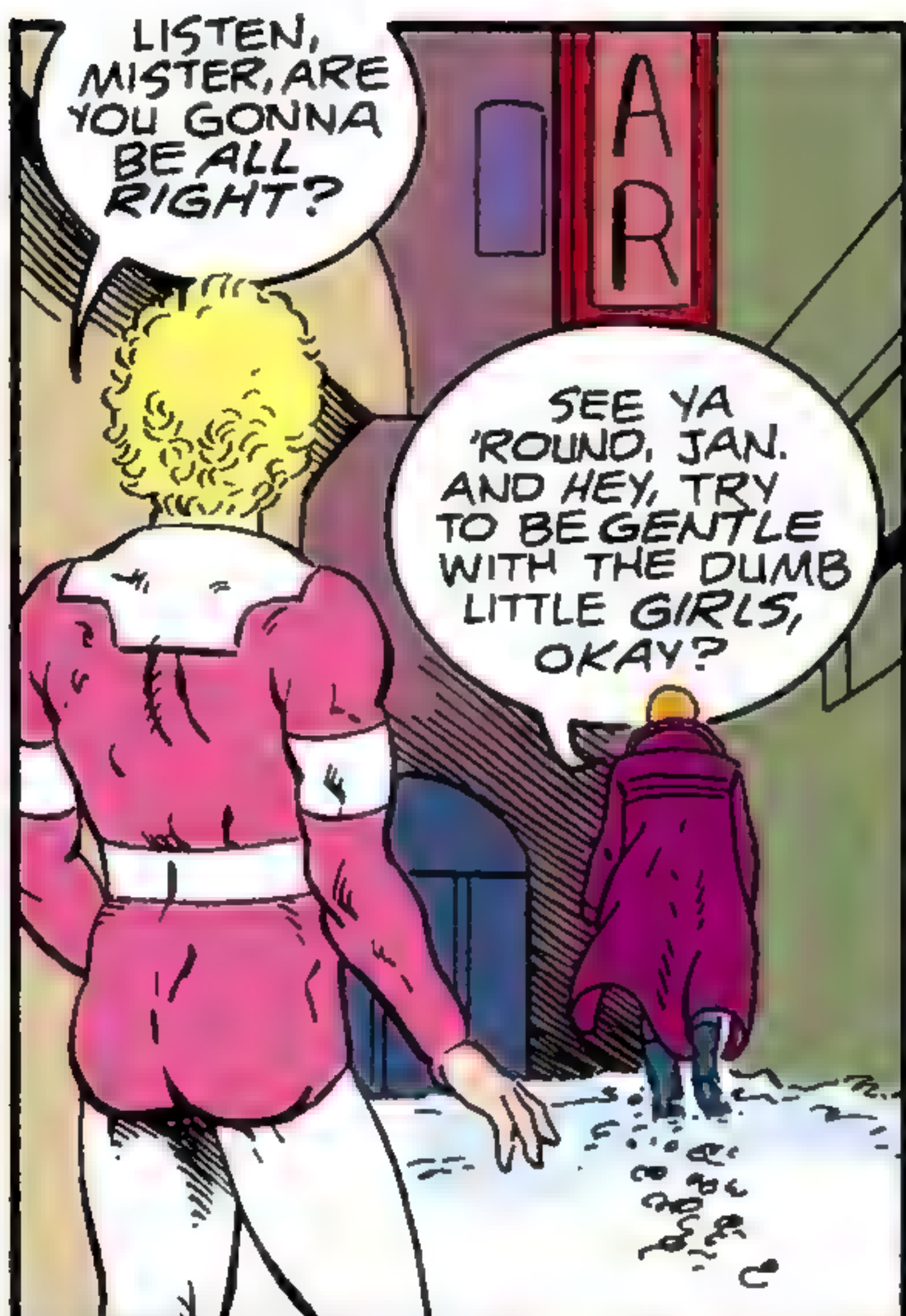


DAMN IT, JAN, I REALLY CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR MAKING YOUR LIFE WORK, CAN I?

WAIT...!

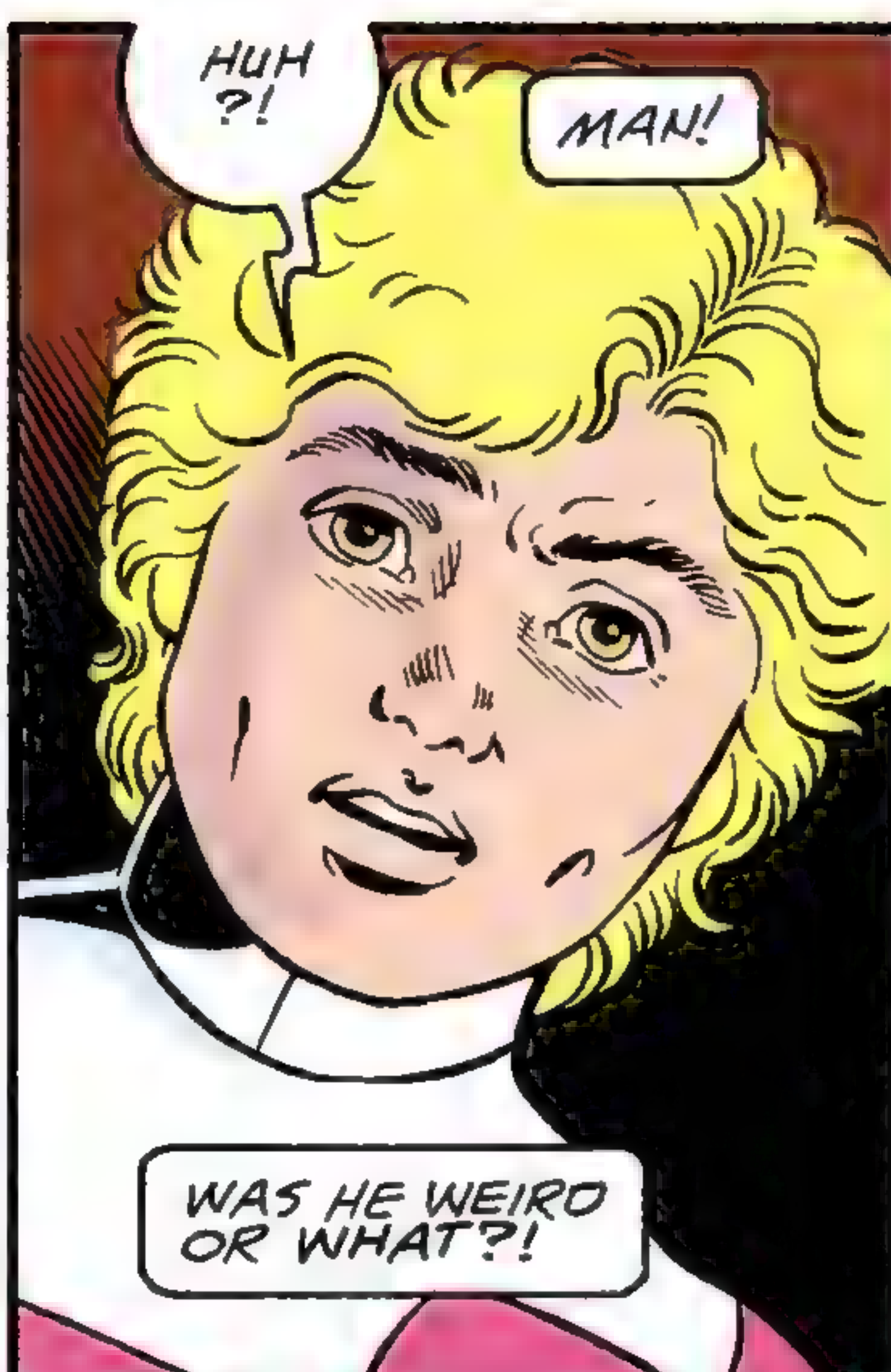
AND NOW... I GUESS IT'S MY TURN.





LISTEN, MISTER, ARE YOU GONNA BE ALL RIGHT?

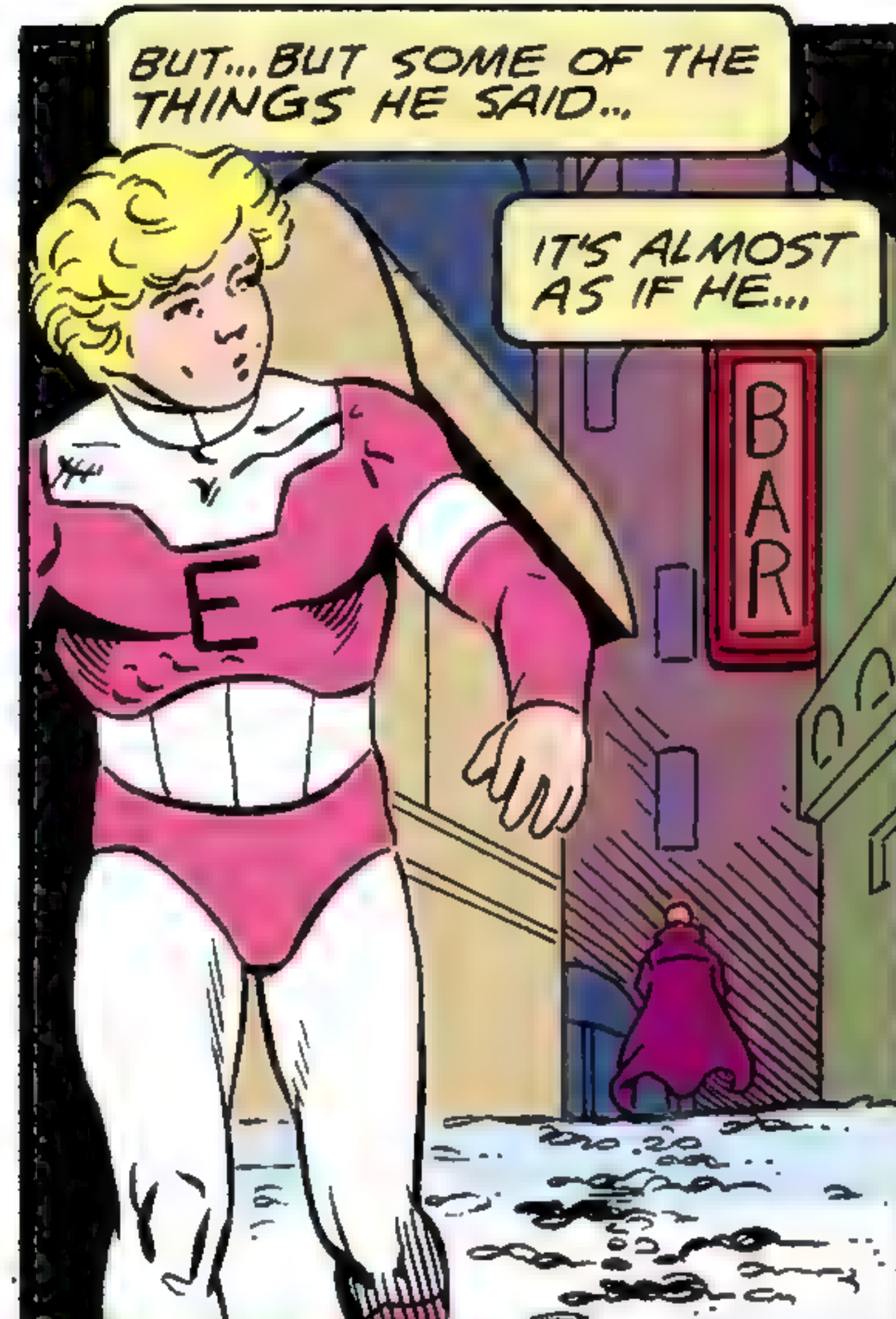
SEE YA 'ROUND, JAN. AND HEY, TRY TO BE GENTLE WITH THE DUMB LITTLE GIRLS, OKAY?



HUH?!

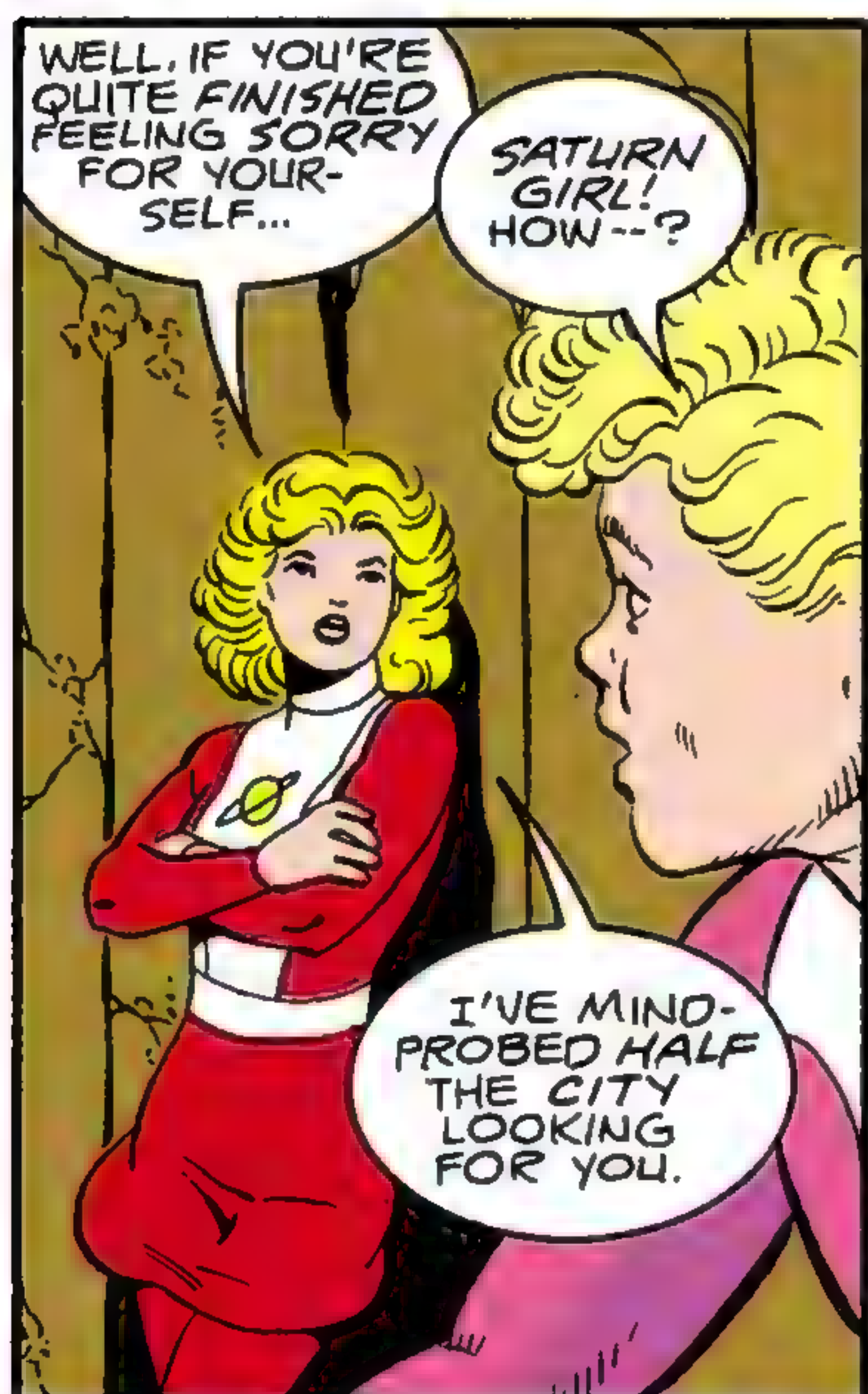
MAN!

WAS HE WEIRD OR WHAT?!



BUT... BUT SOME OF THE THINGS HE SAID...

IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE...



WELL, IF YOU'RE QUITE FINISHED FEELING SORRY FOR YOURSELF...

SATURN GIRL! HOW--?

I'VE MIND-PROBED HALF THE CITY LOOKING FOR YOU.



I SHOULD HAVE HOPE I'D HAVE FOUND YOU BY NOW.

YOU READY TO GO HOME?

OH, MAN, IMRA...



IMRA, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE...

YES, I DO, JAN. I KNOW ... AND I ALSO KNOW IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...

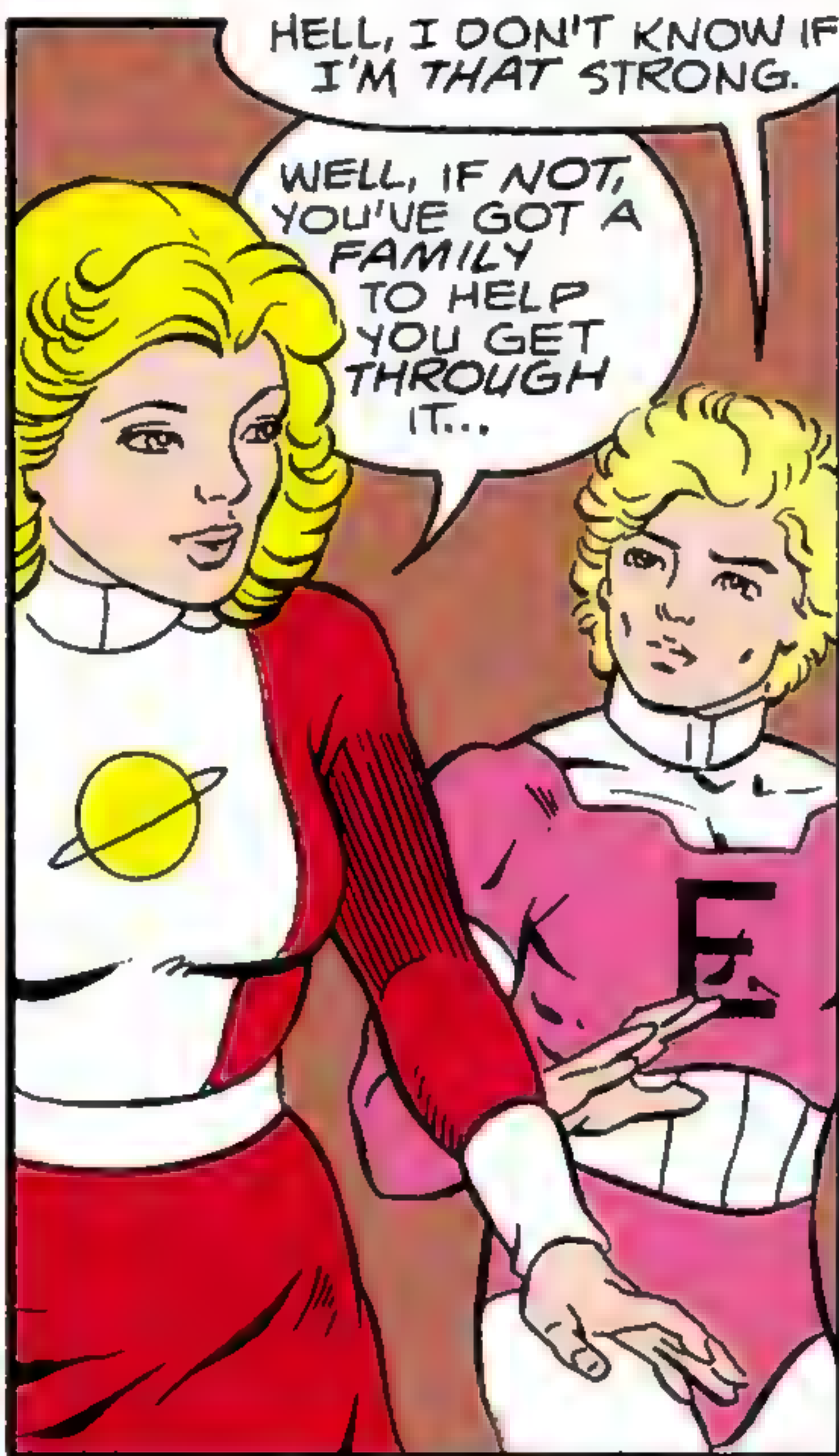


...RIGHT?

YEAH... I GUESS IT WAS...

BUT, IMRA, I STILL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO LIVE WITH IT.

COME ON, JAN, YOU WILL. YOU'RE STRONG.



HELL, I DON'T KNOW IF I'M THAT STRONG.

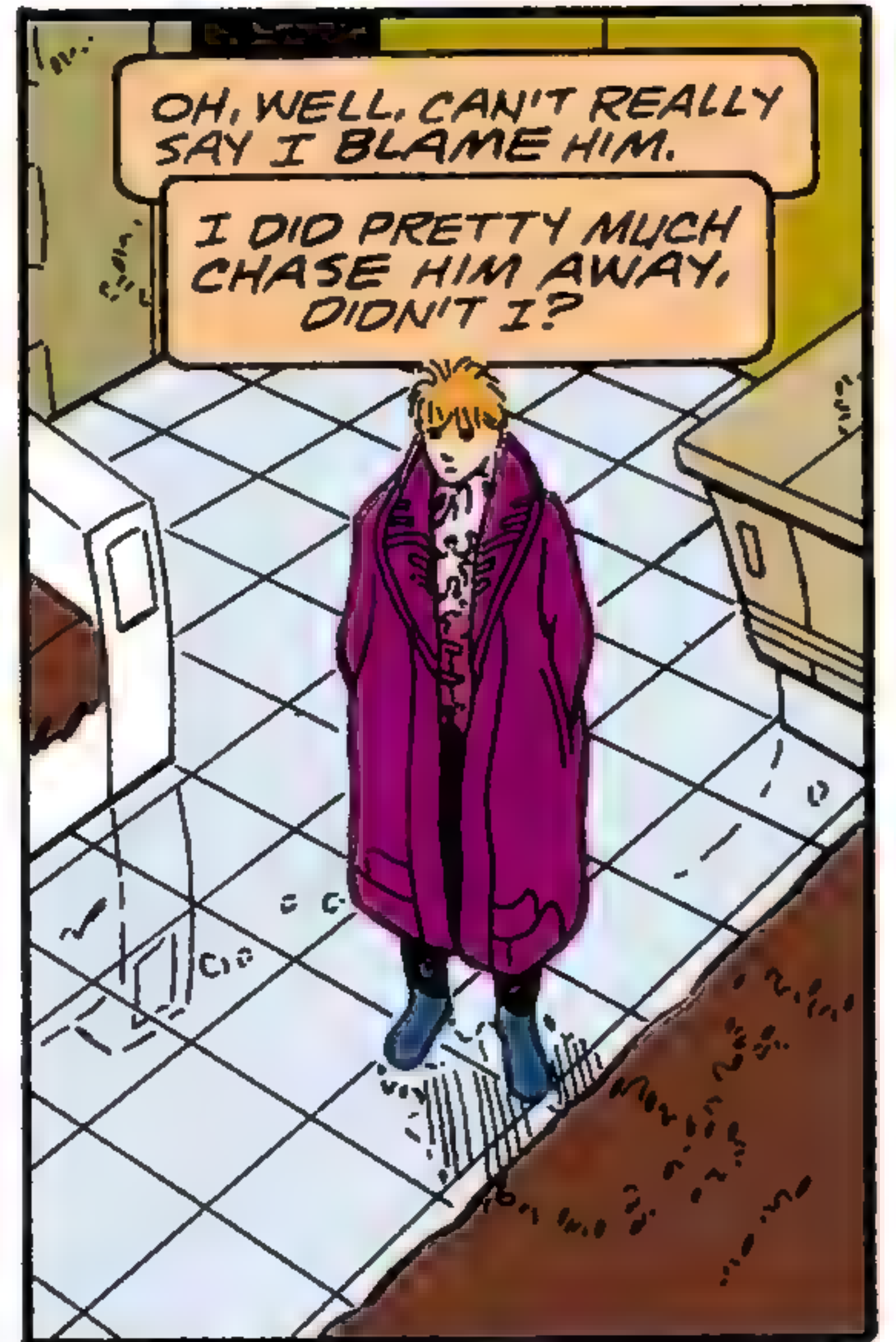
WELL, IF NOT, YOU'VE GOT A FAMILY TO HELP YOU GET THROUGH IT...



...AND Y'KNOW, FRIEND, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH NEEDING SOME-BOY ELSE ONCE IN A WHILE.

NO... NO, I GUESS THERE ISN'T...

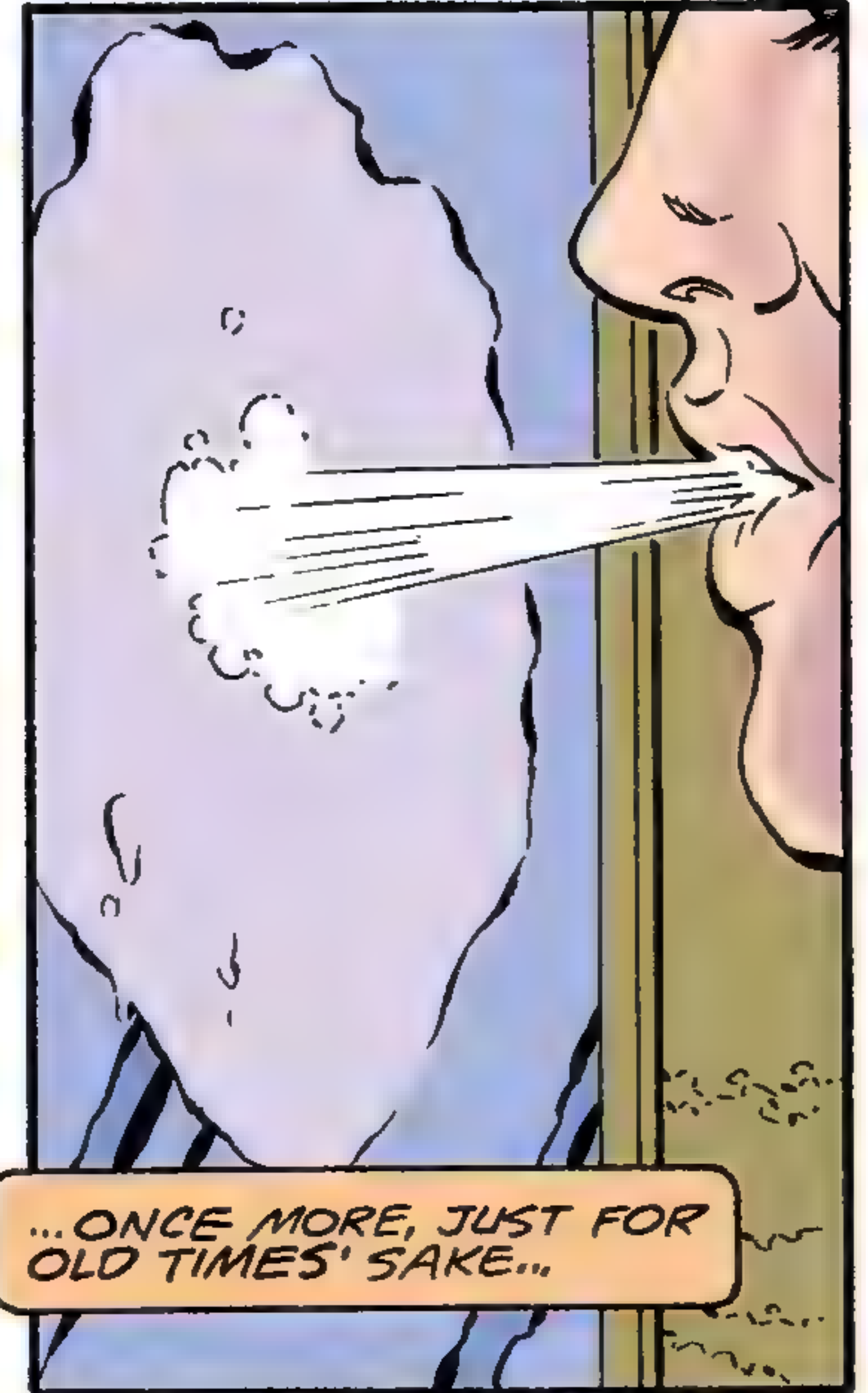
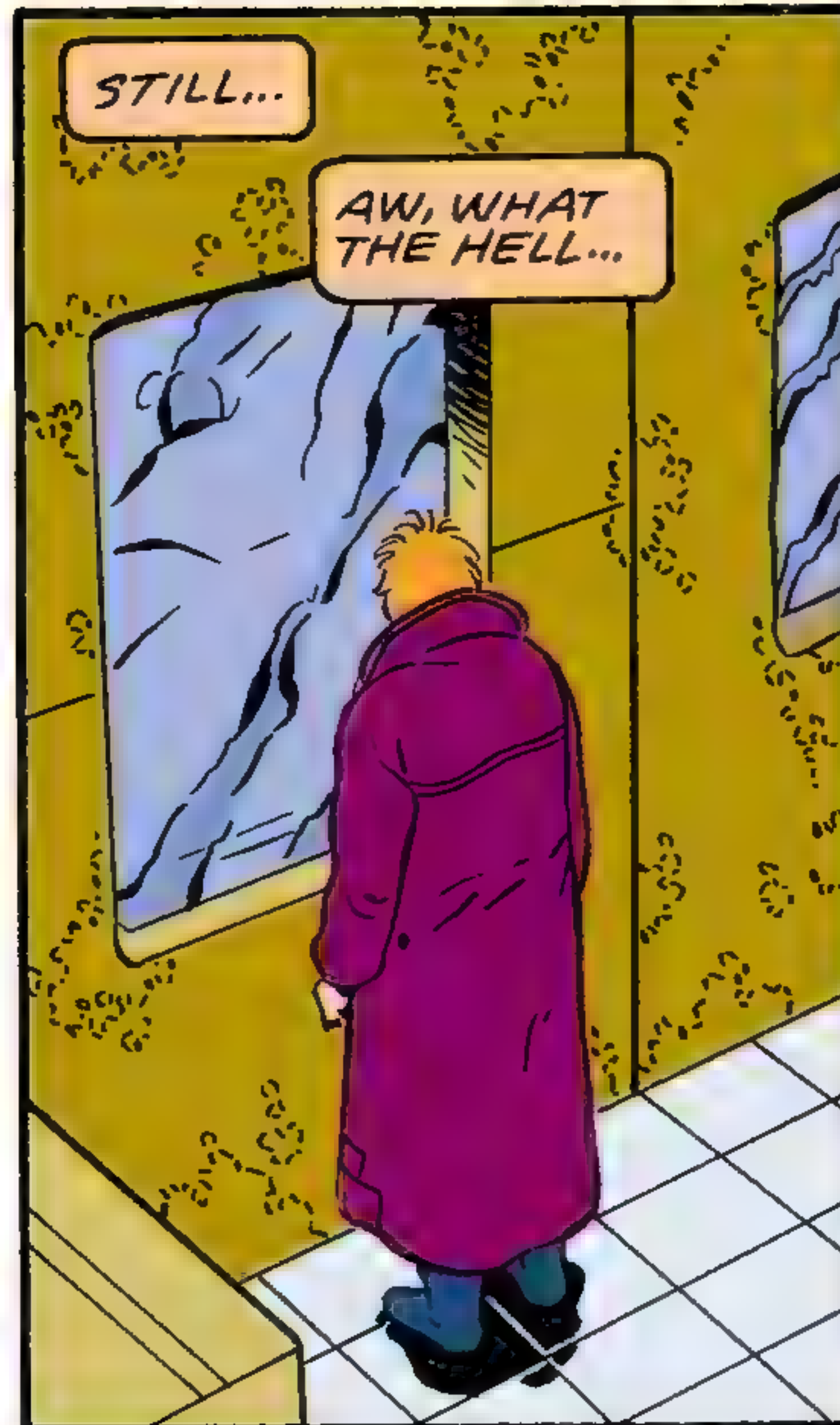




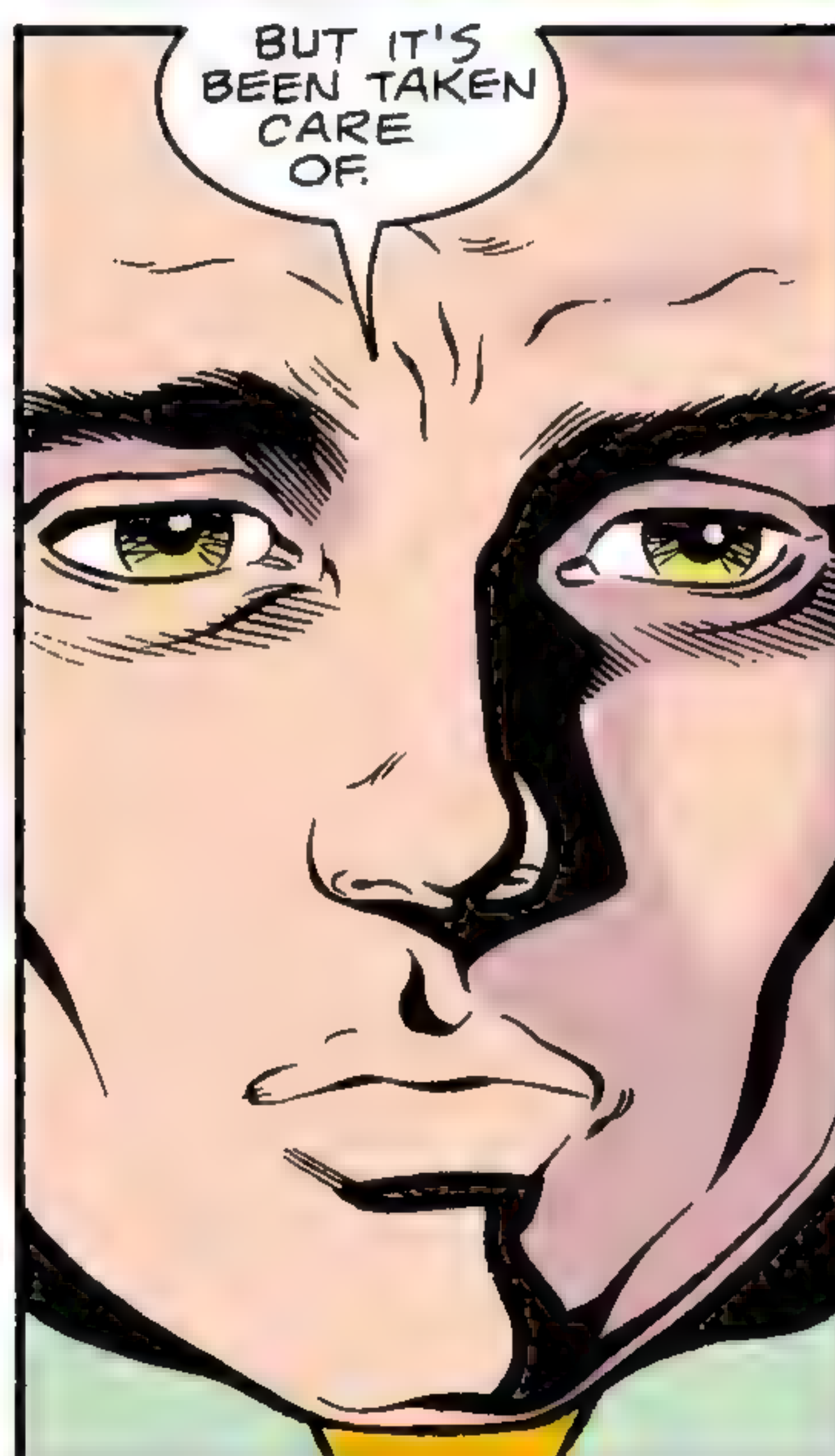
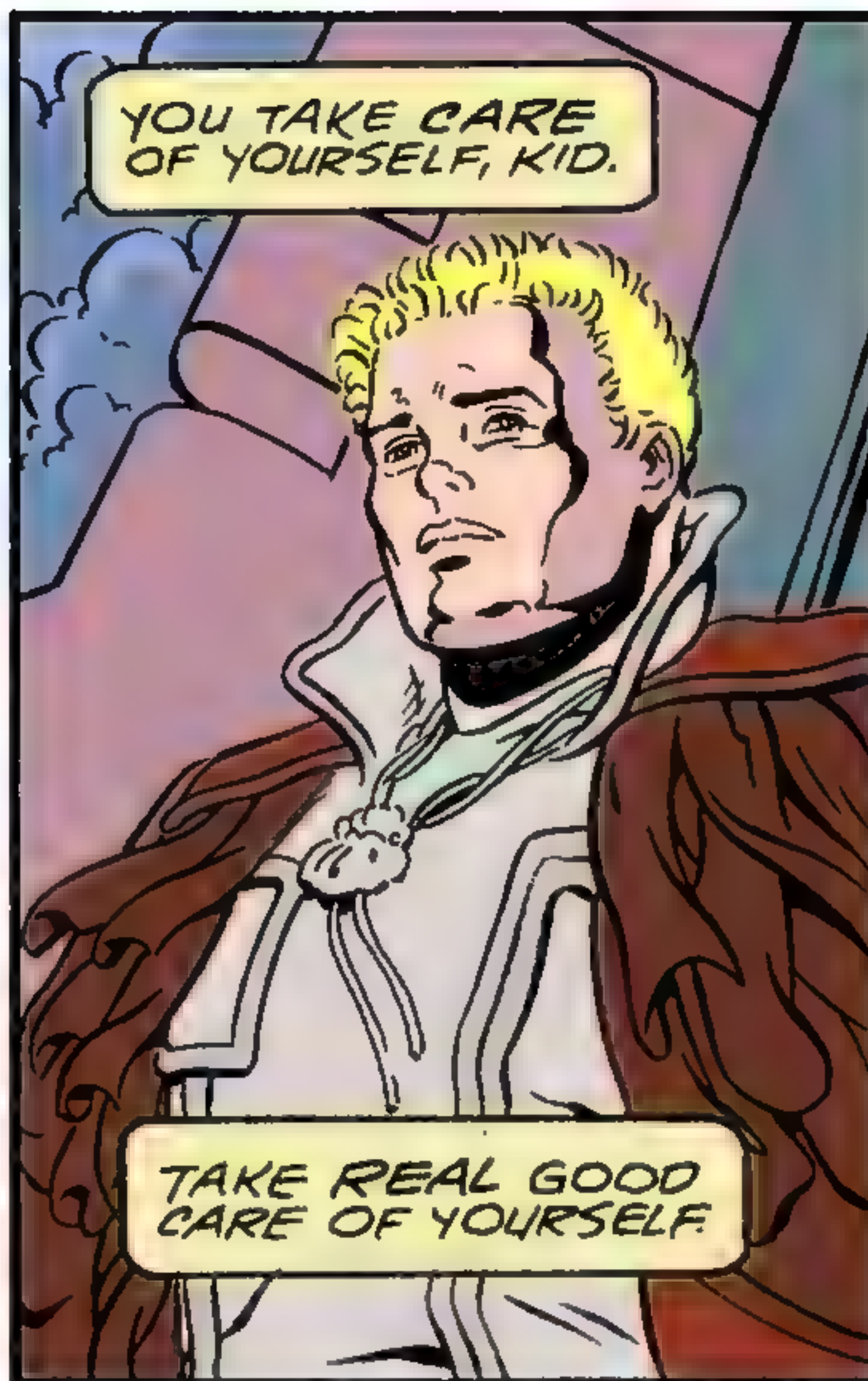
SO IT GOES. GUESS IT'S TIME FOR BOTH OF US TO MOVE ON...



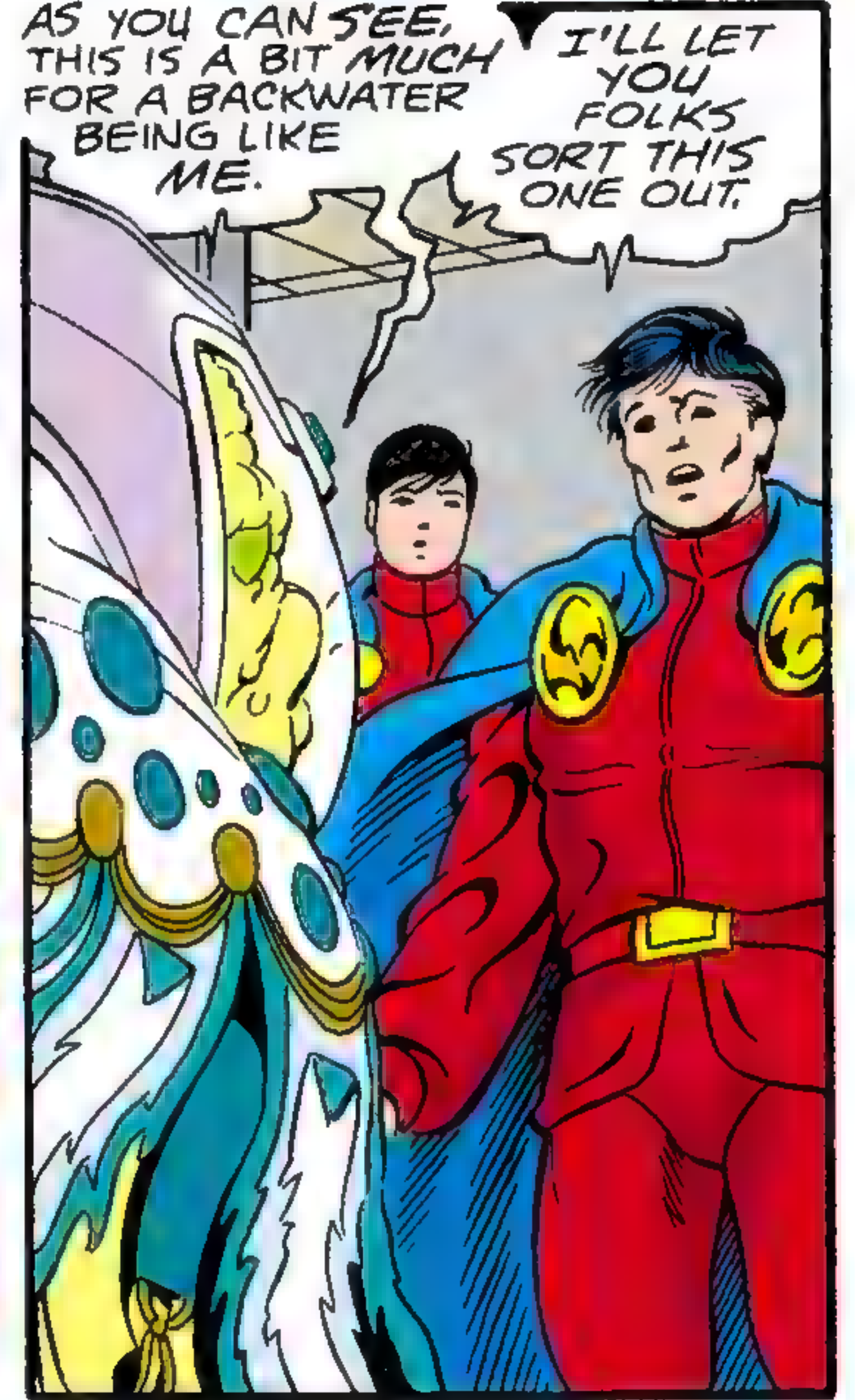
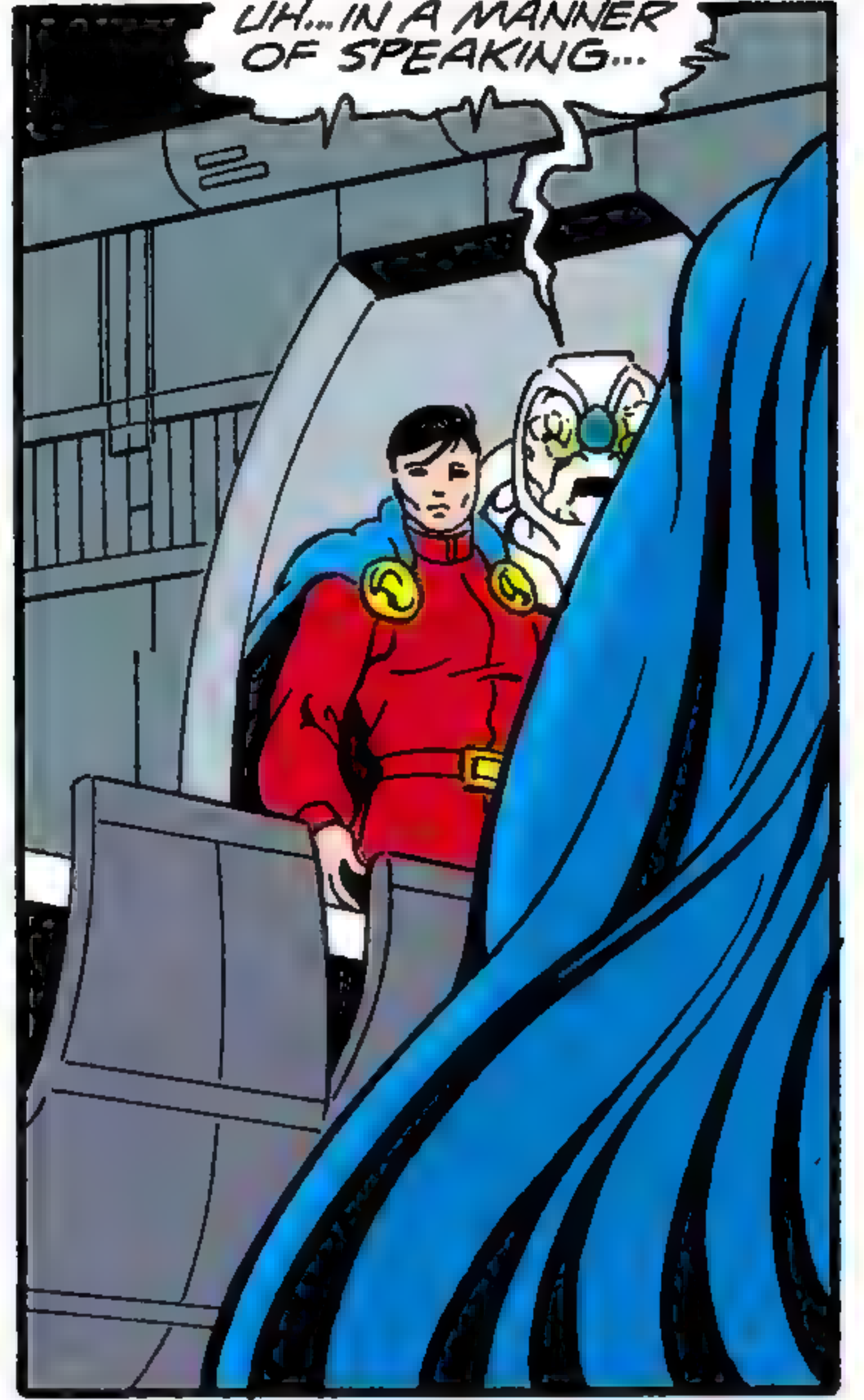
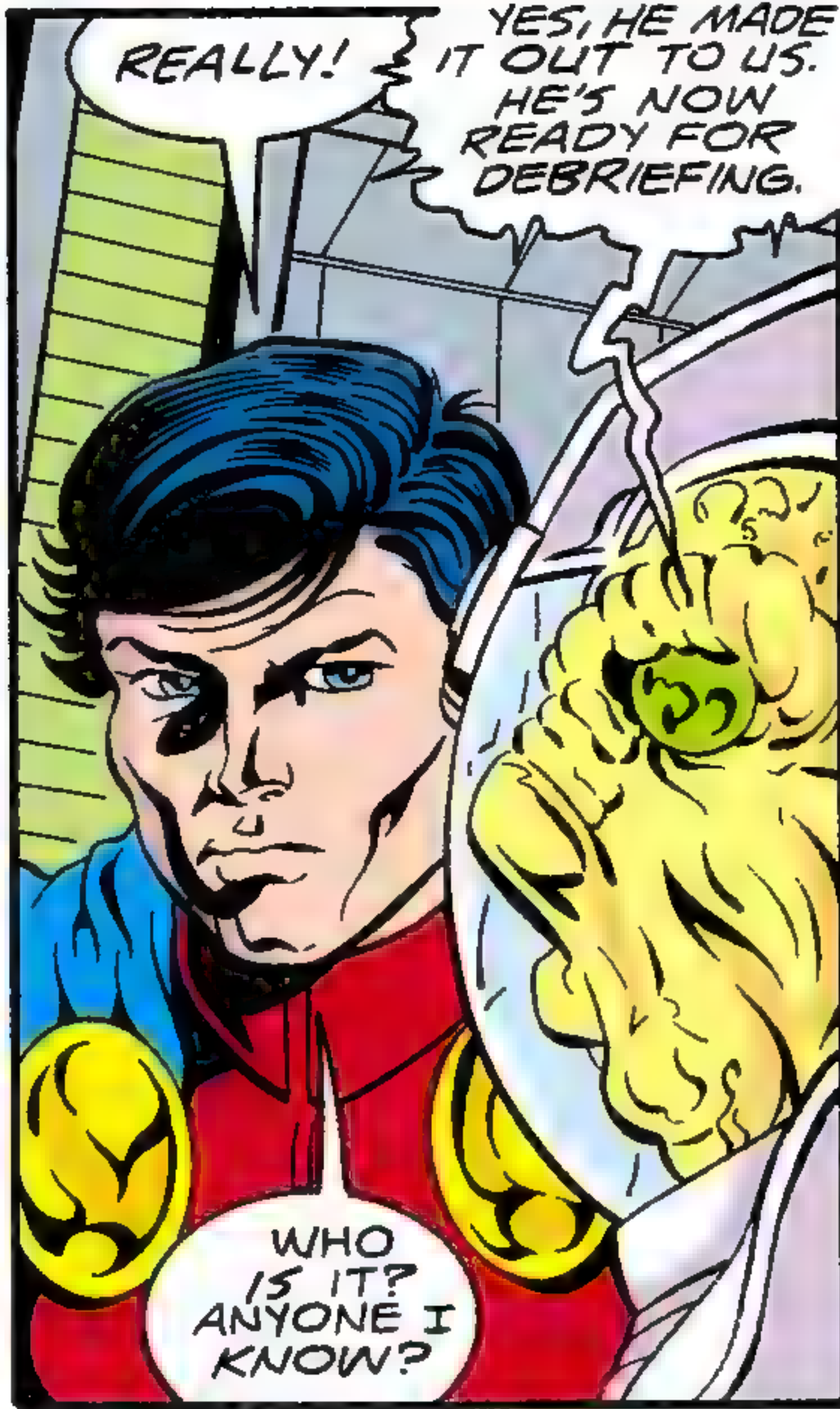
...JUST LEAVE THE PAST WHERE IT BELONGS.













**REPORT:**  
Commercial Opportunities

**EARTH**

The viable commercial opportunities on planet Earth are currently isolated and extremely limited in nature.



Few advertising, promotional, and marketing channels have survived the world's recent upheavals; only a very select stratum is left with any discretionary income; severe shortages of food and health care have drastically limited opportunities for luxury items; and consumers in general seem preoccupied with the planet's difficulties, greatly undercutting any retail frame of mind.



Boom markets include health care, quarantine technology, and mortician services; however, there is no free-market mechanism to facilitate delivery of these goods and services. And the planet's government channels are currently mired in a hopeless two-tiered bureaucracy, widespread morale problems, and a fiscal uncertainty bordering on crisis.



The most promising strategy would appear to be the creation of a black-market distribution system. Such an approach could generate a gratifying return on investment, assuming some means of delivering goods to the marketplace is developed; however, operation in the planet's currently hostile environment would pose an extreme challenge even for the most aggressive sales representative.



By contrast with the depressed nature of this market, massive resources are being spent outside the planet by agencies, particularly the United Planets, preparing to fight for Earth's liberation. A wide array of military, intelligence, medical, and support goods and services are in high demand. And due to the urgency of their objective, these agencies are willing to pay inflated prices for expeditious delivery to strategic locations.



It is therefore the recommendation of this report that we exploit those off-Earth opportunities aggressively, while only very cautiously cherry-picking the most isolated of opportunities on the planet itself.



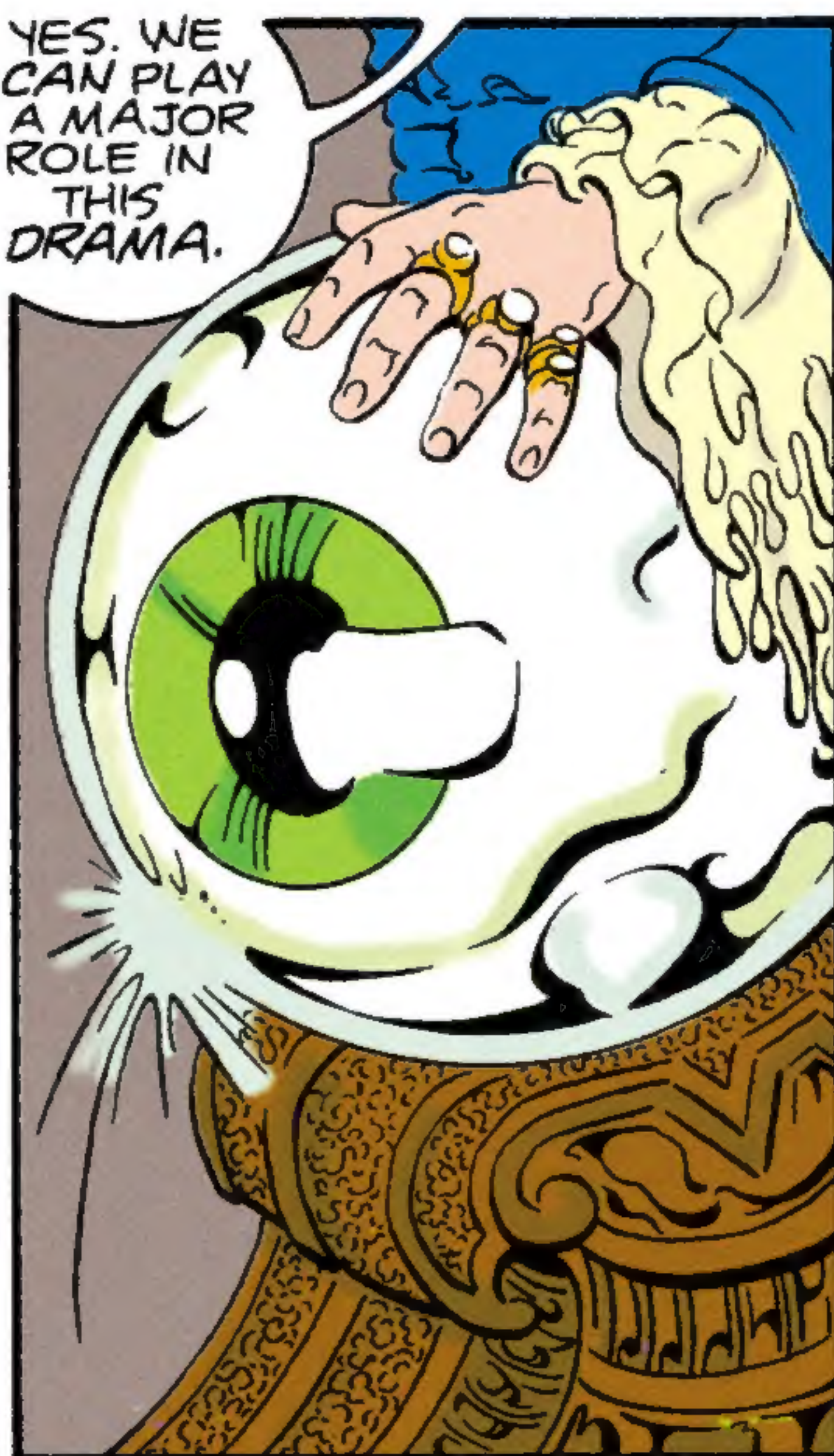
Ah, YOU SET THEM  
AMONG THE TREES,  
AND STILL THEY  
DO NOT SEE THE  
FOREST.

END  
REPORT

THERE IS BUSINESS  
TO BE DONE ON  
THIS PATHETIC  
WORLD.



YES. WE  
CAN PLAY  
A MAJOR  
ROLE IN  
THIS  
DRAMA.



**KEITH GIFFEN**  
PLOT & BREAKDOWNS  
**TOM & MARY BIERBAUM**  
DIALOGUE & PLOT ASSIST  
**COLLEEN DORAN**  
**CURT SWAN**  
GUEST PENCILS  
**AL GORDON**  
**KARL KESEL**  
GUEST INKS  
**JOHN WORKMAN**  
LETTERS  
**TOM McCRAW**  
COLORS  
**MICHAEL EURY**  
EDITS



# THE TRAGEDY THAT FOREVER HAUNTS LEGIONNAIRE JAN

TEAMMATES FEAR PRESSURE MAY BE TOO GREAT TO BEAR



Lots of fans of the Legion think that Element Lad, a.k.a. Jan Arrah, with his shy smile and beautiful blond locks, is the cutest boy in the Legion. But what few of them know is that Jan will always be haunted by a horrible tragedy that can never be erased from his memory.

Most of us have lost someone very important to us in our lives. Even if it's not immediate family, we know there's nothing sadder in our lives than to be separated by death from someone we love.

So imagine what it was like for the quiet, boyishly handsome Jan, only 12 years old at the time, to have every person he knew—his entire family, all of his relatives, his friends, even his teachers—killed at the same time.

That's what happened to Jan on February 12, 2975. His world of Trom was invaded by the notorious Roxxas the Butcher, a lawless space pirate who had never hesitated to murder anyone who didn't eagerly hand their riches over to him.

Roxxas had heard that everyone on Jan's planet had the power to transmute the elements, and he demanded that they use this power to create wealth and riches for him. The Trommites knew it would be wrong to do it, so they refused. The vicious pirate then ordered his men to slaughter the population.

That was when Jan saw it: his family, his friends, everyone on his world being brutally murdered before his eyes. It was all he could do to jump into a ship and escape before the pirates could murder him too.

But as he fled to Earth, joined the Legion of Super-Heroes and brought Roxxas to justice, Jan was never able to get those horrible images out of his mind. How could he? Everyone he loved and cherished, killed before his very eyes.

Jan's past remains a heavy burden to this day, say his Legion teammates, who wonder how even the heroic Trommite can cope with these kinds of memories. One Legionnaire has been heard to say that they always keep a close, concerned eye on Jan, knowing what he's been through and how hard it must be for him to live with it.

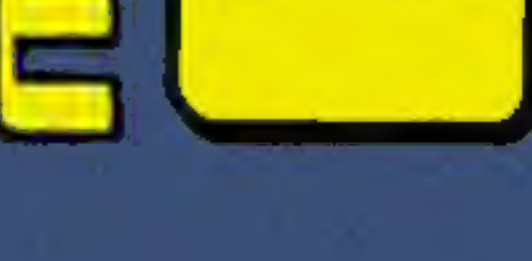
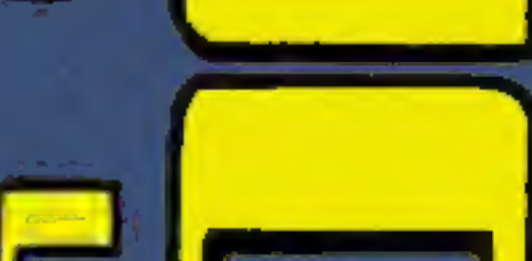
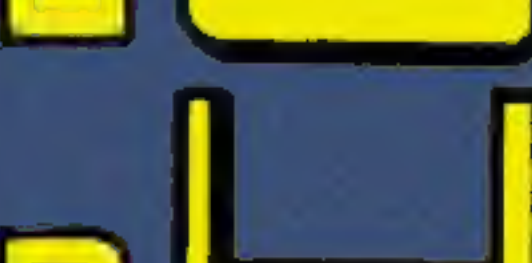
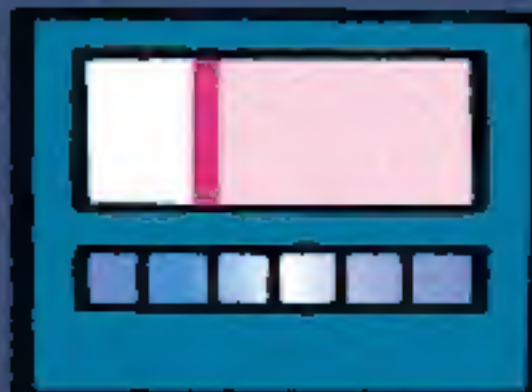
The rest of us can only imagine the nightmares Jan has, the horrible memories, the lost pleasures of growing up with relatives and friends he'll never know, or that special girl he'd sometimes walk to school with, and maybe occasionally hold hands with it.

The demands on a Legionnaire are greater than most of us can ever imagine, but Jan must deal with both them and this great tragedy.

He's been heard to say that one of the things that most makes it possible for him to triumph over this adversity is to know that he has the support and sympathy of all of his fans, and that all of their good wishes combine to give him added strength. We know that Jan will always have that to count on.

These are painful memories for Jan to deal with, but we know he's strong enough to overcome them.

After all, he's our Element Lad!





A Personal Note from  
*Shvaughn Erin*



May 2, 2995

Dear Gigi,

I guess you may never see this, depending on what happens to all of us here on Earth, but I probably owe it to you to at least let you know what's happening. And I'm going through some stuff here that I've just got to get down in some form, and...I don't know...I always could tell you things I couldn't tell anyone else.

Gigi, I've really changed since the last time you saw me. When we meet again—if we ever meet again—you're not going to recognize me. I mean, literally, you're not going to recognize me.

I'm not sure where to begin. Maybe I should introduce myself, because you never really knew me, the real me. I didn't even know the real me.

See, I've been through a lot lately and I'm finally starting to realize I've never really accepted myself for who I was. I was ashamed of the things I wanted. I was afraid people would find out. If my mom and dad knew what was really going on inside me, they'd have had coronaries!

You'll probably think I'm just being a boob again, but you have to remember that my parents come from Duar. Things are a little different there. The women are women and the men better be Men, with a capital "M." It's not the kind of world that encourages you to be different.

Not to change the subject, but you know, it used to drive me crazy how I'd stay up all night studying and you'd go out and party, and I'd be the one to get the C's and you'd be the one to get the A's. It didn't make any sense and it sure as hell didn't seem fair.

No, that isn't really a change of subject. It all ties together. See, I've finally figured it out—you can't be ashamed of what you are and still allow yourself to succeed and be happy. If you're ashamed of yourself, you're always going to find a way to prove to yourself that you're not any good, no matter how hard you think you're trying.

And I guess one of the ways you do that is by deciding you're not going to be happy until you have something that, deep down, you know you'll never have. And brother, was Jan ever that for me.

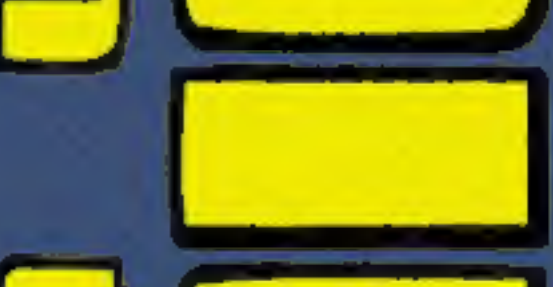
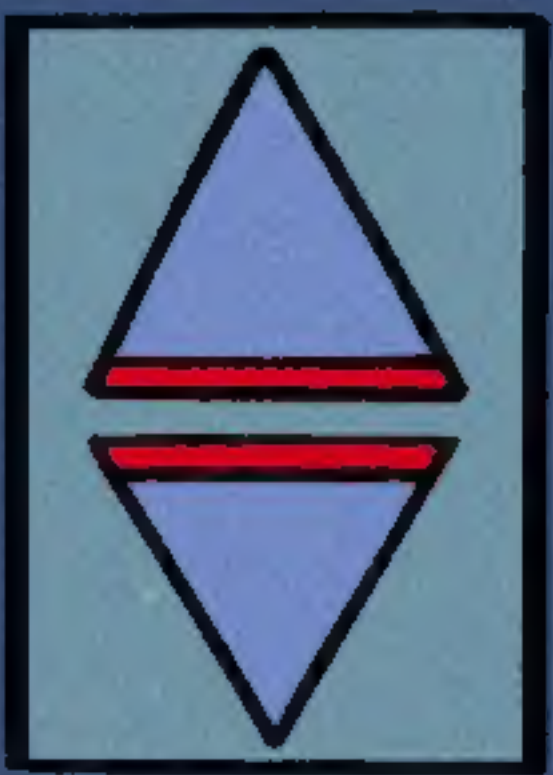
I think I was 14 when I first fell in love with him. I guess we all have those little puppy crushes, but that wasn't good enough for me. I had to keep holding out hope that my dream could really come true. And I guess I was determined to be miserable until it did.

I know, real bright. Only about three billion girls fell in love with him too, but somehow I was going to be the one to steal his heart.

I guess if I'd had any sense, I would've seen from a light year away that he was wrapped up in some very heavy stuff. He wasn't the type of person who could make my problems his problems, or let his problems become my problems.

How different my life might have been if somebody had somehow managed to

(Scroll down for additional text)





# A Personal Note from Shvaughn Erin



—2—

(Scroll up for additional text)

pound that message into my skull in about 2975. But leave it to dumb old me to fall in love with the great spiritual seeker, the solitary man, the hero who handled all his own problems.

And man, did I fall for it. I remember just lying in bed all that summer fantasizing. How Jan would rescue me from my dreary, monotonous life and just make everything perfect. And how I'd be the one person in the universe who could help him cope with all of those horrible memories.

Anyway, I guess I went through some pretty weird stuff between then and when you and I first met as S'Ps. I never told you, but I ran away from home when I was 15. Thank God I'd skipped a couple of grades and graduated by then, or my life probably would have been ruined right then and there. But you know, I just couldn't take it anymore, trying to be something I wasn't, just to keep my parents from finding out what was really going on inside me.

So I ran away and ended up at a Freebie Commune in Tupelo. That's right, meek little old me, hanging out in THAT crowd. I'm sure you can't imagine it, but like I said, you never did know everything about me.

But before I get into the full story, I just want you to know that all those years we were roomies, I never once thought of you as anything other than a friend and a sister. Make sure that's clear in your mind before you read on.

Anyway, all people talked about at Tupelo were things like Profem and Promen, and a lot of people there were into things like that. If you were having trouble fitting into society the way you were, we have this wonderful technology available to us, so why not use it to really fit in right?

So finally I thought I saw my chance to be comfortable with what I was, and maybe have an actual chance with Jan.

In hindsight, that was the dumbest thing I ever came up with. Just because I couldn't accept myself for who I was, I was so certain Jan would never accept me for who I was. So I guess what I did next was a mistake, a mistake I kept making for the next 18 years.

Gigi, I went to this doctor in Sanangeleopolis and started taking Profem back there in 2977. And I kept taking Profem right until the Dominators started coming after me here. Once I went underground, there wasn't any way to keep getting it. The Dominators are making it extremely tough for anyone to obtain any kind of drugs through unofficial channels. But they consider things like Profem and Promen to be immoral and downright blasphemous, so there might not even be any left on this entire globe.

It was pretty awful. My time of the month was coming up and I knew I wasn't going to get my dose, and suddenly Jan shows up to aid the underground, and if you think this was hard to tell to you or to tell myself, it felt like I was going to die before I could tell Jan.

(Scroll down for additional text)

